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JOHANN GOTTLIEB FICHTE'S  
POPULAR WORKS

THE NATURE OF THE SCHOLAR  
THE VOCATION OF MAN  
THE DOCTRINE OF RELIGION.

WITH A MEMOIR

BY

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MEMOIR  
OF  
JOHANN GOTTLIEB FICHTE.

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AT the time of the great religious division, when Germany was torn by internal factions and ravaged by foreign armies,—when for thirty years the torch of devastation never ceased to blaze, nor the groan of misery to ascend on high,—a skirmish took place near the village of Rammenau, in Upper Lusatia, between some Swedish troops and a party of the Catholic army. A subaltern officer who had followed the fortunes of Gustavus was left on the field severely wounded. The kind and simple-hearted villagers were eager to render him every aid which his situation required, and beneath the roof of one of them, a zealous Lutheran, he was tended until returning health enabled him either to rejoin his companions in arms or return to his native land. But the stranger had found an attraction stronger than those of war or home,—he continued an inmate in the house of his protector and became his son-in-law. The old man's other sons having fallen in the war the soldier inherited his simple possessions, and founded a family whose generations flowed on in peaceful obscurity until its name was made illustrious by the subject of the following memoir.

The village of Rammenau is situated in a beautiful and well-cultivated district, diversified by wooded slopes and watered by numerous streams. Its inhabitants are a frugal

and industrious people, and preserve, even to the present day, the simple and unaffected manners of their forefathers. Amid this community, withdrawn alike from the refinements and the corruptions of more polished society, the descendants of the Swedish soldier bore an honourable reputation for those manly virtues of our nature which find in poverty a rugged but congenial soil. Firmness of purpose, sterling honesty in their dealings, and immovable uprightness of conduct, became their family characteristics. From this worthy stock the subject of our memoir took his descent. The grandfather of the philosopher, who alone out of a numerous family remained resident in his native place, inherited from his predecessor, along with the little patrimonial property, a small trade in ribbons, the product of his own loom, which he disposed of to the inhabitants of the village and its vicinity. Desirous that his eldest son, Christian Fichte, should extend this business beyond the limited sphere in which he practised it himself, he sent him as apprentice to Johann Schurich, a manufacturer of linen and ribbons in the neighbouring town of Pulsnitz, in order that he might there learn his trade more perfectly than he could do at home. The son conducted himself well during his apprenticeship, rose high in the esteem of his master, and was at last received into the house as an inmate. He there succeeded in gaining the affections of Schurich's daughter. This attachment was for some time kept secret, in deference to the pride of the maiden's father; but his prejudices having been overcome, young Fichte brought home his bride to his native village, and with her dowry he built a house there, in which some of his descendants still follow the paternal occupation.

JOHANN GOTTLIEB FICHTE was their first child, and was born on the 19th May 1762. At his baptism, an aged relative of the mother, who had come from a distance to be present at the ceremony, and who was revered by all men for his wisdom and piety, foretold the future eminence of the child; and as death soon afterwards set his seal upon the

lips by which this prophecy had been uttered, it became invested with all the sacredness of a deathbed prediction. Their faith in this announcement induced the parents to allow their first-born an unusual degree of liberty, and by thus affording room for the development of his nature, the prediction became in some measure the means of securing its own fulfilment.

The boy soon displayed some characteristics of the future man. He seldom joined the other children in their games, but loved to wander forth into the fields, alone with his own thoughts. There he would stand for hours, his eyes fixed on the far distance, until he was roused from his trance and brought home by the shepherds, who knew and loved the solitary and meditative child. These thoughtful hours, in which the first germs of his spiritual nature were unfolded, left impressions upon him which the cares of future years never obliterated, and they always continued among his most cherished recollections. His first teacher was his own father, who after the business of the day was over and the garden work finished, instructed him in reading, and told him the story of his own journeyings in Saxony and Franconia. He was an eager scholar, soon mastered his Bible and Catechism, and even read the morning and evening prayers to the family circle. When he was seven years of age, his father, as a reward for his industry, brought him from the neighbouring town the story of Siegfried. He was soon so entirely rapt in this book, that he neglected his other lessons in order to indulge his fancy for it. This brought upon him a severe reproof; and finding that the beloved book stood between him and his duty, he with characteristic determination resolved to destroy it. He carried it to the brook which ran by his father's house, with the intention of throwing it into the water, but long he hesitated before accomplishing his first act of self-denial. At length he cast it into the stream. No sooner, however, did he see it carried away from him, than regret for his loss triumphed over his resolution, and he wept bitterly. His father discovered him, and learned the loss of the book, but without

learning the reason of it. Angry at the supposed slight cast upon his present, he punished the boy with unwonted severity. As in his childhood, so also in his after life, did ignorance of his true motives often cause Fichte to be misunderstood and misrepresented. When this matter had been forgotten, his father bought him a similar book, but the boy refused to accept it, lest he should again be led into temptation.

Young Fichte soon attracted the notice of the clergyman of the village, an excellent man who was beloved by the whole community. The pastor, perceiving that the boy possessed unusual abilities, allowed him frequently to come to his house in order to receive instruction, and resolved, if possible, to obtain for him a scientific education. An opportunity of doing so accidentally presented itself. When Fichte was about eight or nine years of age, the Freiherr von Miltitz, being on a visit to a nobleman resident in the neighbourhood, was desirous of hearing a sermon from the pastor of Rammenau, (who had acquired some reputation as a preacher), but had arrived too late in the evening to gratify his wishes. Lamenting his disappointment, he was told that there was a boy in the village whose extraordinary memory enabled him to repeat faithfully any address which he had once heard. Little Gottlieb was sent for, and appeared before the company in his linen jacket, carrying a nosegay which his mother had placed in his hand. He astonished the assembled guests by his minute recollection of the morning's discourse and the earnestness with which he repeated it before them. The Freiherr, who belonged to one of the noblest families in Saxony, and possessed a high reputation for his disinterested benevolence and unaffected piety, determined to make further inquiries respecting this extraordinary child; and the friendly pastor having found the opportunity he wished, easily persuaded him to undertake the charge of the boy's education. The consent of the parents having been with difficulty obtained,—for they were reluctant to expose their son to the temptations of a noble house,—young Fichte was consigned to the care of his new protector, who engaged to treat him as his own child.

His first removal was to Siebeneichen (*Sevenoaks*), a seat on the Elbe belonging to the Freiherr. The stately solemnity of this place and the gloom of the surrounding forest scenery weighed heavily upon his spirits: he was seized with a deep melancholy, which threatened to injure his health. His kind foster-father prudently resolved to place him under the care of a clergyman in the neighbouring village of Niederau, who, himself without family, had a great love for children. Here Fichte spent the happiest years of his boyhood. He received the kindest attentions from his teacher, whose name he never mentioned in after years without the deepest and most grateful emotion. Here the foundation of his education was laid in a knowledge of the ancient languages; and so rapid was his progress, that his instructor soon found his own learning insufficient for the further superintendence of his pupil's studies. In his twelfth year he was sent by the Freiherr von Miltitz, first to the town school of Meissen, and soon afterwards to the public school of Pforta near Raumburg.

The school at Pforta retained many traces of its monkish origin: the teachers and pupils lived in cells, and the boys were allowed to leave the interior only once a-week, and then under inspection, to visit a particular play-ground in the neighbourhood. The stiffest formalism pervaded the economy of this establishment, and every trait of independence was carefully suppressed. In its antiquated routine, the living spirit of knowledge was unrecognised and the generous desire of excellence gave place to the petty artifices of jealousy. Instead of the free communication, kind advice, and personal example of a home, secrecy, distrust, and deceit were the prevalent characteristics of the school.

When he was scarcely thirteen years of age, Fichte entered this seminary; and henceforward he was alone in the world, cast upon his own resources, trusting to his own strength and guidance. So soon was he called upon to exercise that powerful and clear-sighted independence of character by which he was afterwards so much distinguished.

The strange world into which he now entered, the gloom and confinement he encountered, so different from the free atmosphere of his native woods and mountains, made a deep impression on the boy. His sadness and tears exposed him to the mockery of his school-fellows: he wanted prudence to disregard them and courage to complain to a teacher.

He determined to run away. Shame and the fear of being sent back to Pforta prevented him returning to his protector the Freiherr; he therefore conceived the idea of seeking some distant island, where, like Robinson, he might lead a life of perfect freedom. But he would not steal away,—he would make it evident that necessity drove him to the course which he adopted. He warned his senior, who oppressed him severely, that he would no longer suffer such treatment, and that if it were not amended he would leave the school. His threat was of course received with laughter and contempt, and the boy now thought he might quit the place with honour. The opportunity was soon found, and he took the road to Raumburg. On the way he remembered the maxim of his old friend the pastor, that every undertaking should be begun with a petition for divine aid. He sunk to his knees on a rising ground. During prayer he called to mind his parents, their care for him, the grief which his sudden disappearance would cause them. “Never to see them again!”—this thought was too much for him: his joy and courage were already gone. He determined to return and confess his fault. On the way back he met those who had been sent after him. When taken before the Rector, he admitted that it had been his intention to run away, but at the same time recounted so ingenuously the motives which had induced him to take this step, that the Rector not only forgave him his fault, but resolved to take him under his own special protection. He obtained another senior, who soon gained his affections, and was afterwards his companion and friend at the University.

From this time Fichte's residence at Pforta became gradually more agreeable to him. He entered zealously upon his studies, and found in them occupation, interest, and

spiritual nourishment. The defects of his previous education were soon overcome by industry, and he found himself once more comfortable and happy. Among those older scholars with whom Fichte now associated, a spirit of independence sprang up,—they laboured assiduously to set themselves free from the degrading influences of the school, and from the antiquated and worn-out notions held by most of the teachers. The praise or blame of these masters was little valued among them if they could secure the esteem of each other. Books imbued with the new spirit of free inquiry were secretly obtained, and, in spite of the strictest prohibitions, great part of the night was spent in their perusal. The works of Wieland, Lessing, and Goethe were positively forbidden; yet they found their way within the walls, and were eagerly studied. Lessing's controversy with Göze made a deep impression upon Fichte: each successive number of the *Anti-Göze* he almost committed to memory. A new spiritual life was awakened within him: he understood for the first time the meaning of scientific knowledge, and cast off the thralldom of scholastic pedantry. Lessing became to him an object of such deep reverence that he determined to devote his first days of freedom to seek a personal interview with his mental liberator. But this plan was frustrated by want of money; and when afterwards it might have been carried into execution, an untimely death had deprived Germany of her boldest thinker.

In 1780, Fichte, then eighteen years of age, entered the University of Jena. He joined the theological faculty, not so much, probably, by his own choice as by desire of his parents and protector. By his interest in other branches of science, and by the marked direction of his mind to clearness and certainty of knowledge, it soon became evident that he would not accept the shortest and easiest way to the completion of his studies. Nothing definite is known of the early progress of his mind, but his later productions leave no doubt of its general tendency. He must soon have been struck with the disparity between the form of theology as it

was then taught, and the wants of a philosophic intellect. Fichte's nature could only be satisfied with a consistent theory, deduced, through all its ramifications, from one fundamental principle. We may conjecture what doubts and obscurities dogmatic theology must have presented to his mind at this time, when we recollect that, even at an after period of his life, he still interested himself in the task of reconciling faith with knowledge,—revelation with science. He attended a course of Dogmatics by C. F. Pezold, at Leipzig, to which place he had removed from Jena; and in the attempt to attain a clear comprehension of the theological doctrines of the attributes of God, the creation, the freedom of the will, &c., he encountered unexpected difficulties, which led him into a wider circle of inquiry, and finally drove him to abandon the theological for the philosophical point of view. Thus his philosophical speculations had their origin in an attempt to create a tenable system of dogmatics, and to obtain light on the higher questions of theology.

Some hints as to the early direction of his philosophical studies may be gathered from his letters written about this time. The question which chiefly engaged his attention seems to have been that of Liberty and Necessity. Rejecting the doctrine of Free-will considered as *absolute indifferent self-determination*, he adopted the view, which, to distinguish it from *fatalism*, may be named *determinism*. Every complete and consistent philosophy contains a deterministic side, for the thought of an all-directing Unity is the beginning and end of profound investigation. *Fatalism* sees in this highest Unity a dark and mysterious Nemesis,—an unconscious mechanical necessity: *determinism*, the highest disposing Reason, the infinite Spirit and God, to whom the determination of each living being is not only to be referred, but in whom alone it becomes clear and intelligible.

Fichte seems to have adopted this view apart from any foreign influence; for he was as yet unacquainted with Spinoza, its most consistent expounder, whom he had only heard spoken of as an abstruse atheist. He communicated his opinions to a Saxon preacher, who had the reputation of

distinguished philosophical attainments and was well versed in the Wolffian metaphysics. He was informed that he had adopted Spinozism, and it was through Wolff's refutation that he first became acquainted with that profound and systematic thinker. He engaged in the study of Spinoza's *Ethica*, and that great work made a deep impression upon him, as upon every other earnest student. Prolonged investigation, however, rendered him dissatisfied with these views;—the indestructible feeling of internal independence and freedom, rendered doubly powerful by the energy of his own character, could neither be removed, nor explained on an *exclusively* deterministic theory, which must ultimately have come into collision with his deepest spiritual want,—to look upon freedom—self-determination—as the only true and real being. This original tendency of his mind prepared him afterwards for the enthusiastic reception of the doctrines of Kant, and is, in fact, the very root of his own "Wissenschaftslehre," which in this respect stands opposed to the doctrine of Spinoza, although there is, notwithstanding, an essential affinity between these two greatest systems of modern philosophy. Thus has every great theory its foundation in the individual character, and is indeed but the scientific expression of the spiritual life of its originator.

Amid these lofty speculations, poverty, the scholar's bride, knocked at his door, and roused him to that struggle with the world, in which so many purchase ease with degradation, but in which men such as he find strength, confidence and triumph. His generous benefactor was now dead, and he was thrown on his own resources. From 1784 to 1788 he earned a precarious livelihood by acting as tutor in various houses in Saxony. His studies were desultory and interrupted: he had not even the means of procuring books; the strength which should have been devoted to his own mental cultivation was wasted in obtaining a scanty subsistence. But amid all his privations his courage never deserted him, nor the inflexible determination, which was not so much an act of his will as a law of his nature, to pursue truth for her own sake and at all hazards. "It is our business," says he

on another occasion—"it is our business to be true to ourselves: the result is altogether in the hands of providence." His favourite plan of life at this period, and for a long time afterwards, was to become a village pastor in Saxony, and amid the leisure which he should find in that occupation, to prosecute, without disturbance, his own mental culture. But his theological studies were not completed, and he was without the means of continuing them. In 1787 he addressed a letter to the President of the Consistory, requesting to be allowed a share of the support which many poor students enjoy at the Saxon Universities, until the following Easter, when he should be ready to present himself before the Consistory for examination. "I have never," he says, "partaken in the public provision for students, nor have I enjoyed an allowance of any kind, although my poverty can be clearly proved. Is it not possible, then, to allow me a maintenance sufficient for this short time, that I may be enabled to devote myself to theology until Easter? . . . Without this, my residence at Leipzig is of no avail to me, for I am compelled to give all my time to heterogeneous pursuits, in order that I may even live. . . . Should it please you to grant my request, I assure you by all that I hold sacred, that I will devote myself entirely to this object; that I will consecrate my life to the Fatherland which supported me at school, and which since then has only become dearer to me; and that I will come before the High Consistory, prepared for my examination, and submit my future destiny to its wisdom." No notice was taken of his request, partly, it may be conjectured, on account of doubts which were entertained of his orthodoxy—a reason which closed the gates of preferment against his friend Weissshuhn and many others.

In May 1788, every prospect had closed around him, and every honourable means of advancement seemed to be exhausted. The present was utterly barren, and there was no hope in the future. It is needful that natures like his should be nurtured in adversity that they may discover their own strength; prosperity might lull into an inglorious slum-

ber the energies for whose appearance the world is waiting. He would not disclose his helpless situation to any of his well-wishers, but the proud consciousness of his own worth enabled him, amid unmerited sufferings, to oppose the bold front of human dignity against the pressure of opposing circumstances.

It was the eve of his birthday. With unavailing anxiety he had again pondered all his projects, and found all alike hopeless. The world had cast him out,—his country refused him food,—he thought his last birthday was at hand; but he was determined that his honour, all that he could now call his own, should remain unsullied. Full of bitter thoughts, he returned to his solitary lodging. He found a letter awaiting him: it was from his friend, the tax-collector Weisse, requesting him to come immediately to his house. He there placed in Fichte's hands an offer of a tutorship in a private family in Zurich. The sudden revulsion of feeling in the young man could not be concealed, and led to an explanation of his circumstances. The offer was at once accepted, and, aided by this kind friend in the necessary arrangements, he set out for Switzerland in 1788. His scanty means compelled him to travel on foot, but his heart was light, and the fresh hope of youth shone brightly on his path. Disappointment, privation and bondage, had been his close companions; but these were now left behind him, and he was to find an asylum in Liberty's own mountain-home,—in the land which Tell had consecrated to all future ages as the sacred abode of truth and freedom.

He arrived at Zurich on the 1st of September, and immediately entered upon his office. His employer was a wealthy citizen of Zurich, who having raised himself above many of the narrow prejudices of his class, had resolved to bestow a liberal education upon his children. A boy of ten and a girl of seven years of age were committed to Fichte's care. In the prosecution of his duties he soon found himself hampered by the prejudices of the mother, who became jealous of her children being educated for something more than citizens of

Zurich. Although the father, who was a man of considerable intelligence, was fully sensible of the benefits which a higher education must necessarily confer upon his family, yet his partner raised such a determined opposition to his plans, that it required all Fichte's firmness of purpose to maintain his position. These duties occupied him the greater part of the day, but he also engaged in some minor literary pursuits. His philosophical studies were in the mean time laid aside. At the request of a friend who had sketched out the plan of a scriptural epos, he wrote an essay on this form of poetry, with special reference to Klopstock's *Messias*. He also translated some of the odes of Horace, and the whole of Sallust, with an introduction on the style and character of this author. He preached occasionally in Zurich, at Flaach, and at several other places in the neighbourhood, with distinguished success. He likewise drew out a plan for the establishment of a school of oratory in Zurich, which however was never realised.

In the circle of his friends at Zurich were Lavater, Steinbruchel, Hottinger, and particularly the Canons Tobler and Pfenniger. In his letters he speaks also of Achelis a candidate of theology from Bremen, and Escher a young poet, as his intimate friends:—the latter died soon after Fichte's departure from Switzerland.

But of all the friendships which he formed here, the most important in its influence upon his future life was that of Hartmann Rahn, whose house was in a manner the centre of the cultivated society of Zurich. Rahn was the brother-in-law of Klopstock, with whom he had formed a close friendship during the poet's visit to Switzerland in 1750, and with whose eldest sister Johanna he was afterwards united. From this marriage with Klopstock's sister sprang, besides several other children, their eldest daughter Johanna Maria, who at a later period became Fichte's wife. The foundation of her character was deep religious feeling, and an unusual strength and faithfulness of affection. Her mother dying while she was yet young, she devoted herself entirely to her father, and to his comfort sacrificed worldly show and many proffered

alliances. As her family occupied a much higher station in point of worldly importance than any to which Fichte could, at that time, reasonably aspire, her engagement with him was the result of disinterested attachment alone. Fichte's love was worthy of the noble-minded woman who called it forth. It was a devotion of his whole nature,—enthusiastic like his love for his country, dignified like his love of knowledge, but softened by the deepest tenderness of an earnest and passionate soul. But on this subject he must speak for himself. The following are extracts from letters addressed to Johanna Rahn, while he resided at Zurich, or during short occasional absences. They reveal a singularly interesting and instructive picture of the confidential relations subsisting between two minds, in whom the warmest affections and deepest tenderness of which our nature is susceptible were dignified by unaffected respect for each other, and ennobled by the purest aspirations of humanity. It is necessary to premise that the termination of his engagement, at Easter 1790, led to the departure from Zurich which is alluded to in some of these passages. Fichte, tired of the occupation of a tutor, particularly where his views of a generous, comprehensive, and systematic education were thwarted by the caprices and prejudices of others, was desirous of obtaining a situation of a higher nature, and Rahn, through his connexions in Denmark, endeavoured to promote his views.

### Letters to Johanna Rahn.

“I hasten to answer your questions—‘Whether my friendship for you has not arisen from the want of other female society?’ I think I can answer this question decidedly. I have been acquainted with many women, and held many different relations with them. I believe I have experienced, if not all the different *degrees*, yet all the different *kinds*, of feeling towards your sex, but I have never felt towards any as I feel towards you. No one else has called forth this perfect confidence, without the remotest suspicion of any dissimulation on your part, or the least desire to conceal any-

thing from you on mine,—this wish to be wholly known to you even as I am,—this attachment, in which difference of sex has not the remotest *perceptible* influence (for farther can no mortal know his own heart),—this true esteem for your spiritual nature, and acquiescence in whatever you resolve upon. Judge, then, whether it be for want of other female society that you have made an impression upon me which no one else has done, and taught me a new mode of feeling. —‘Whether I will forget you when distant?’ Does man forget a new mode of being and its cause?”

“The warm sympathy which appears in all these inquiries, the delightful kindness you have shown me on all occasions, the rapture which I feel when I know that am not indifferent to such a person,—these, dearest, deserve that I should say nothing to you which is profaned by flattery, and that he whom you consider worthy of your friendship should not debase himself by a false modesty. Your own fair, open soul deserves that I should never seem to doubt its pure expression, and hence I promise, on my side too, perfect openness.”

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“‘Whether there can be love without esteem?’ Oh yes, —thou dear, pure one! Love is of many kinds. Rousseau proves that by his reasoning, and still better by his example. ‘La pauvre Maman’ and ‘Madame N——’ love in very different fashions. But I believe there are many kinds of love which do not appear in Rousseau’s life. You are very right in saying that no *true* and *enduring* love can exist without cordial esteem; that every other draws regret after it, and is unworthy of any noble human soul.

“One word about pietism. Pietists place religion chiefly in externals; in acts of worship performed mechanically, without aim, as bond-service to God; in orthodoxy of opinion, &c. &c.; and they have this among other characteristic marks, that they give themselves more solicitude about others’ piety than their own. It is not right to hate these men,—we should hate no one,—but to me they are very contemptible, for their character implies the most deplorable emptiness of

the head, and the most sorrowful perversion of the heart. Such my dear friend can never be; she cannot become such, even were it possible—which it is not—that her character were perverted; she can *never* become such, her nature has too much reality in it. Your trust in Providence, your anticipations of a future life, are wise and Christian. I hope, if I may venture to speak of myself, that no one will take me to be a pietist or stiff formalist, but I know no feelings more thoroughly interwoven with my soul than these are.”

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“I am once more within these walls, which are only dear to me because they enclose you; and when again left to myself, to my solitude, to my own thoughts, my soul flies directly to your presence. How is this? It is but three days since I have seen you, and I must often be absent from you for a longer period than that. Distance is but distance, and I am equally separated from you in Flaaeh or in Zurich.—But how comes it that this absence has seemed to me longer than usual, that my heart longs more earnestly to be with you, that I imagine I have not seen you for a week? Have I philosophized falsely of late about distance? Oh that our feelings must still contradict the firmest conclusions of our reason!”

“You know doubtless that my peace has been broken by intelligence of the death of a man whom I prized and loved, whose esteem was one of the sweetest enjoyments which Zurich has afforded me, and whose friendship I would still seek to deserve;—and you would weep with me if you knew how dear this man was to me.”

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“Your offer of Friday has touched me deeply; it has convinced me yet more strongly, if that were possible, of your worth. Not because you are willing, for my sake, to deprive yourself of something which may be to you a trifle, as you say it is, —a thousand others could do that,—but that, although you must have remarked something of my way of thinking (‘pride’ the world calls it), you should yet have made that

offer so naturally and openly, as if your whole heart had told you that I could not misunderstand *you*; that although I had never accepted aught from any man on earth yet I would accept it from you; that we were too closely united to have different opinions about such things as these. Dearest, you have given me a proof of your confidence, your kindness, your—(dare I write it?)—love, than which there could be no greater. Were I not now wholly yours I should be a monster, without head or heart,—without any title to happiness.

“But in order to show myself to you in a just light, you have here my true thoughts and feelings upon this matter, as I read them myself in my own breast.

“At first—I confess it with deep shame—at first it roused my pride. Fool that I was, I thought for a moment—not longer—that you had misunderstood what I wrote to you lately. Yet even in this moment I was more grieved than hurt: the blow came from your hand. Instantly, however, my better nature awoke; I felt the whole worth of your heart, and I was deeply moved. Had not your father come at this moment, I could not have mastered my emotions: only shame for having, even for a moment, undervalued you and myself, kept them within bounds.

“Yet I cannot accept it:—not that your gift would disgrace me, or *could* disgrace me. A gift out of mere compassion for my poverty I would abhor, and even hate the giver:—this is perhaps the most neglected part of my character. But the gift of friendship, of a friendship which, like yours, rests upon cordial esteem, cannot proceed from compassion, and is an honour, not a dishonour. But, in truth, I need it not. I have indeed no money by me at present, but I have no unusual disbursements to make, and I shall have enough to meet my very small regular expenses till my departure. I seldom come into difficulties when I have no money,—I believe Providence watches over me. I have examples of this which I might term singular, did I not recognise in them the hand of Providence, which condescends even to our meanest wants.

" Upon the whole, gold appears to me a very insignificant commodity. I believe that a man with any intellect may always provide for his wants; and for more than this, gold is useless;—hence I have always despised it. Unhappily it is here bound up with a part of the respect which our fellow-men entertain for us, and this has never been a matter of indifference to me. Perhaps I may by and by free myself from this weakness also: it does not contribute to our peace.

" On account of this contempt of money, I have, for four years, never accepted a farthing from my parents, because I have seven sisters who are all young and in part uneducated, and because I have a father who, were I to allow it, would in his kindness bestow upon me that which belongs of right to his other children. I have not accepted even presents from them upon any pretence; and since then, I have maintained myself very well, and stand more *à mon aise* than before towards my parents, and particularly towards my too kind father.

" However, I promise you—(how happy do I feel, dear, noble friend, to be permitted to speak thus with you!)—I promise you, that if I should fall into any pecuniary embarrassments (as there is no likelihood that I shall, with my present mode of thinking and my attendant fortune), you shall be the first person to whom I shall apply—to whom I shall have applied since the time I declined assistance from my parents. It is worthy of your kind heart to receive this promise, and it is not unworthy of me to give it."

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" Could anything indemnify me for the loss of some hours of your society, I should be indemnified. I have received the most touching proofs of the attachment of the good old widow, whom I have seen only for the third time, and of her gratitude for a few courtesies which were to me nothing,—absolutely nothing,—had they not cost me two days' absence from you. She wept when I took my leave, though I allowed her to expect that she would see me again before my departure. I desire to lay aside all vanities: with some,

the desire for literary fame, &c., I have in a certain degree succeeded; but the desire to be beloved—beloved by simple true hearts—is no vanity, and I will not lay it aside.

“What a wholly new, joyful, bright existence I have had since I became sure of being yours!—how happy I am that so noble a soul bestows its sympathy upon me, and such sympathy!—this I can never express. Would that I could, that I might be able to thank you.

“My departure, dearest, draws near, and you have discovered the secret of making the day which formerly seemed to me a day of deliverance the bitterest in my life. I shall not tell you whether the day is settled or not. If you do not absolutely command it, you shall not know of it. Leave-taking is bitter, very bitter, and even its announcement has always something painful in it. But one of us—and I shall be that one—must bear the consciousness that thenceforth (but only for a time, if God does not require the life of one of us) we see each other no more. Unless you absolutely require it, you shall not know when I am with you for the last time.”

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“Bern or Copenhagen, Lisbon, Madrid or St. Petersburg, are alike to me, so far as I myself am concerned. I believe that I am able to endure all climates tolerably well. The true cold of winter, such as we find in Saxony, is never very oppressive to me. . . . On this account I am not afraid of Copenhagen. But I would rather, dearest, be nearer thee. I am deeply moved by your tenderness; I think of you with the warmest gratitude. On this matter I *feel* with you, even although I cannot entirely *think* with you. Letters go to Copenhagen, for example, as securely as to Bern, and create as much pleasure there. Journeying is journeying, be it long or short, and it is already almost indifferent to me whether I shall travel ten or a hundred miles. So my understanding decides, and I cannot refute it, however willingly this deceitful heart would do so.

“On the whole, I think of it in this way:—the great end of my existence is to acquire every kind of education—(not

scientific education, —I find much vanity in that, —but education of character) —which fortune will permit me.

“Looking into the way of Providence in my life, I find that this is the plan of Providence itself with me. I have filled many situations, played many parts, known many men, and many conditions of men, and on the whole I find that by all these occurrences my character has become more fixed and decided. At my first entrance into the world, I wanted everything but a susceptible heart. Many qualities in which I was then deficient, I have since acquired; many I still want entirely, and among others that of occasionally accommodating myself to those around me, and bearing with false men, or men wholly opposed to my character, for the sake of accomplishing something great. Without these qualities, I can never employ the powers which Providence has bestowed upon me as I could with them.

“Does Providence then intend to develop these capacities in me? Is it not possible that for this very purpose I may now be led upon a wider stage? May not my employment at a Court, my project of superintending the studies of a Prince, your father’s plan of taking me to Copenhagen,—may not these be hints or ways of Providence towards this end? And shall I, by confining myself to a narrower sphere, one which is not even natural to me, seek to frustrate this plan? I have no talent for bending; for dealing with people who are opposed to me in character; can only succeed with brave, good people;—I am too open;—this seemed to you a reason why I was unfit to go to a Court; to me, on the contrary, it is a reason why I *must go there*, to have an opportunity of acquiring that wherein I am deficient.

“I know the business of the scholar; I have no new discoveries to make about it. I have very little fitness for being a scholar *à métier*; I must not only *think*, I must *act*: least of all can I think about trifles; and hence it is not exactly my business to become a Swiss professor,—that is, a schoolman.

“So stand my inclinations:—now for my duties.

“May not Providence,—who must know better than I for what I am fit and where I am wanted,—may not Providence

have determined *not* to lead me into such a sphere? And may not the favour bestowed upon me by you, whose destiny seems to be bound up with my own, be a hint, and your proposal a way, of this Providence? May not my impulse towards the great world be a delusion of sense, of my innate restlessness, which Providence would now fix? This is as possible as the first; and therefore we must just do in this matter what depends upon us, and leave the rest to God's guidance.

"Now I think that the way which you propose cannot have the effect you expect from it. My essays cannot create what is called a 'sensation;' this is not in them nor in me. Many would not even understand their contents; those who did understand them, would, I believe, consider me as a useful man, but *comme il y en a beaucoup*. It is quite another thing when one takes an interest in the author, and knows him.

"If you should be able to excite such an interest among your relatives, then indeed something more might be expected. But the matter does not seem pressing. Before all things there must be a professorship vacant at Bern, and indeed such a one as I could undertake. Then it would be difficult, during my stay here, to make a copy of my essays. And perhaps I shall write something better afterwards, or I may hit upon some arrangement in Leipzig respecting these essays, which can easily be made known in Bern. At all events, you shall know, and every good man who takes any interest in me shall always know, where I am. At the same time I entreat of you,—although I know your good will towards me does not need the request,—both now and after my departure to omit no opportunity which presents itself of doing me any service, and to inform me of it. I believe in a Providence, and I watch its signs.

"I have but one passion, one want, one all-engrossing desire,—to work upon those around me. The more I act, the happier I seem to be. Is this too delusion? It may be so, but there is truth at the bottom of it.

"But this is no delusion, that there is a heaven in the

love of good hearts, in knowing that I possess their sympathies,—their living, heartfelt, constant, warm sympathies. Since I have known you intimately, this feeling has been mine in all its fulness. Judge with what sentiments I close this letter.”

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“So you desire this bitter leave-taking? Be it so, but under one condition: I must bid you farewell *alone*. In the presence of any other, even of your excellent father, I should suffer from the reserve of which I complain so much. I depart, since it must be told, to-morrow eight-days. This day week I see you for the last time, for I set out very early on Sunday. Try to arrange that I may see you alone: how it is to be arranged I know not, but I would far rather take no leave of you at all, than take a cold formal one.

“I thank you heartily for your noble letter of yesterday, particularly because your narrative confirms me so strongly in a much-cherished principle. God cares for us—He will forsake no honourable man.”

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“And so be convinced that nothing can turn my thoughts from you. The reasons you have long known. You know my heart; you know yourself; you know that I know you: can you then doubt that I have found the only woman’s soul which I can value, honour, and love?—that I have nothing more to seek from the sex,—that I can find nothing more that *is mine*? ”

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Towards the close of March 1790, Fichte left Zurich on his return to his native land, with some letters of recommendation to the Courts of Wirtemberg and Weimar. He was once more thrown upon the world;—his outward prospects as uncertain as when he entered Switzerland two years before. Poverty again compelled him to travel for the most part on foot; but, as before, the toil of his journey was lightened by a high sense of honour, an inflexible courage, an unwavering faith; and to these was now added a sweeter guide—a

star of milder radiance, which cast a soft but steady light upon the wanderer's way and pointed him to a happy though distant place of rest. His love was no fleeting passion, no transient sensibility, but united itself with his philosophy and his religion in one ever-flowing fountain of spiritual power. The world might turn coldly away from him, for it knew him not; but he did not stoop to its meannesses, because he did not seek its rewards. He had one object before him—the development of his own nature; and there was one who knew him, whose thoughts were with him from afar, whose sympathies were all his own. His labours might be arduous, but they could not now be in vain; for although the destiny of his being did not as yet lie before him in perfect theoretical clearness, yet his integrity of purpose and purity of feeling unconsciously preserved him from error, while the energy of his will bore him upward and onward over the petty obstructions of life.

He arrived at Stuttgart in the beginning of April, but not finding his recommendations to the Wirtemberg Court of much advantage, he left it after a short stay. On his way to Saxony he visited Weimar. He did not see Herder, who was ill; nor Goethe, who was absent on his Italian tour; nor Schiller, who was at that time commencing his labours as Professor of History at Jena. He returned to Leipzig about the middle of May, his small stock of money exhausted by the expenses of his journey; and was kindly received by his friend Weisse, through whose recommendation he had obtained the appointment at Zurich. Discovering no prospect of obtaining any preceptorship of a superior kind, he engaged in literary occupations in order to procure a livelihood. He conceived the plan of a monthly literary journal, the principal objects of which should be to expose the dangerous tendencies of the prevalent literature of the day, to show the mutual influence of correct taste and pure morality, and to direct its readers to the best authors, both of past and present times. But such an undertaking was too much opposed to the interests of the booksellers to find favour in their eyes. "I have," he says, "spoken to well-disposed people on this

matter, to Weisse and Palmer; they all admit that it is a good and useful idea, and indeed a want of the age, but they all tell me that I shall find no publisher. I have therefore, out of sorrow, communicated my plan to no bookseller, and I must now write,—not pernicious writings, *that* I will never do,—but something that is neither good nor bad, in order to earn a little money. I am now engaged on a tragedy, a business which of all possible occupations least belongs to me, and of which I shall certainly make nothing; and upon novels, small romantic stories, a kind of reading good for nothing but to kill time; this, however, it seems, is what the booksellers will take and pay for.”

So far as his outward existence was concerned, this residence at Leipzig was a period of harassing uncertainty too often approaching the verge of misery,—full of troubled schemes and projects which led to no result. He could obtain no settled occupation, but was driven from one expedient to another to procure the means of subsistence. At one time he gives “a lesson in Greek to a young man between 11 and 12 o’clock,” and spends the rest of the day in study and starvation. His tragedy and novel writing could not last long, nor be very tolerable while it did last. In August he writes—“Bernstorff must have received my letter and essay; I gave it into Herr Bohn’s own hands, and he promised to take care of it; yet I have no answer. A lady at Weimar had a plan to obtain for me a good situation; it must have failed, for I have not heard from her for two months. Of other prospects which I thought almost certain, I shall be silent. As for authorship, I have been able to do little or nothing, for I am so distracted and tossed about by many schemes and undertakings, that I have had few quiet days. . . . In short, Providence either has something else in store for me, and hence will give me nothing to do here, as indeed has been the case; or intends by these troubles to exercise and invigorate me still further. I have lost almost everything, except my courage.” Again we hear of a distant prospect of going to Vienna to prosecute his literary schemes, and thus of being nearer,—nay, when on his way,

of even visiting Zurich. And then again—"This week seems to be a critical time with me;—all my prospects have vanished, even this last one." But his strength never failed him; alone and unfriended, he shrank not from the contest. Adversity might roll her billows over his head, but her rage was spent in vain against a soul which she could bend to no unworthy deed.

And yet he was not alone. A fair and gentle spirit was ever by his side, whispering to him of peace, happiness, and love. "In the twilight," says he, "before I light my lamp, I dream myself back to thee, sit by thy side, chat with thee, and ask whether I am still dear to thee;—ask indeed, but not from doubt—I know before-hand that thou wilt answer yes. I am always with thee on Saturdays. I cannot give up those Saturday meetings. I think I am still in Zurich, take my hat and stick, and will come to thee; and then I remember, and fret at fortune, and laugh at myself."

And again,—“Knowest thou all that thou art to me, even in this separation? When I feel vexed that of all my thoughts there is scarcely one which I can pour forth confidently into any human breast, then I *think* thee to me, and tell them all to thee. I imagine what thou wouldst answer me, and I believe that I hit it pretty nearly. When I walk alone, thou art by my side. When I find that my walks hereabouts lose their charms for me, either through force of habit, or from the sameness which is their prevailing character; then I show them to thee; tell thee what I have thought, or read, or felt here;—show thee this tree under which I have lain and meditated,—this bench on which I have conversed with a friend,—and then the dull walk acquires a new life. There is a garden in Leipzig which none of my acquaintances can endure, because it is very unfrequented, and almost wholly obscured by a thick alley. This garden is almost the only one which is still dear to me, because it is that to which I first resorted in my transition state from boyhood to youth, with all the fresh outbursting feelings of that spring-time, in which I felt so much. Here I often lead thee to walk, and recount to thee the history of my heart.

"Farewell, and remain the protecting spirit of my solitude."

Thus amid the desolation of his outward prospects the current of his affections seems to have flowed with a fuller and more powerful tide. Like a strong man proud of his own strength, he bore the burden of privation and neglect; but in the secret chamber of his heart there was a fountain of untold bliss which sweetened even the bitterest trials: there he found a refuge from unworthy thoughts, a strong support in the conflict with misery and want. As the Alpine plant strikes its roots most firmly in barren and rocky places, so did his love cling more closely round his soul, when every other joy had died and withered there.

"Thou dear angel-soul," he writes, "do thou help me, do thou keep me from falling! And so thou dost. What sorrow can grieve, what distress can discourage me, so long as I possess the firm assurance that I have the sympathy of the best and noblest of women,—that she looks upon her destiny as inseparably bound up in mine,—that our hearts are one? Providence has given me thy heart, and I want nothing more. Mine is thine for ever."

Of a project for engaging him in the ministry he thus writes:—"I know my opinions. I am neither of the Lutheran nor Reformed Church, but of the Christian; and were I compelled to choose, I should (since no purely *Christian* community now exists) attach myself to that community in which there is most freedom of thought and charity of life; and that is not the Lutheran, I think. . . . I have given up these hopes in my fatherland entirely. There is indeed a degree of enlightenment and rational religious knowledge existing among the younger clergy of the present day, which is not to be found to the same extent in any other country of Europe. But this is crushed by a worse than Spanish inquisition, under which they must cringe and dissemble, partly because they are deficient in ability, partly because in consequence of the number of clergy in our land their services can be spared, while *they* cannot sacrifice their employment. Hence arises a slavish, crouching, hypocritical spirit. A re-

volution is indeed impending: but when? and how? In short, I will be no preacher in Saxony."

The only record that has been preserved of the opinions he entertained at this time on the subject of religion is a remarkable fragment entitled "Aphorisms on Religion and Deism." The object of this essay was to set at rest the much-vexed questions between Philosophy and Christianity, by strictly defining the respective provinces of each; by distinguishing between the objective reality which reason demands of Philosophy, and the incarnate form of truth which Religion offers to the feelings and sympathies of men. In the adaptation of Christianity to the wants of the sinner, in its appeal to the heart rather than to the understanding, he finds the explanation of its nature and purposes:—"Those who are whole need not the physician, but those who are sick." "I am come not to call the righteous but sinners to repentance." This fragment, by its distinct recognition of the radical difference between feeling and knowledge, and the consequent vanity of any attempt to decide between the different aspects which the great questions of human destiny assume before the cognitive and emotional parts of our nature, may be looked upon as the stepping-stone to that important revolution in Fichte's mental world, to which the attention of the reader must now be directed.

The Critical or Kantian Philosophy was at this time the great topic of discussion in the higher circles of Germany. Virulently assailed by the defenders of the existing systems, with Herder at their head, it was as eagerly supported by a crowd of followers who looked upon Kant with an almost fanatical veneration. Fichte's attention was turned to it quite accidentally. Some increased success in teaching during the winter of 1790, rendered his outward circumstances more comfortable than before, and left his mind more at liberty to engage in serious study. He plunged with enthusiasm into the new philosophy.

The system of religious necessarianism before alluded to, which frequently shows itself in his letters, was by no means in harmony with the natural bent of his character. His

energy of will and restless spirit of enterprise assorted ill with a theory in which he was compelled to regard himself as a passive instrument in the hands of a higher power. This inconsistency must have often suggested itself to him before he met with its remedy ; he must have frequently felt, that the theory which seemed to satisfy his understanding stood in opposition to his feelings. He could not be contented with any superficial or partial reconciliation of this opposition. But he was now introduced to a system in which his difficulties disappeared ; in which, by a rigid examination of the cognitive faculty, the boundaries of human knowledge were accurately defined, and within those boundaries its legitimacy successfully vindicated against scepticism on the one hand and blind credulity on the other ; in which the facts of man's moral nature furnished an indestructible foundation for a system of ethics where duty was neither resolved into self-interest nor degraded into the slavery of superstition, but recognised by Free-will as the absolute law of its being, in the strength of which it was to front the Necessity of nature, break down every obstruction that barred its way, and rise at last, unaided, to the sublime consciousness of an independent, and therefore eternal, existence. Such a theory was well calculated to rouse Fichte's enthusiasm and engage all his powers. The light which he had been unconsciously seeking now burst upon his sight, every doubt vanished before it, and the purpose of his being lay clear and distinct before him. The world, and man's life in it, acquired a new significance, every faculty a clearer vision, every power a fresh energy. But he must speak for himself :—

### **To Achelis at Bremen.**

“ The last four or five months which I have passed in Leipzig have been the happiest period of my life ; and what is most satisfactory about it is that I have to thank no man for the smallest ingredient in its pleasures. You know that before leaving Zurich I became somewhat sickly : either through imagination, or because the cookery did not agree with me. Since my departure from Zurich I have been health itself,

and I know how to prize this blessing. The circumstances of my stay in Zurich, and still more of my travels, had strained my fancy to an unnatural height. When I came to Leipzig my brain swarmed with great plans. All were wrecked ; and of so many soap-bubbles there now remains not even the light froth which composed them. This disturbed my peace of mind a little, and it was half in despair that I joined a party to which I ought long ere now to have belonged. Since I could not alter my outward circumstances, I resolved upon internal change. I threw myself into philosophy, and, as you know, into the Kantian. Here I found the remedy for all my evils, and joy enough to boot. The influence of this philosophy, and particularly the moral part of it (which however is unintelligible without previous study of the Critique of Pure Reason), upon the whole spiritual life, and particularly the revolution which it has caused in my own mode of thought, is indescribable. To you, especially, I owe the acknowledgment, that I now heartily believe in the Freedom of Man, and am well convinced that it is only on this supposition that Duty, Virtue, or Morality of any kind, is so much as possible ;—a truth which indeed I saw before, and perhaps acquired from you. Further, it is very evident to me that many pernicious consequences to society flow from the commonly-received principle of the Necessity of all human actions ; that it is the source of a great part of the immorality of the so-called higher classes ; and that if any one, accepting this principle, yet preserve himself pure from such corruption, it is not on account of the innocence, much less the utility, of the principle itself. Your uncorrupted moral feelings guided you more truly than did my arguments ; and you must admit that, in the latter respect, error is pardonable. A multitude of others, who do not err, have to thank, not their greater acuteness, but their inconsequential reasoning. I am also firmly convinced that there is no land of enjoyment here below, but a land of labour and toil, and that every joy of life should be only a refreshment and an incentive to greater exertion ; that the ordering of our fortune is not demanded of us, but only the cultivation

of ourselves. Hence I do not trouble myself about outward things,—endeavour not to *seem*, but to *be*; and it is to these convictions that I am indebted for the deep tranquillity of soul which I enjoy. My external circumstances suit well with these dispositions. I am master of no one, and no one's servant. I have no farther prospects: the present constitution of the church, and indeed the men who compose it, do not please me. So long as I can maintain my present independence, I shall do so at all hazards.

“You ask whether I contribute to the journals? No, to none of them. It was my intention, at first, to write for the ‘*Bibliothek der Schönen Wissenschaften*.’ But all is anarchy there. Weisse *is called* the editor, but the bookseller *is* the editor; and I will have nothing to do with a bookseller in matters of this kind. I sent my essay upon Klopstock's Messiah to B. for the ‘*Deutsche Museum*.’ He replied, that he feared the poet, who had for some time honoured him with his friendship, would take it ill if he should publish an essay which might put his Messiah in danger, &c. &c. I was satisfied with his answer, for I had already repented of the sin. If ever I become an author, it shall be on my own account. Moreover, authorship as a trade is not for me. It is incredible how much labour it costs me to accomplish something with which after all I am but half satisfied. The more I write, the more difficult does it become. I see that I want the living fire.”

On the same subject he writes to his school and college friend Weissshuhn:—

“I have lived in a new world since I have read the Critique of Practical Reason. Principles which I believed were irrefragable, are refuted; things which I thought could never be proved,—as for example, the idea of absolute Freedom, of Duty,—are proved; and I am so much the happier. It is indescribable what respect for humanity, what power this system gives us! But why should I say this to you, who have known it longer than I have done? What a blessing to an age in which morality was torn up by the roots, and the name of Duty obliterated from every vocabulary!”

And with still greater warmth he speaks of his new studies to Johanna Rahn :—

“My scheming spirit has now found rest, and I thank Providence that, shortly before all my hopes were frustrated, I was placed in a position which enabled me to bear the disappointment with cheerfulness. A circumstance, which seemed the result of mere chance, led me to give myself up entirely to the study of the Kantian philosophy,—a philosophy that restrains the imagination which was always too powerful with me, gives reason the sway, and raises the soul to an indescribable elevation above all earthly concerns. I have accepted a nobler morality, and instead of occupying myself with outward things, I employ myself more with my own being. This has given me a peace such as I have never before experienced : amid uncertain worldly prospects I have passed my happiest days. I shall devote some years of my life to this philosophy ; and all that I write, at least for several years to come, shall be upon it. It is difficult beyond all conception, and stands much in need of simplification. .

. . . The principles are indeed hard speculations which have no direct bearing on human life, but their consequences are most important for an age whose morality is corrupted at the fountain-head ; and to set these consequences before the world in a clear light, would, I believe, be doing it a good service. Say to thy dear father, whom I love as my own, that we erred in our inquiries into the Necessity of human actions, for although we proceeded with accuracy, we set out from a false principle. I am now thoroughly convinced that the human will is free, and that to be happy is not the purpose of our being,—but to deserve happiness. I have to ask pardon of thee too, for having often led thee astray by such assertions. Achelis was right,—without knowing it indeed ; and why ? Henceforth believe in thine own feelings ; thou mayst not be able to confute opposing reasoners, yet they shall be confuted, and are so already, though they do not understand the confutation.”

Inspired with this enthusiastic admiration for the Critical

Philosophy, he resolved to become the exponent of its principles, and to rescue it from the obscurity which an uncouth terminology had thrown around it. This attempt had indeed been made already, and was still making, by a host of commentators, but the majority of these were either deficient in capacity, or, actuated by sordid motives, had eagerly seized the opportunity of gain which the prevalent excitement afforded, and crowded the literary market with crude and superficial productions. Fichte accordingly commenced an expository abridgment of Kant's Critique of the faculty of judgment. It was to be divided into two parts,—the one devoted to the power of æsthetical, the other to that of teleological judgment. The first part was completed and sent to his friend Weissshuhn for correction, but the progress of the of the work was interrupted by events which caused him to leave Leipzig: it was never finished, and no part of it was published.

Interesting, and remarkable too, in this connexion, is the following passage from a letter written about this time to a literary friend:—

“If I am not deceived by the disposition of youth, which is more ready to hope than to fear, the golden age of our literature is at hand; it will be enduring, and may perhaps surpass the most brilliant period in that of any other nation. The seed which Lessing sowed in his letters, and in his ‘*Dramaturgie*,’ now begins to bear fruit. His principles seem every day to be more extensively received, and made the foundation of our literary judgments; and Goethe’s ‘*Iphigenie*’ is the strongest proof of the possibility of their realization. And it seems to me that he who in his twentieth year wrote the ‘*Robbers*,’ will, sooner or later, tread in the same path, and in his fortieth become our ‘*Sophocles*.’”

And so it was!—He who in his twentieth year wrote the “*Robbers*,” did literally in his fortieth produce his “*Wallenstein*,” followed in brilliant succession by “*Mary Stuart*,”—“*The Maid of Orleans*,”—and, last and brightest of the train.

by "William Tell,"—a parting gift to the world from the "Sophocles" of Germany.

And now the time drew near which was at once to terminate his struggles with fortune, and realize the dearest wish of his heart. He had received many pressing invitations from Rahn to return to Zurich, but he had hitherto declined to do so until he should be enabled to earn for himself a name and position in the world. "It would be disgraceful," said he, "were I to re-appear in Zurich, without having accomplished anything since I left it. What should I call myself? Suffer me at least to vindicate my claim to the name of a Scholar." No prospect, however, appearing of a permanent settlement in Germany, it had been arranged that he should return to Zurich in 1791, to be united to her whom he most loved and honoured upon earth. The noble-minded woman who was now to bind herself to him for ever, had resolved that henceforth he should pursue his literary undertakings free from the cares of life. But Fichte looked forward to no period of inglorious repose; his ardent spirit had already formed a thousand plans of useful and honourable activity. "Not happiness, but labour," was his principle,—a principle which ruled all his actions, in prosperity as well as in adversity. His letters to Johanna Rahn, in anticipation of this joyful event, breathe the same dignified tenderness which characterized their earlier correspondence :—

"And so, dearest, I solemnly devote myself to thee,—consecrate myself to be *thine*. I thank thee that thou hast thought me not unworthy to be thy companion on the journey of life. I have undertaken much : one day,—God grant it be a distant one !—to take the place of thy noble father ; to become the recompense of thy early wisdom, of thy child-like love, of thy steadfast virtue. The thought of the great duties which I take upon me, makes me feel how little I am. But the sense of the greatness of these duties shall exalt me, and thy love, thy too favourable opinion of me, will lend to my imperfection all that I want. There is no land of hap-

piness here below,—I know it now,—but a land of toil, where every joy but strengthens us for greater labour. Hand in hand we shall traverse it, and encourage and strengthen each other, until our spirits—O may it be together!—shall rise to the eternal fountain of all peace. I stand now in fancy at the most important point of my earthly existence, which divides it into two different, very different portions,—and marvel at the unseen hand which has led me through the first dangerous part, through the land of perplexity and doubt! How long had I despaired of such a companion as thou, in whom manly dignity and female tenderness are united! What if I had contented myself with some decorated puppet of thy sex? That Being who rules all things was kinder to me than, in the feeling of my unworthiness, I had dared to wish or hope:—I was led to thee. That Being will do yet more for me. We shall one day, O dearest, stand again at the partition-wall which shall divide our *whole* life into two parts,—into an earthly and a spiritual;—and then shall we look back upon the latter part of the earthly which we shall have traversed together, as we do now upon its first part; and surely we shall then, too, marvel at the same wisdom which now calls forth our wonder, but with loftier feelings and with clearer insight. I love to place myself in that position. . . .

“The surest means of acquiring a conviction of a life after death is so to act in this life that we can venture to wish for another. He who feels that if there be a God he must look down graciously upon him, will not be disturbed by arguments *against* his being, and he needs none *for* it. He who has sacrificed so much for virtue that he looks for recompense in a future life, needs no proof of the reality of such a life;—he does not *believe* in it,—he *feels* it. And so, thou dear companion for this short life and for eternity, we shall strengthen each other in this conviction, not by arguments but by deeds.”

LEIPZIG, 1st March 1791

“At the end of this month I shall be free, and have determined to come to thee. I see nothing that can prevent

me. I indeed still await the sanction of my parents ; but I have been for a long time so well assured of their love,—almost, if I may venture to say it, of their deference to my opinion,—that I need not anticipate any obstacle on their part.

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“ And now, dearest, I turn to thee, passing over all things unconnected with thee, which therefore do not interest me. Is it true, or is it but a sweet dream, that I am so near to the one best joy of my life,—the possession of the noblest of souls, chosen and destined for me by the Creator from among all other souls ?—that my happiness, my peace, shall be the object of your wishes, your cares, your prayers ? Could my feelings but flow to thee, warm as at this moment they are streaming through my heart, and threatening to burst it asunder !

“ Accept me then, dearest maiden, with all my faults. How glad am I to think that I give myself to one who can take me with these faults ; who has wisdom and strength enough to love me with them all,—to help me to destroy them, so that I may one day appear with her, purified from all blemish, before Him who created us for each other !—Never have I been more sincerely penetrated by this feeling of my weakness, than since I received thy last letter, which reminds me of the poverty of all that I have said to thee ; which reminds me of the vacillating state of mind in which I have written to thee. O what a *man* I have been !—People have sometimes attributed to me firmness of character, and I have been vain enough to accept their flattery as truth. To what accident am I indebted for this opinion,—I who have always allowed myself to be guided by circumstances,—whose soul has constantly taken the colours of surrounding events ? With great pretensions, which I could never have maintained, I left Zurich. My hopes were all wrecked. Out of despair, more than from taste, I threw myself into the Kantian philosophy, and found peace, for which in truth I have to thank my good health and the free flight of my fancy, and even deceived myself so far as to believe that the

sublime thoughts which I imprinted upon my *memory* were natives of my soul. Circumstances led me to another employment less satisfactory to the mind; and the change in my mode of living,—the winter, which never agrees with me,—an indisposition, and the troubles of a short journey,—these things could disturb the deeply-rooted peace of the philosopher, and bring me into a frightful humour! Shall I always be thus tossed to and fro like a wave! Take thou me, then, thou brave soul, and strengthen this indecision.

“Yet while I lament my inconstancy, how happy am I that I can pour out these complaints to a heart which knows me too well to misunderstand me! One of my feelings I can acquit of all fickleness: I can say it boldly, that I have never been untrue to thee, even in thought; and it is a touching proof of thy noble character, that amid all thy tender cares for me, thou hast never been anxious about this.

“The day of my departure is not exactly fixed, and I cannot determine it until I am about to set out. But it will be one of the first days of April. I shall write to thee of it, and I shall also write to thee on my journey.”

And now all his brightest dreams were about to be fulfilled, his cup was brimming with anticipated delight, the draught of joy was almost at his lips, when it was rudely dashed from his grasp. The day of his departure was already fixed, when the bankruptcy of a mercantile house to which Rahn had entrusted his property, threw the affairs of the latter into disorder, and even threatened to reduce him to indigence in his old age. Happily a part of his property was ultimately saved; but, in the meantime at least, all plans which were founded on his former prosperity were at an end. His misfortunes brought upon him a lingering sickness, by which he was reduced to the brink of the grave. His life was preserved by the tender and unremitting cares of his daughter. In those dark years, when scarcely a ray of hope broke the gloom of present calamity, her conduct displayed that high-minded devotion which bears inevitable suffering

without a murmur, and almost raises the passive above the active virtues of our nature.

As for Fichte, he had now become inured to disappointment. His courage soon returned to him, and he encountered with unfaltering trust the new disappointment with which fortune had visited him;—but he was filled with chagrin at having no power either to alleviate, or to share, the distress of one dearer to him than life itself. The world with its difficulties and doubts was once more before him, and once more his indomitable spirit rose superior to them all. He obtained an appointment as tutor in the house of a Polish nobleman at Warsaw, and having announced his departure to Johanna Rahn in a letter in which he bids her be of good courage, and assures her earnestly of his own faithfulness, he once more assumed his pilgrim staff and turned his back upon Leipzic.

His diary written during this pedestrian journey to Poland evinces a clear and acute faculty of observation, and sketches very distinctly the peculiarities of the Saxon and Silesian character. One passage only, and that relative to a different subject, is here quoted :—

“*9th May.*—Arrived at Bischofswerda in good time; drank tea at the inn, and sent my letter to Rammenau. Soon appeared my brother Gotthelf, the kind soul, whom I looked for the previous day at Pillnitz; and immediately after him, Gottlob. My father had not been at home, but he came soon after—the good, honest, kind father! His look, his tone, his reasoning,—how much good they always do me. Take away all my learning, O God! and make me such a good, true, faithful *man*!—how much should I gain by the exchange!”

On the 7th of June he arrived at Warsaw, and immediately waited upon his employer the Count Von P——. The Count was a good, easy man, perfectly submissive to the guidance of his wife, a vain, haughty, and whimsical woman. Fichte's pronunciation of the French language was

found to be unsatisfactory, and his German bluntness of demeanour still more so. He soon discovered that this was no place for him, where the teacher was regarded as the hanger-on of the Countess, and no respect was paid to the dignity of his profession. He resigned his office without having entered upon its duties; and having with some difficulty obtained from the Countess, by way of compensation, a sum sufficient for his maintenance for the succeeding two months, he resolved to visit Königsberg, instead of returning directly to his native country, in order that he might have an opportunity of cultivating a personal acquaintance with Kant, his great master in philosophy. Having preached in the Evangelical Church at Warsaw before his departure, he left that city on the 25th of June for Königsberg.

Immediately on his arrival he visited Kant, but his first impressions of the Critical Philosopher do not seem to have been very favourable. His impetuous enthusiasm was chilled by a cold, formal reception, and he retired deeply disappointed. Unwilling, however, to abandon the purpose which had led him to Königsberg, he sought some means of obtaining a more free and earnest interview, but for some time without success. At last he determined to write a "*Kritik aller Offenbarung*" (Critique of all Revelation), which should serve as an introduction. He began his labours on the 13th July, and wrought with unremitting assiduity at his task. It is perhaps one of the most touching and instructive passages of literary history, to find a young man, at a distance from his own country, without a friend, without even the means of personal subsistence, and sustained only by an ardent and indomitable love of truth, devoting himself with intense application to the production of a systematic work on one of the deepest subjects of philosophic thought that he might thereby attain the friendship and confidence of one whom he regarded as the greatest of living men. The finished work,—a work which on its publication raised him at once to the level of the most profound thinkers of his age,—was sent to Kant on the 18th of August. He went on the 23d to hear the opinion of the philosopher upon

it, and was kindly received. He heard a very favourable judgment passed upon his book, but did not attain his principal object—the establishment of a scientific confidence. For the solution of his philosophical doubts he was referred to the *Critique of Pure Reason*, or to some of the philosopher's friends.

On revising his "*Critique of all Revelation*," he found that it did not thoroughly express his profoundest thoughts on the subject, and he therefore began to remodel and rewrite it. But here again he was overtaken by want. Counting over his meagre store of money, he found that he had only sufficient for another fortnight. Alone and in a strange country, he knew not what to resolve upon. After having in vain endeavoured to get some employment through the friends to whom he had been introduced by Kant, he determined, though with great reluctance, to reveal to Kant himself the situation in which he was placed, and request his assistance to enable him to return to his own land. His letter to Kant on this subject is so strikingly characteristic of its writer, and describes so truly his position at the time, that it is here given at length:—

### To Kant.

"You will pardon me, sir, if on the present occasion I address you in writing rather than in speech.

"You have already favoured me with kind recommendations which I had not ventured to ask from you,—a generosity which infinitely increases my gratitude, and gives me courage to disclose myself entirely to you, which otherwise I could not have ventured to do without your direct permission,—a necessity which he who would not willingly reveal himself to every one, feels doubly towards a truly good man.

"In the first place, allow me to assure you, sir, that my resolution to proceed from Warsaw to Königsberg, instead of returning to Saxony, was indeed so far an interested resolution, that it gave me an opportunity of expressing my feelings towards the man to whom I owe all my convictions, principles, character, and even the very effort to possess them,

—of profiting, so far as possible in a short time, by your society, and, if allowed, of recommending myself to your favourable notice in my after-life;—but that I never could have anticipated my present need of your kindness, partly because I considered Königsberg to be fertile in resources,—much more so for example than Leipzig,—and partly because I believed that, in the worst case, I should be able to find employment in Livonia, through a friend who occupies a creditable situation at Riga. I consider this assurance is due,—partly to myself, that the feelings which flow purely from my heart may not incur the suspicion of mean selfishness;—partly to you, because the free, open gratitude of one whom you have instructed and improved, cannot be indifferent to you.

“I have followed the profession of a private tutor for five years, and during this time have felt so keenly its disagreeable nature,—to be compelled to look upon imperfections which must ultimately entail the worst consequences, and yet be hindered in the endeavour to establish good habits in their stead,—that I had given it up altogether for a year and a half, and, as I thought, for ever. I was induced again to undertake this occupation in Warsaw, without due consideration, by the ill-founded hope that I should find this attempt more fortunate, and perhaps imperceptibly by a view to pecuniary advantage,—a resolution the vanity of which has given rise to my present embarrassments. I now, on the contrary, feel every day more strongly the necessity of going over again, before the years of youth have altogether passed away, all those things which the too-early praise of well-meaning but unwise teachers,—an academic course almost completed before my entrance on the proper age of youth,—and, since that time, my constant dependence on circumstances,—have caused me to neglect; and, resigning all the ambitious views which have impeded my progress, to train myself to all of which I am capable, and leave the rest to Providence. This object I cannot attain anywhere more surely than in my fatherland. I have parents, who cannot indeed relieve my necessities, but with whom I can live at

less expense than elsewhere. I can there occupy myself with literary pursuits—my true means of culture, to which I must devote myself, and for which I have too much respect to print anything of the truth of which I am not thoroughly assured. By a residence in my native province, too, I could most easily obtain, as a village pastor, the perfect literary quiet which I desire until my faculties are matured. My best course thus seems to be to return home;—but I am deprived of the means: I have only two ducats, and even these are not my own, for I have yet to pay for my lodgings. There appears, then, to be no rescue for me from this situation, unless I can find some one who, although unknown to me, yet, in reliance upon my honour, will advance me the necessary sum for the expenses of my journey, until the time when I can calculate with certainty on being able to make repayment. I know no one to whom I could offer this security without fear of being laughed at to my face, except you, excellent man.

“It is my maxim never to ask anything from another, without having first of all examined whether I myself, were the circumstances reversed, would do the same thing for some one else. In the present case I have found that, supposing I had it in my power, I would do this for any person of whom I believed that he was animated by the principles by which I know that I myself am now governed.

“I am so convinced of a certain sacrifice of honour in thus placing it in pledge, that the very necessity of giving you this assurance seems to deprive me of a part of it myself; and the deep shame which thus falls upon me is the reason why I cannot make an application of this kind verbally, for I must have no witnesses of that shame. My honour seems to be really doubtful until the engagement be fulfilled, because it is always possible for the other party to suppose that I may never fulfil it. Thus I know, that if you, sir, should consent to my request, I would think of you with heartfelt respect and gratitude indeed, but yet with a kind of shame; and that only after I had redeemed my word would it be possible for me to call to mind with perfect

satisfaction an acquaintance with which I hope to be honoured during life. I know that these feelings arise from temperament, not from principle, and are perhaps reprehensible; but I cannot eradicate them until principle has acquired sufficient strength to take their place, and so render them superfluous. Thus far, however, I can rely upon my principles, that, were I capable of forfeiting my word pledged to you, I should despise myself for ever afterwards and could never again venture to cast a glance into my own soul;—principles which constantly reminded me of you, and of my own dishonour, must needs be cast aside altogether, in order to free me from the most painful self-reproach.

“If I were well assured of the existence of such a mode of thinking as this in a man, I would do that for him with confidence, which I now ask from you. *How and by what means*, I could assure myself, were I in your place, of the existence of such principles, is likewise clear to me.

“If it be permitted me to compare very great things with very small, I argue from your writings, most honoured sir, a character in their author above the ordinary mass of men, and, before I knew anything at all of your mode of acting in common life, I would have ventured to describe it as I now know it to be. For myself, I have laid open before you only a small part of my nature, at a time however when I had no idea of making such a use as this of your acquaintance, and my character is not sufficiently formed to express itself fully;—but to compensate for this, you are without comparison a better judge of men than I am, and perhaps may have perceived, even from the little you have seen of me, whether or not a love of truth and honour belongs to my character.

“Lastly,—and I add this with shame,—if I should be found capable of forfeiting my pledge, my worldly reputation is in your hands. It is my intention to become an author in my own name, and when I leave Königsberg, I wish to request from you introductions to some literary men of your acquaintance. To these, whose good opinion I would then owe to you, it would be your duty to communicate my dis-

grace ; as it would generally be a duty, I think, to warn the world against a person of such incorrigible character as he must needs be who could approach a man whose atmosphere is untainted by falsehood, and, by assuming the outward mien of honesty, deceive his acuteness, and so laugh to scorn all virtue and honour.

“ These were the considerations, sir, which induced me to write this letter. I am very indifferent about that which does not lie within my power, more indeed through temperament and personal experience, than on principle. It is not the first time that I have been in difficulties out of which I could see no way ; but it would be the first time that I remained in them, if I did so now. Curiosity as to what is to come of it, is generally all that I feel in such emergencies. I merely adopt the means which appear the best to my mind, and then calmly await the consequence. And I can do this the more easily in the present case, that I place it in the hands of a good and wise man. But in another point of view I send off this letter with unwonted anxiety. Whatever may be your determination, I shall lose something of comfort and satisfaction in my relation towards you. If it be in the affirmative, I can indeed again acquire what I have lost ;—if in the negative, never.

\* \* \* \* \*

“ For the tone which predominates in this letter, I cannot, sir, ask your pardon. It is one of the distinctions of sages, that he who speaks to them, speaks as a man to men. As soon as I can venture to hope that I do not disturb you, I shall wait upon you, to learn your resolution ; and I am, with heartfelt reverence and admiration,” &c.

It is difficult to conceive of any circumstances short of absolute inability, which could induce a man of refined sentiments, and especially a scholar and a philosopher, to refuse the request contained in this singular letter. We are not informed of the cause of Kant's refusal, and can therefore only hope that it arose from no motive less honourable than that which animated his noble-minded

suitor. It is certain that Fichte continued, after this occurrence, to regard Kant with the same sentiments of deep admiration, and even reverence, which he had previously entertained towards him. But the request *was* refused, and Fichte once more reduced to extremity. He endeavoured to dispose of the manuscript of his "*Kritik aller Offenbarung*;"—but Hartung, the bookseller to whom Kant recommended him to apply, was from home, and he offered it in vain to any other. The very heroism of his life seemed to be the source of his ever-recurring difficulties;—and truly, he who has resolved to lead a life of high purpose and endeavour, must be content to relinquish the advantages which are the common reward of plodding worldliness or successful knavery. He does relinquish them without a murmur, or rather he never seeks them;—his thoughts aspire to a loftier recompense, and that he does surely attain.

But light once more dawned on these dark and hopeless prospects; and that from a quarter whence it was least of all expected. When the little money which he had remaining was almost entirely exhausted, he received an invitation, through the Court-preacher Schulz, to a tutorship in the family of the Count of Krokow, in the neighbourhood of Dantzig. Although, as we have seen, his views were now directed to a life of literary exertion, yet necessity compelled him to accept this proposal; and he entered on his new employment, experiencing the most friendly reception and the kindest attentions. The amiable character and excellent abilities of the Countess rendered his residence in her family not only happy, but interesting and instructive;—his letters at this period are full of her praises. This fortunate appointment was but the beginning of many years of uninterrupted prosperity which now awaited him. Fortune seemed at last to have tired of her relentless persecutions, and now resolved to shine graciously upon his path.

Through the instrumentality of his friends at Königsberg he now made arrangements with Hartung for the publi-

cation of his “*Kritik aller Offenbarung*.” An unexpected difficulty, however, prevented its immediate appearance. When the book was submitted to the censorship of the Dean of the Theological Faculty at Halle, where it was to be printed, he refused his sanction on account of the principle contained in it,—*That no proof of the divinity of a Revelation can be derived from an appeal to Miracles occurring in connexion with it, but that the question of its authenticity can be decided only by an examination of its contents.* Fichte urged that his book was a philosophical, not a theological essay, and that therefore it did not properly come under the cognizance of the Theological Faculty; but this plea was urged in vain. His friends advised him to withdraw the obnoxious passages; even Schulz, who united theological orthodoxy with his ardent Kantism, advised him to do so. But on this point Fichte was inflexible; he determined that the book should be printed entire, or not printed at all. He resolved, however, to consult Kant on the subject, as the highest authority to whom he could appeal. As this question has now for some time engaged the attention of the philosophico-theological world of England and America, it is deemed advisable to insert here the gist of this somewhat characteristic correspondence.

### Fichte to Kant.

“22d January, 1792.

“A friend whom I respect has written to me a kind and touching letter upon this subject, in which he requests that, in the event of a possible revision of the work during the delay which has occurred in printing, I should endeavour to set two points, upon which we are at issue, in another light. I have said, that faith in a given Revelation cannot reasonably be founded upon belief in Miracles, because no miracle is demonstrable *as such*; but I have added in a note, that it may be allowable to employ the idea of Miracles having occurred in connexion with a Revelation, in order to direct the attention of those who need the aid of outward and sensible manifestations to the other sufficient grounds upon

which the Revelation may be received as divine;—the only modification of the former principle which I can admit. I have said, further, that a Revelation cannot extend *the materials* of either our dogmatic or our moral knowledge; but I admit, that upon transcendental objects, in the *fact* of whose existence we believe, while we know nothing whatever of the *mode* of that existence, it may furnish us with something in the room of experience,—something which, for those who so conceive of such matters, shall possess a subjective truth,—which, however, is not to be received as a substantial addition to, but only as an embodied and formal manifestation of, those spiritual things possessed by us *a priori*. Notwithstanding continued reflection upon these points, I have hitherto discovered nothing which can justify me in altering my conclusions. May I venture to ask you, sir, as the most competent judge, to tell me in two words, whether any other results upon these points are to be sought for, and if so, in what direction;—or if these are the only grounds on which a critique of the Revelation-idea can safely proceed? If you will favour me with these two words of reply, I shall make no use of them inconsistent with the deep respect I entertain for you. As to my friend's letter, I have already said in answer, that I do not cease to give my attention to the subject, and shall always be ready to retract what I am convinced is erroneous.

"As to the prohibition of the censor, after the clearly-declared object of the essay, and the tone which predominates throughout its pages, I can only wonder at it. I cannot understand where the Theological Faculty acquired the right to apply their censorship to such a mode of treating such a subject."

### Kant's Reply.

"2d February, 1792.

"You desire to be informed by me whether any remedy can be found against the strict censorship under which your book has fallen, without entirely laying it aside. I answer, none;—so far as, without having read the book thoroughly, I can determine from what your letter announces as its

leading principle, namely,—‘that faith in a given Revelation cannot reasonably be founded on a belief in Miracles.’

“For it inevitably follows from this, that a religion can contain only such articles of faith as likewise belong to the province of Pure Reason. This principle is in my opinion quite unobjectionable, and does not abolish the subjective necessity either of Revelation or of Miracle (for it may be assumed, that whether or not it might have been possible for Reason, unaided by Revelation, to have discovered those articles of faith, which, now when they *are* actually before us, may indeed be comprehended by Reason,—yet it may have been necessary to *introduce* them by Miracles,—which, however, now when religion can support itself and its articles, need no longer be relied upon as the foundation of belief):—but, according to the maxims which seem to be adopted by the censor, this principle will not carry you through. For, according to these, certain writings must be received into the profession of faith *according to their letter*, since it is difficult for the human understanding to comprehend them, and much more for human reason to conceive of them as true; and hence they really need the continued support of Miracle, and thus only can become articles of reasonable belief. The view which represents Revelation as merely a sensible manifestation of these principles in accommodation to human weakness, and hence as possessed of subjective truth only, is not sufficient for the censor, for his views demand the recognition of its objective truth according to the letter.

“One way however remains open, to bring your book into harmony with the ideas of the censor: *i. e.* if you can make him comprehend and approve the distinction between a *dogmatic belief* raised above all doubt, and a mere *moral admission* resting on the insufficiency of reason to satisfy its own wants; for then the faith which good moral sentiment reposes upon Miracle may probably thus express itself: ‘Lord, I believe’—that is, I *receive* it willingly, although I cannot *prove* it sufficiently—‘help thou mine unbelief!’—that is, ‘I have a moral faith in respect of all that I can draw

from the miraculous narrative for the purposes of inward improvement, and I desire to possess an historical belief in so far as that can contribute to the same end. My unintentional non-belief is not confirmed unbelief.' But you will not easily make this distinction acceptable to a censor who, it is to be feared, makes historical belief an unconditional religious duty.

"With these hastily, but not inconsiderately thrown out ideas, you may do whatever seems good to you (provided you are yourself convinced of their truth), without making any direct or indirect allusion to him who communicates them."

### Fichte to Kant.

"17th February, 1792.

"Your kind letter has given me much gratification, as well because of the goodness which so soon fulfilled my request, as on account of the matter it contains: upon that subject I now feel all the peace of mind which, next to one's own conviction, the authority of a man who is honoured above all other men can give.

"If I have rightly conceived your meaning, I have actually pursued in my work the middle course which you point out,—of distinguishing between an affirmative belief, and a faith founded on moral considerations. I have endeavoured carefully to distinguish between that which, according to my principle, is the only possible and reasonable kind of faith in the divinity of a given Revelation (that faith, namely, which has for its object only a *certain form* of the truths of religion)—and the belief which accepts these truths in themselves as postulates of Pure Reason. This faith is only a free acceptance of the divine origin of a particular form of religious truth, grounded on experience of the efficacy of such a form as a means of moral perfection;—such an acceptance, indeed, as no one can *prove* either to himself or to others, but which, on the other hand, cannot be refuted; an acceptance which is merely subjective, and, unlike the faith of Pure Reason, is not universally binding, since it is founded on individual experience alone. I

believe that I have placed this distinction in a tolerably clear light, and I have endeavoured to set forth fully the practical consequences of these principles: namely, that while they save us the labour of enforcing our own subjective convictions upon others, they secure to every one the undisturbed possession of everything in religion which he can apply to his own improvement, and thus silence the opponents of positive religion, not less than its dogmatical defenders;—principles for which I do not deserve the anger of the truth-loving theologian. But yet it has so fallen out; and I am now determined to leave the book as it is, and to allow the publisher to deal with the matter as he chooses.”

The difficulty which gave rise to the preceding letters was happily got rid of by a change in the censorship. The new dean, Dr. Knapp, did not partake in the scruples of his predecessor, and he gave his consent to the publication. The work appeared at Easter 1792, and excited great attention in the literary world of Germany. At first it was universally ascribed to Kant. The journals devoted to the Critical Philosophy teemed with laudatory notices, until at length Kant found it necessary publicly to disclaim the paternity of the book by disclosing its real author.

The “*Kritik aller Offenbarung*” is an attempt to determine the natural and necessary conditions under which alone a Revelation from a superior intelligence to man is possible, and consequently to lay down the criteria by which anything that claims the character of such a Revelation is to be tested. The design, as well as the execution, of the work is strikingly characteristic of its author; for, although the form of the Kantian philosophy is much more distinctly impressed upon this, his first literary production, than upon his subsequent writings, yet it does not and cannot conceal those brilliant qualities to which he owed his future fame. That profound and searching intellect, which, in the province of Metaphysics, cast aside as fallacious and deceptive

those solid-seeming principles on which ordinary men are content to take their stand, and clearing its way to the most hidden depths of thought, sought there a firm foundation on which to build a structure of human knowledge, whose summit should tower as high above common faith as its base was sunk deep below common observation,—does here, when applied to a question of practical judgment, exhibit the same clearness of vision, strength of thought, and subtilty of discrimination. In the conduct of this inquiry, Fichte manifests that single eye to truth, and reverent devotion to her when found, which characterize all his writings and his life. His book has nothing in common with those superficial attacks upon Revelation, or equally superficial defences of it, which are still so abundant, and which afford so much scope for petty personal animosities. The mathematician, while constructing his theorem, does not pause to inquire who may be interested in its future applications; nor does the philosopher, while calmly settling the conditions and principles of *knowledge*, concern himself about what *opinions* may ultimately be found incompatible with them:—these may take care of themselves. Far above the dark vortex of theological strife in which punier intellects chafe and vex themselves in vain, Fichte struggles forward to the sunshine of pure thought, which sectarianism cannot see, because its weakened vision is already filled with a borrowed and imperfect light. "Form and style," he says in his preface, "are my affair; the censure or contempt which these may incur affects me alone;—and that is of little moment. The result is the affair of truth, and *that* is of moment. That must be subjected to a strict, but careful and impartial examination. I at least have acted impartially. I may have erred, and it would be astonishing if I had not. What measure of correction I may deserve, let the public decide. Every judgment, however expressed, I shall thankfully acknowledge; every objection which seems incompatible with the cause of truth, I shall meet as well as I can. To truth I solemnly devote myself, at this my first entrance into public life. Without respect of party

or of reputation, I shall always *acknowledge* that to be truth which I recognise as such, come whence it may ; and never *acknowledge* that which I do not believe. The public will pardon me for having thus spoken of myself, on this first and only occasion. It may be of little importance to the world to receive this assurance, but it is of importance to me to call upon it to bear witness to this my solemn vow.” —Never was vow more nobly fulfilled !

In the spring of 1793, Fichte left Dantzic for Zurich, to accomplish the wish dearest to his heart. A part of Rahn’s property had been saved from the wreck of his fortunes, and had been increased by the prudence and economy of his daughter. He was now anxious to see his children settled beside him, and to resume his personal intercourse with his destined son-in-law. It was arranged that wherever Fichte’s abode might ultimately be fixed, the venerable old man should still enjoy the unremitting care and attention of his daughter. The following extracts are from a letter written shortly before Fichte’s departure for Switzerland :—

### To Johanna Rahn.

“ Dantzic, 5th March 1793.

“ In June, or at the latest, July, I shall be with thee : but I should wish to enter the walls of Zurich as thy husband :—Is that possible ? Thy kind heart will give no hindrance to my wishes ; but I do not know the circumstances. But I hope, and this hope comforts me much.—God ! what happiness dost thou prepare for me, the unworthy !—I have never felt so deeply convinced that my existence is not to be in vain for the world as when I read thy letter. What I receive in thee, I have not deserved ; it can therefore be only a means of strengthening me for the labour and toil which yet await me. Let thy life but flow smoothly on,—thou sweet, dear one !

“ Thou wilt fashion thyself by me ! What I could perhaps give thee, thou dost not need ; what thou canst bestow on me, I need much. Do thou, good, kind one, shed a lasting

peace upon this tempestuous heart ; pour gentle and winning mildness over my fiery zeal for the ennobling of my fellow-men. By thee will I fashion myself, till I can go forth again more usefully.

“I have great, glowing projects. My ambition (pride rather) thou canst understand. It is to purchase my place in the human race with deeds, to bind up with my existence eternal consequences for humanity and the whole spiritual world ; no one need know that I do it, if only it be done. What I shall be in the civil world, I know not. If instead of immediate *activity* I be destined to *speech*, my desire has already anticipated thy wish that it should be rather from a pulpit than from a chair. There is at present no want of prospects of that kind. Even from Saxony I receive most profitable invitations. I am about to go to Lubeck and Hamburg. In Dantzic they are unwilling to let me go. All that for the future ! That I am not idle, I have shown by refusing, within this half year, many invitations which would have been very alluring to idlers. For the present I will be nothing but *Fichte*.

“I may perhaps desire an office in a few years. I hope it will not be wanting. Till then I can get what I require by my pen : at least, it has never failed me yet in my many wanderings and sacrifices.”

Fichte arrived in Zurich on the 16th day of June 1793, after having once more visited his parents, and received their entire approbation of his future plans. He was received with cordial welcome by a numerous circle of his former friends, who were well acquainted with his growing reputation and his prospects of future eminence. After a residence of a few months in the family of Rahn,—a delay rendered necessary by the laws of the state regarding foreigners,—his marriage with Johanna Rahn took place on the 22d of October at Baden, near Zurich. Lavater sent his congratulations, after his friendly fashion, in the following lines :—

**An Fichte=Rahn und an Rahn=Fichte.**

"Kraft und Demuth vereint wirkt nie vergängliche Freuden,  
Lieb' im Bunde mit Licht erzeugt unsterbliche Kinder:  
Freue der Wahrheit dich, so oft dieß Blättchen du anblickst."

After a short tour in Switzerland, in the course of which his already wide-spread fame brought him into contact with several distinguished men,—Baggesen, Pestalozzi, &c.,—Fichte took up his residence in the house of his father-in-law. Here he enjoyed for several months a life of undisturbed repose, in the society of her whose love had been his stay in times of adversity and doubt, and now gave to prosperity a keener relish and a holier aim.

But while happiness and security dwelt in the peaceful Swiss canton, the rest of Europe was torn asunder by that fearful convulsion which made the close of last century the most remarkable period in the history of the world. Principles which had once bound men together in bonds of truth and fealty had become false and hollow mockeries; and that evil time had arrived in which those who were nominally the leaders and rulers of the people had ceased to command their reverence and attachment; nay, by countless oppressions and follies had become the objects of their bitter hatred and contempt. And now one nation speaks forth the word which all are struggling to utter, and soon every eye is turned upon France,—the theatre on which the new act in the drama of human history is to be acted; where freedom and right are once more to become realities; where man, no longer a mere appendage to the soil, is to start forth on a new career of activity and honour, and show the world the spectacle of an ennobled and regenerated race. The enslaved of all nations rouse themselves at the shout of deliverance; the patriot's heart throbs higher at the cry; the poet dreams of a new golden age; the philosopher looks with eager eye for the solution of the mighty problem of human destiny. All, alas! are doomed to disappointment; and over the grave where their hopes lie buried, a lesson of

fearful significance stands inscribed in characters of desolation and blood, proclaiming to all ages that where the law of liberty is not written upon the soul, outward freedom is a mockery and unchecked power a curse.

In 1793 Fichte published his "Contributions to the correction of public opinion upon the French Revolution." The leading principle of this work is, that there is, and can be, no absolutely unchangeable political constitution, because none absolutely perfect can be realized;—the relatively best constitution must therefore carry within itself the principle of change and improvement. And if it be asked from whom this improvement should proceed, it is replied, that all parties to the political contract ought equally to possess this right. And by this political contract is to be understood, not any actual and recorded agreement,—for both the old and new opponents of this view think they can destroy it at once by the easy remark that we have no historical proof of the existence of such a contract,—but the abstract idea of a State, which, as the peculiar foundation of all rights, should lie at the bottom of every actual political fabric. The work comprises also an enquiry concerning the privileged classes in society, particularly the nobility and clergy, whose prerogatives are subjected to a prolonged and rigid scrutiny. In particular, the conflict between the universal rights of reason and historical privileges which often involve great injustice is brought prominently into notice. This book brought upon Fichte the charge of being a democrat, which was afterwards extended into that of atheism! The following passage is from his own defence against the former charge, written at a later period:—

"And so I am a democrat!—And what *is* a democrat? One who represents the democratic form of government as the only just one, and recommends its introduction? I should think, if he does this merely in his writings, that, even under a monarchical government, the refutation of his error, if it be an error, might be left to other literary men. So long as he makes no direct attempt to overthrow the existing government and put his own scheme in its place, I do

not see how his opinions can come before the judgment-seat of the State, which takes cognizance of actions only. However, I know that my opponents think otherwise on this point. Let them think so if they choose; does the accusation then justly apply to me?—am I a democrat in the foregoing sense of that word? They may indeed have neither heard nor read anything about me, since they settled this idea in their minds and wrote “democrat” over my head in their imaginations. Let them look at my “principles of Natural Law,” vol. i. p. 189, &c. It is impossible to name any writer who has declared more decidedly, and on stronger grounds, *against* the democratic form of government as an absolutely illegitimate form. Let them make a fair extract from that book. They will find that I require a submission to law, a jurisdiction of law over the actions of the citizen, such as was never before demanded by any teacher of jurisprudence, and has never been realized in any constitution. Most of the complaints which I have heard against this system have turned on the assertion that it derogated too much from the freedom (licentiousness and lawlessness) of men. I am thus far from preaching anarchy.

“But they do not attach a definite and scientific meaning to the word. If all the circumstances in which they use this expression were brought together, it might perhaps be possible to say what particular sense they annex to it; and it is quite possible that, in this sense, I may be a very decided democrat;—it is at least so far certain, that I would rather not be at all, than be the subject of caprice and not of law.”

During the period of his residence at Zurich, however, Fichte’s attention was occupied with another subject, more important to science and to his own future fame than his political speculations. This was the philosophical system on which his reputation chiefly rests. It would be altogether out of place in the present Memoir to enter at large upon a subject so vast and so profound, if indeed it might not prove altogether impossible to present, in any form in-

telligible to the ordinary English reader, the results of these abstruse and difficult speculations. Yet the peculiarities of Fichte's philosophical system are so intimately bound up with the personal character of its author, that both lose something of their completeness when considered apart from each other. And it is principally with a view to illustrate the harmony between his life and his philosophy that an attempt is here made to point out some of its distinguishing features. As Fichte's system may be considered the complement of those which preceded it, we must view it in connexion with the more important of these.

The final results of the philosophy of Locke were two-fold. In France, the school of Condillac, imitating the example of the English philosopher rather than following out his first principles, occupied itself exclusively with the phenomena of sensation, leaving out of sight the no less indisputable facts to which reflection is our sole guide. The consequence was a system of unmixed materialism, a deification of physical nature, and ultimately, avowed atheism. In Great Britain, the philosophy of experience was more justly treated: both sources of human knowledge which Locke indicated at the outset of his inquiry—although in the body of his essay he analyzed one of them only—were recognised by his followers in his own land, until Berkeley resolved the phenomena of sensation into those of reflection, and the same method which in France led to materialism, in England produced a system of intellectual idealism. Berkeley's principles were pushed to the extreme by Hume, who applying to the phenomena of reflection precisely the same analysis which Berkeley applied to those of sensation, demolished the whole fabric of human knowledge, and revealed, under the seemingly substantial foundations on which men had hitherto built their faith a yawning gulf of impenetrable obscurity and scepticism. Feeling, thought, nay consciousness itself became but fleeting phantasms without any abiding subject in which they could inhere.

It may be safely affirmed that, notwithstanding the outcry which greeted the publication of the "Essay of Human

Nature," and the senseless virulence which still loads the memory of its author with abuse, none of his critics have hitherto succeeded in detecting a fallacy in his main argument. Admit his premises, and you cannot consistently stop short of his conclusions. The Aristotelian theory of perception, which up to this period none had dared to impugn, having thus led, by a strictly necessary movement, to the last extreme of scepticism, the reaction which followed, under Reid and the school of Common Sense, was naturally founded on a denial of the doctrine of representation, and on a more close analysis of our knowledge of the external world, and of the processes by which we acquire that knowledge. It has thus occurred that the distinguished philosophers of the Scotch School, although deserving of all gratitude for their acute investigations into the intellectual and moral phenomena of man, have yet confined themselves exclusively to the department of psychological analysis, and have thrown little direct light on the higher questions of metaphysical speculation. This was reserved for the modern school of Germany, of which Kant may be considered the head. Stewart, although contemporary with the philosopher of Königsberg, seems to have had not only an imperfect, but a quite erroneous, conception of his doctrines.

Kant admitted the validity of Hume's conclusions respecting our knowledge of external things, on the premises from which they were deduced. He admitted that the human intellect could not go beyond itself, could not furnish us with any other than subjective knowledge. We are indeed constrained to assume the existence of an outward world to which we refer the impressions which come to us through our senses, but these impressions having to pass through the prism of certain inherent faculties or "categories" of the understanding, by which their original character is modified, or perhaps altogether changed, we are not entitled to draw from them any conclusions as to the nature of the source whence they emanate. Our knowledge of the outward world is thus limited to the bare admission of its existence, and stands in the same relation to the outward

world itself as the impressions conveyed to the eye through a kaleidoscope do to the collection of objects within the instrument. But is the outward world, which we are thus forced to abandon to doubt, the only reality for man? Do we not find in consciousness something more than a cognitive faculty? We find besides, Will, Freedom, Self-determination; and here is a world altogether independent of sense, and of the knowledge of outward things. Freedom is the root, the very ground-work of our being; free determination is the most intimate and certain fact in our nature. To this freedom we find an absolute law addressed,—the unconditional law of morality. Here, then, in the practical world of duty, of free obedience, of moral determination, we have the true world of man, in which the moral agent is the only existence, the moral act the only reality. In this super-sensual world we regain, by the practical movement of Reason, our convictions of infinite and absolute existence, from the knowledge of which, as objective realities, we are shut out by the subjective limitations of the Understanding. Between the world of sense and the world of morality, and indissolubly connected with both, stands the æsthetic world, or the system of relations we hold with external things through our ideas of the Beautiful, the Sublime, &c.; which thus forms the bond of union between the sensible and spiritual worlds. These three worlds exhaust the elements of human consciousness.

But while Kant, by throwing the bridge of æsthetic feeling over the chasm which separates the sensible from the purely spiritual world, established an outward communication between them, he did not attempt to reconcile—he maintained the impossibility of reconciling—their essential opposition. So far as the objective world is concerned, his system is one of mere negation. It is in this reconciliation,—in tracing this opposition to its source,—in the establishment of the unity of the sensible and spiritual worlds, that Fichte's "*Wissenschaftslehre*" follows out and completes the philosophical system of which Kant had laid the foundation. In it, for the first time, philosophy becomes, not a

theory of knowledge, but knowledge itself: for in it the apparent division of the subject thinking from the object thought of is abolished, by penetrating to the primitive unity out of which this opposition arises.

The origin of this opposition, and the principle by which it is to be reconciled, must be sought for in the nature of the thinking subject itself. Our own consciousness is the source of all our positive and certain knowledge. It precedes, and is the ground of, all other knowledge; nay it embraces within itself everything which we truly *know*. The facts of our own mental experience alone possess true reality for us; whatever is more than these, however probable as an inference, does not belong to the sphere of knowledge. Here, then, in the depths of the mind itself, we must look for a fixed and certain starting point for philosophy. Fichte finds such a starting point in the proposition or axiom ( $A=A$ .) This proposition is at once recognised by every one as absolutely and unconditionally true. But in affirming this proposition we also affirm our own existence, for the affirmation itself is our own mental act. The proposition may therefore be changed into ( $\text{Ego}=\text{Ego}$ .) But this affirmation itself postulates the existence of something not included in its subject, or in other words, out of the *affirmative* axiom ( $A=A$ ) there arises the *negative* proposition ( $-A \text{ not} = A$ ), or as before, ( $\text{Non-Ego not} = \text{Ego}$ .) In this act of negation the mind assumes the existence of a Non-Ego opposed to itself, and forming a limitation to its own existence. This opposition occurs in every act of consciousness; and in the voluntary and spontaneous limits which the mind thus sets to its own activity, it creates for itself an objective world.

The fundamental character of finite being is thus the supposition of itself (*thesis*), and of something opposed to itself (*anti-thesis*); which two conceptions are reciprocal, mutually imply each other, and are hence identical (*synthesis*.) The Ego affirms the Non-Ego, and is affirmed in it; the two conceptions are indissoluble, nay they are but one conception modified by different attitudes of the mind. But as

these attitudes are in every case voluntarily assumed by the Ego, it is itself the only real existence, and the Non-Ego, as well as the varied aspects attributed to it, are but different forms of the activity of the Ego. Here, then, Realism and Idealism coincide in the identity of the subject and object of thought, and the absolute principle of knowledge is discovered in the mind itself.

But in thus establishing the Non-Ego as a limit to its own free activity, the Ego does not perform a mere arbitrary act. It constantly sets before it, as its aim or purpose, the realization of its own nature; and this effort after self-development is the root of our practical existence. This effort is limited by the Non-Ego,—the creation of the Ego itself for the purposes of its own moral life. Hence the practical Ego must regard itself as acted upon by influences from without, as restrained by something other than itself,—in one word, as *finite*. But this limitation, or in other words the Non-Ego, is a mere creation of the Ego, without true life or existence in itself, and only assumed as a field for the self-development of the Ego. Let us suppose this assumed obstacle removed or laid aside, and the original activity of the Ego left without limitation or restraint. In this case, the *finite* individuality of the Ego disappears with the limitations which produce it, and we ascend to the first principle of a spiritual organization in which the multiform phenomena of individual life are embraced in an Infinite all-comprehending Unity, — "an Absolute Ego, in whose self-determination all the Non-Ego is determined."

Fichte has been accused of teaching a system of mere Egoism, of elevating the subjective personality of man into the place of God. No one who is acquainted with any of his later writings can fail to see the falsity of this charge; but as it has been alleged that in these works he abandoned the principles which he advocated in earlier life, it may not be unimportant to show that the charge is utterly groundless, and inapplicable even to the first outlines of his philosophical theory. The following passages occur in a letter to Jacobi, dated 30th August 1795, when transmitting

to him a copy of the *first edition* of the *Wissenschaftslehre*, and seem to be quite conclusive as to the fact that the Absolute Ego of his earlier teaching may be scientifically, as well as morally, identified with the highest results of his later doctrines.

### Fichte to Jacobi.

"I have read your writings again this summer during the leisure of a charming country residence,—read them again and again, and I am everywhere, but especially in "*Allwill*," astonished at the striking similarity of our philosophical convictions. The public will scarcely believe in this similarity, and perhaps you yourself may not readily do so, for in that case it would be required of you to deduce the details of a whole system from the uncertain outlines of an introduction. You are indeed well known to be a Realist, and I to be a transcendental Idealist more severe than even Kant himself; for with him there is still recognised a multiform object of experience, whilst I maintain, in plain language, that this object is itself produced by us through our own creative power. Permit me to come to an understanding with you on this point.

"My Absolute Ego is obviously not the Individual;—although this has been maintained by offended courtiers and chagrined philosophers, in order to impute to me the scandalous doctrine of practical Egoism. *But the Individual must be deduced from the Absolute Ego.* Thus the *Wissenschaftslehre* enters at once into the domain of natural right. A finite being—as may be shown by deduction—can only conceive of itself as a sensuous existence in a sphere of sensuous existences, over one portion of which—(a portion which can have no beginning)—it exercises causality, and with another portion of which—(a portion to which we ascribe the notion of causality),—it stands in relations of reciprocal influence;—and in so far it is called an Individual: (*the conditions of Individuality are Rights.*) So surely as it affirms itself as an Individual, so surely does it affirm such a sphere; for both are reciprocal notions. When we regard ourselves as Individuals—in which case we always

look upon ourselves as living, and not as philosophizing or poetizing,—we take our stand upon that point of view which I call *practical*;—that of the Absolute Ego being *speculative*. Henceforward, from this *practical* point of view there is a world for us, independent of ourselves, which we can only modify; and thus too the Pure Ego, which does not disappear from this region, is necessarily placed without us, objectified, and called God. How could we otherwise have arrived at the qualities which we ascribe to God, and deny to ourselves, had we not first discovered them in ourselves, and only denied them to ourselves in one particular respect—*i. e.*, as Individuals? This practical point of view is the domain of Realism; by the deduction and recognition of this point from the side of speculation itself arises that complete reconciliation of philosophy with the Common Sense of man, which is promised in the Wissenschaftslehre.

"To what end, then, is the *speculative* point of view, and with it all philosophy, if it belong not to life? Had humanity never tasted of this forbidden fruit, it might indeed have done without philosophy. But there is implanted within us a desire to gaze upon this region which transcends all individuality, not by a mere reflected light, but in direct and immediate vision; and the first man who raised a question concerning the existence of God, broke through the restrictive limits, shook humanity to its deepest foundations, and set it in a controversy with itself which is not yet adjusted, and which can be adjusted only by a bold advance to that highest region of thought from which the speculative and practical points of view are seen to be united. We begin to philosophize from presumption, and thus become bankrupt of our innocence; we see our nakedness, and then philosophize from necessity for our redemption.

"But do I not philosophize as confidently with you, and write as openly, as if I were already assured of your interest in my philosophy? Indeed my heart tells me that I do not deceive myself in assuming the existence of this interest.

"*Allwill* gives the transcendental Idealists the hope of an enduring peace and even of a kind of alliance, if they will but content themselves with finding their own limits, and making these secure. I believe that I have now fulfilled this condition. If I have moreover, from this supposed hostile land, guaranteed and secured to Realism itself its own proper domain, then I may lay claim not merely to a kind of alliance, but to an alliance of the completest kind."

Still more decisive on this point is the following passage from a review of Schulz's "*Ænesidemus*," in the *Literatur Zeitung* for 1794:—

"In the Pure Ego, Reason is not practical, neither is it so in the Ego as Intelligence; it becomes so only by the effort of these to unite. That this principle must lie at the root of Kant's doctrine itself, although he has nowhere distinctly declared it;—further, how a *practical* philosophy arises through the representation by the intelligent Ego to itself of this hyper-physical effort, in its progressive ascent through the various steps which man must traverse in *theoretical* philosophy,—this is **not** the place to show. Such an union,—an Ego in whose Self-determination all the Non-Ego is determined (*the Idea of God*)—is the highest object of this effort. Such an effort, when the intelligent Ego conceives this object as something external to itself, is faith:—(*Faith in God*.) This effort can never cease, until after the attainment of its object; that is, Intelligence cannot regard as the last any moment of its existence in which this object has not yet been attained,—(*Faith in an Eternal Existence*.) In these ideas, however, there is nothing possible for us but Faith;—*i. e.* Intelligence has here no empirical perception for its object, but only the necessary effort of the Ego; and throughout all Eternity nothing more than this can become possible. But this *faith* is by no means a mere probable *opinion*; on the contrary, it possesses, at least according to the testimony of our inmost convictions, the same degree of certainty with the immediately certain postulate

'*I am*,'—a certainty infinitely superior to all objective certainty, which can only become possible *mediately*, through the existence of the intelligent Ego. Ænesidemus indeed demands an objective proof for the existence of God and the Immortality of the soul. What can he mean by this? Or does objective certainty appear to him superior to subjective certainty? The axiom—'*I am myself*'—possesses only subjective certainty; and so far as we can conceive of the self-consciousness of God, even God is subjective so far as regards himself. And then, as to an objective existence of Immortality! (these are Ænesidemus' own words),—should any being whatever, contemplating its existence in time, declare at any moment of that existence—'*Now, I am eternal!*'—then, on that very account, it could not be eternal."

We have seen that the attitude of the finite Ego towards the Non-Ego is *practical*; towards the Infinite Ego, *speculative*. In the first relation we find ourselves surrounded by existences, over one part of which we exercise causality, and with the other (in whom we suppose an independent causality) we are in a state of reciprocal influence. In these relations the active and moral powers of man find their sphere. The moral law imparts to its objects—to all things whose existence is implied in its fulfilment—the same certainty which belongs to itself. The outward world assumes a new reality, for we have imperative duties to perform which demand its existence. Life ceases to be an empty show without truth or significance;—it is our field of duty, the theatre on which our moral destiny is to be wrought out. The voice of conscience, of highest reason, bids us know, love, and honour beings like ourselves;—and those beings crowd around us. The ends of their and our existence demand the powers and appliances of physical life for their attainment;—that life, and the means of sustaining and using it, stand before us. The world is nothing more than the *sphere* and *object* of human activity; it exists because the purposes of our moral life require its existence. Of the law of duty we are immediately certain;—the world

becomes a reality to us by means of that previous certainty. Our life begins with an action, not a thought; we do not act because we know, but we know because we are called upon to act.

But not only does the law of human activity require our faith in its immediate objects and implements; it also points to a purpose, an aim, in our actions, lying beyond themselves, to which they stand related as means to an end. Not that the moral law is dependent on the perception of this end—the moral law is absolute and imperative in itself;—but we necessarily connect with our actions some future result as a consequence to which they inevitably tend, as the final accomplishment of the purpose which gave them birth. The moral sense cannot find such a fulfilment in the present life;—the forces of nature, the desires and passions of men, constantly oppose its dictates. It revolts against the permanence of things as they now are, and unceasingly strives to make them better. Nor can the individual look for such an accomplishment of the moral law of his nature in the progressive improvement of his species. Were the highest grade of earthly perfection conceived and attained in the physical and moral world—(as it is conceivable and attainable)—Reason would still propose a higher grade beyond it. And even this measure of perfection could not be appropriated by humanity as its own,—as the result of its own exertions,—but must be considered as the creation of an unknown power, by whose unseen agency the basest passions of men, and even their vices and crimes, have been made the instruments of this consummation; while too often their good resolutions appear altogether lost to the world, or even to retard the purposes which they were apparently designed to promote. The chain of material causes and effects is not affected by the motives and feelings which prompt an action, but solely by the action itself; and the purposes of mere physical existence would be as well, or even better promoted by an unerring mechanism as by the agency of free beings. Nevertheless, if moral obedience be a reasonable service, it must have its result; if the Reason

which commands it be not an utterly vain delusion, its law must be fulfilled. That law is the first principle of our nature, and it gives us the assurance, our faith in which no difficulty can shake, that no moral act can be fruitless, no work of Reason utterly lost. A chain of causes and effects, in which Freedom is superfluous and without aim, cannot thus be the limit of our existence: the law of our being cannot be fulfilled in the world of sense;—there must then be a super-sensual world in which it may be accomplished. In this purely spiritual world, *will* alone is the first link of a chain of consequences which pervades the whole invisible realm of being; as *action*, in the sensual world, is the first link of a material chain which runs through the whole system of nature. Will is the active living principle of the super-sensual world: it may break forth in a material act, which belongs to the sensual world, and do there that which pertains to a material act to do;—but, independently of all physical manifestation, it flows forth in endless spiritual activity. Here human Freedom is untrammelled by earthly obstructions, and the moral law of our being may find that accomplishment which it sought in vain in the world of sense.

But although we are immediately conscious that our Will, our moral activity, must lead to consequences beyond itself, we yet cannot know *what* those consequences may be, nor *how* they are possible. In respect of the nature of these results, the present life is, in relation to the future, *a life in faith*. In the future life we shall possess these results, for we shall then make them the groundwork of new activity, and thus the future life will be, in relation to the present, *a life in sight*. But the spiritual world is even now with us, for we are already in possession of the principle from which it springs. Our Will, our free activity, is the only attribute which is solely and exclusively our own; and by it we are already citizens of the eternal world; the kingdom of heaven is here, or nowhere—it cannot become more immediately present at any point of finite existence. This life is the beginning of our being; the outward world is freely

given to us as a firm ground on which we may commence our course; the future life is its continuation, for which we must ourselves create a starting-period in the present; and should the aim of this second life prove as unattainable to finite power as the end of the first is to us now, then the fresh strength, the firmer purpose, the clearer sight which shall be its immediate growth, will open to us another and a higher sphere of activity. But the world of duty is an infinite world;—every finite exertion has but a definite aim;—and beyond the highest point toward which our labouring being strives, a higher still appears; and to such progression we can conceive no end. By free determination—in the effort after moral perfection,—we have laid hold on Eternal Life.

In the physical world we see certain phenomena following each other with undeviating regularity. We cannot see that what we name *cause* has in itself any power over that which we call *effect*, that there is any relation between them except that of invariable sequence. But we suppose a law under which both subsist, which regulates the mode of their existence, and by the efficiency of which the order of their succession is determined. So likewise, in the spiritual world, we entertain the firmest conviction that our moral Will is connected with certain consequences, though we cannot understand how mere Will can of itself produce such consequences. We here again conceive of a law under which our Will, and the Will of all finite beings, exists, in virtue of which it is followed by certain results, and out of which all our relations with other beings arise. So far as our Will is simply an internal act, complete in itself, it lies wholly within our own power;—so far as it is a fact in the super-sensual world—the first of a train of spiritual consequences, it is not dependent on ourselves, but on the law which governs the super-sensual world. But the super-sensual world is a world of Freedom, of living activity; its principle cannot therefore be a mechanical force, but must itself possess this Freedom—this living activity. It can be nothing else than self-determining Reason. But self-determining Reason is Will. The law of the super-sensual world

must thus be a *Will*;—a will operating without material implement or manifestation, which is in itself both act and product, which is eternal and unchangeable,—so that on it finite beings may securely rely, as the physical man does on the laws of his world, that through it, all their moral acts of Will, and these only, shall lead to certain and unfailing results. *In* this Living Will, as the principle of the spiritual world, has our moral Will its first consequence; and *through* Him its energy is propagated throughout the series of finite beings who are the products of the Infinite Will. He is the spiritual bond which unites all free beings together:—not immediately can they know or influence each other, for they are separated from each other by an impassable barrier;—their mutual knowledge comes through Him alone, to whom all are equally related. Our faith in duty, and in the objects of duty, is only faith in Him, in His wisdom, in His truth. He is thus the creator and sustainer of all things; for in Him alone all the thronging forms which people our dream of life “live and move and have their being.” All partake His essence:—material nature disappears, but its images are invested with a new reality. All our life is His life; and we are eternal, for He is eternal. Birth and the grave are no more; but, in their stead, undying energy and immortal youth. Of Him—the Infinite One,—of the mode of His being, we know nothing, nor need we to know; we cannot pierce the inaccessible light in which He dwells, but through the shadows which veil His presence from us, an endless stream of life, power, and action flows around and about us, bearing us and all finite things onward to new life, love, and beauty.

“The ONE remains, the many change and pass;  
Heaven’s light for ever shines, Earth’s shadows fly;  
Life, like a dome of many-coloured glass,  
Stains the white radiance of Eternity,  
Until Death tramples it to fragments.”

All Death in nature is Birth,—the assumption of a new garment, to replace the old vesture which humanity has laid aside in its progress to higher being. And serene above all change, the unattainable object of all finite effort—fountain

of our life—home of our spirits—Thou art—the One Being,—the I AM,—for whom Reason has no idea, and Language no name.

“Sublime and living Will, named by no name, compassed by no thought, I may well raise my soul to Thee, for Thou and I are not divided. Thy voice sounds within me, mine resounds in Thee; and all my thoughts, if they are but good and true, live in Thee also. In Thee, the Incomprehensible, I myself, and the world in which I live, become clearly comprehensible to me, all the secrets of my existence are laid open, and perfect harmony arises in my soul.

“Thou art best known to the childlike, devoted, simple mind. To it Thou art the searcher of hearts, who seest its inmost depths; the ever-present true witness of its thoughts, who knowest its truth, who knowest it though all the world know it not. Thou art the Father who ever desirest its good, who rulest all things for the best. To Thy will it unhesitatingly resigns itself: ‘Do with me,’ it says, ‘what thou wilt; I know that it is good, for it is Thou who dost it.’ The inquisitive understanding, which has heard of Thee, but seen Thee not, would teach us Thy nature; and, as Thy image, shows us a monstrous and incongruous shape, which the sagacious laugh at, and the wise and good abhor.

“I hide my face before Thee, and lay my hand upon my mouth. *How* Thou art, and seemest to Thine own being, I can never know, any more than I can assume Thy nature. After thousands upon thousands of spirit-lives, I shall comprehend Thee as little as I do now in this earthly house. That which I conceive, becomes finite through my very conception of it; and this can never, even by endless exaltation, rise into the Infinite. Thou differest from men, not in degree but in nature. In every stage of their advancement they think of Thee as a greater *man*, and still a greater: but never as God—the Infinite,—whom no measure can mete. I have only this discursive, progressive thought, and I can conceive of no other:—how can I venture to ascribe it to Thee? In the idea of *person* there are imperfections, limitations:—how I can clothe Thee with it without these?

“ I will not attempt that which the imperfection of my finite nature forbids, and which would be useless to me :—*how* Thou art, I may not know. But Thy relations to me—the mortal—and to all mortals, lie open before my eyes,—were I but what I ought to be,—and surround me more clearly than the consciousness of my own existence. *Thou workest* in me the knowledge of my duty, of my vocation in the world of reasonable beings :—*how*, I know not, nor need I to know. *Thou knowest* what I think and what I will :—*how* Thou canst know, through what act Thou bringest about that consciousness, I cannot understand,—nay, I know that the idea of an act, of a particular act of consciousness, belongs to me alone, and not to Thee,—the Infinite One. *Thou willest* that my free obedience shall bring with it eternal consequences :—the act of Thy will I cannot comprehend,—I know only that it is not like mine. *Thou doest*, and Thy will itself is the deed : but the way of Thy working is not as my ways,—I cannot trace it. *Thou livest and art*, for Thou knowest and willest and workest, omnipresent to finite Reason ; but *Thou art not* as *I* now and always must conceive of being.”\*

Such is a very broken and imperfect outline of the most complete system of Transcendental Idealism ever offered to the world. To those few among British students, who, amid the prevailing degradation of sentiment and frivolity of thought, have pondered the deep mysteries of being until the common logic, which pretends to grasp its secret, seems a vain and presumptuous trifling with questions which lie far beyond its reach, and who find in the theological solution but a dry and worthless husk which conceals the kernel of truth it was only meant to preserve,—to such it may be no unacceptable service to have pointed the way to a modern Academe, where the moral dignity of the Athenian sage is united with the poetic sublimity and intellectual keenness of his two most distinguished pupils. If by such humble

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\* “ Bestimmung des Menschen,” Book III.

guidance any should be induced to turn aside towards that retreat, let them not be deterred if at first the path should seem to lack something of the smoothness of the well-trodden highway on which they have hitherto travelled ;—let them proceed courageously ;—it will lead them into calm sunshine, and beside clear and refreshing streams ;—nor shall they return thence without nobler thoughts and higher aspirations.

Fichte lived in close retirement in Zurich. The manners of the inhabitants did not please him, and he seldom came out into society. His wife, his father-in-law, Lavater, and a few others, composed his circle. Rahn enjoyed in no ordinary degree the society of his distinguished son-in-law ; and it is pleasing to know that the celebrated and venerable preacher preserved, even in advanced age, a keen relish for new truth, a perfect openness of mind not frequently met with in his profession. At his request Fichte prepared a short course of lectures, by which his friends might be introduced to an acquaintance with the Critical Philosophy, the fame of which had now reached Switzerland. At the conclusion of the lectures Lavater addressed a letter of thanks to his young instructor, full of the strongest expressions of gratitude and esteem, in which he styles himself his “ pupil, friend, and fellow-man.” Up to the period of his death, this excellent man retained the warmest feelings of friendship towards the philosopher ;—and the following lines, written some years after Fichte’s departure from Zurich ; whatever may be their value in other respects, serve at least to show the respect, almost approaching to reverence, with which Fichte was regarded by one who was himself no ordinary man :—

“ Denkzeile nach meinem Tode, an Herrn Professor Fichte, 1800.

‘ Unerreichbarer Denker, Dein Daseyn beweist mir das Daseyn,  
Eines ewigen Geistes, dem hohe Geister entstrahlen !  
Könntest je Du zweifeln : ich stellte Dich selbst vor Dich selbst nur ;  
Zeigte Dir in Dir selbst den Strahl des ewigen Geistes.”

Although Fichte had as yet published nothing to which

his name was attached, he had nevertheless acquired an extensive philosophical reputation. In several powerful and searching criticisms which appeared in the "*Allgemeine Literatur Zeitung*," the hand of the author of the "*Critique of Revelation*" was discovered. He was now generally looked upon as the man who was destined to complete the philosophy of Kant, and was thus led into literary correspondence with some of the most distinguished men of the day. At the head of these must be placed Reinhold, the professor of philosophy at Jena, who had hitherto stood foremost among the disciples of Kant. The relation between these two celebrated men was a most remarkable one. Although their characters were very different, although they never saw each other, they lived on terms of the most intimate and trustful confidence, such as is commonly attained by long-trying friendship alone. In their extensive correspondence, Fichte's powerful and commanding intellect evidently possesses great ascendancy over the more diffident and pliable nature of Reinhold; but his influence never interferes with the mental freedom of his friend. On the other hand, Reinhold's open enthusiastic character, and his pure love of truth, engaged the warm affection and sympathy of his more daring correspondent;—while the frequent misunderstandings which lend an almost dramatic interest to their letters, afford room for the exhibition of manly and generous kindness in both. In 1797 Reinhold abandoned his own system and accepted the "*Wissenschaftslehre*," announcing the change to Fichte in the following terms:—

"I have at length come to understand your "*Wissenschaftslehre*," or, what is the same thing to me—philosophy without nickname. It now stands before me as a perfect whole, founded on itself—the pure conception of self-conscious Reason,—the mirror of our better selves. Individual parts are still obscure to me, but they cannot now deprive me of my comprehension of the whole; and their number is diminishing every day. Beside it lie the ruins of the edifice which cost me so much time and labour, in which I thought to dwell so securely and commodiously, to entertain so many

guests,—in which I laughed, not without self-gratulation, over so many Kantists who mistook the scaffolding for the house itself. This catastrophe would have caused me much pain for a time, if it had happened by the hand of scepticism.” . . . . .

“Adieu! I salute you with the deepest gratitude. Is personal intercourse absolutely necessary to the growth of friendship? I doubt it. For indeed it is not mere gratitude, not mere reverence,—it is heartfelt love that I feel for you, since I now, through your philosophy, understand yourself.”

In Fichte's literary correspondence while at Zurich we find the first intimations of his departure from the system of Kant, and his plan of a complete and comprehensive philosophy. He could not rest satisfied with results alone, unless he could perceive the grounds on which they rested. His reason imperatively demanded absolute unity of conception, without separation, without division,—above all without opposition. Writing to Niethammer in October 1793 he says—“My conviction is that Kant has only *indicated* the truth, but neither unfolded nor proved it. This singular man either has a power of divining truth, without being himself conscious of the grounds on which it rests; or he has not esteemed his age worthy of the communication of those grounds; or he has shrunk from attracting that superhuman reverence during his life, which sooner or later must be his in some degree.” And as the great idea of his own system dawned upon his mind, he says to Stephani,—“I have discovered a new principle, from which all philosophy can easily be deduced. . . . . In a couple of years we shall have a philosophy with all the clearness of geometrical demonstration.”—To the development of this scheme he devoted all the energies of his powerful intellect during the leisure of his retirement. He refused an invitation to become tutor to the Prince of Mecklenberg-Strelitz:—“I desire,” he says, “nothing but leisure to execute my plan,—then fortune may do with me what it will.”

But his studies were soon broken in upon by a call of

another and more important nature. This was his appointment as Professor *Supernumerarius* of Philosophy at the University of Jena, in room of Reinhold who removed to Kiel. The distinguished honour of this invitation, unasked and unexpected, and the extensive field of usefulness which it opened up to him, determined Fichte at once to accept it. Unable, however, to satisfy himself that his views were as yet so fully matured and settled as to justify him in entering at once upon the important duties of a teacher, invested as these were to his mind with a peculiar sacredness and solemnity, he endeavoured to obtain a postponement of his inauguration which had been fixed for Easter 1794, in order that, by the more complete elaboration of the principle which he had discovered, he might be able to elevate his philosophy at once to the rank of positive science. For this purpose he requested a year's delay. But as it was considered that the interests of the University might suffer by the chair remaining so long vacant, his request was refused,—with permission, however, to devote the greater part of his time, during the first year, to study. He therefore sent an unconditional acceptance, and plunged at once into the most arduous preparation for his new duties.

Weimar and its neighbouring University was at this time the focus of German literature and learning. The Grand Duke Charles Augustus had gathered around him the most distinguished men of his age, and Wieland, Herder, Goethe, Schiller and Humboldt shed a more than Medicean lustre upon the little Saxon Court. Probably at no other period was so much high genius, engaged in every department of mental exertion, gathered together in one spot. The University, too, was the most numerous frequented of any in Germany, not by the youth of Saxony alone, but by students from almost every part of Europe: Switzerland, Denmark, Poland, Hungary, the Free Cities, and even France, sent their sons to Jena for education. The brilliant intellectual circle at Weimar presented to the cultivated mind attractions which could be found nowhere else: whilst at Jena

the academic teacher found a most extensive and honourable field for the exercise of his powers. It was to this busy scene of mental activity that Fichte was called from his Swiss retreat,—to the society of the greatest living men,—to the instruction of this thronging crowd from all surrounding nations. Previous to his own appearance, he published as a programme of his lectures, the “*Begriff der Wissenschaftslehre, oder der Sogenannten Philosophie.*” The high reputation he had already acquired, and the bold originality of his system, drew universal attention. Expectation was strained to the utmost; so that those who had marked the rapid growth of his fame had great apparent reason to fear that it might prove short-lived. But notwithstanding the shortness of the time allowed him for preparation, he entered upon his course with a clear perception of the task that lay before him, and confident reliance on his own power to fulfil the important duties to which he was called.

He arrived at Jena on the 18th of May 1794, and was received with great kindness by his colleagues at the University. On the 23d he delivered his first lecture. The largest hall in Jena, although crowded to the roof, proved insufficient to contain the audience. His singular and commanding address, his fervid, fiery eloquence, the rich profusion of his thoughts, following each other in the most convincing sequence and modelled with the sharpest precision, astonished and delighted his hearers. His triumph was complete;—he left the Hall the most popular Professor of the greatest University in Germany. The following acute and graphic remarks on this subject, from Forberg’s “*Fragmente aus meinen Papieren,*” afford us some glimpse of the opinions entertained of him by his contemporaries at Jena:—

*“Jena, 12th May 1794.*

“I look with great confidence to Fichte, who is daily expected here. But I would have had still greater confidence in him if he had written the “*Kritik der Offenbarung*” twenty years later. A young man who ventures to write a masterpiece must commonly suffer for it. He is what he is,

but he will not be what he might have been. He has spent his strength too soon, and his later fruits will at least want ripeness. A great mind has no merit if it does not possess sufficient resignation not to appear great for a time, that thereby it may become greater. If a man cannot sacrifice a dozen years' fame as an offering to truth, what else can he lay upon her altar? I believe that Reinhold's theory has done much injury to the study of the Kantian Philosophy, but that is nothing to the injury it has done to the author himself. His philosophy is finished for this world,—nothing more is to be expected from him but polemics and reminiscences. Fichte is not here yet,—but I am eager to know whether he has anything still to learn. It would be almost a wonder if he had, considering the incense that they burn before him. Oh! there is nothing so easily unlearned as the power of learning."

"7th December 1794.

"Since Reinhold has left us, his philosophy (with us at least) has expired. Every trace of the "Philosophy without nickname" has vanished from among the students. Fichte is believed in, as Reinhold never was believed in. They understand him indeed even less than they did his predecessor; but they believe all the more obstinately on that account. *Ego* and *Non-Ego* are now the symbols of the philosophers of yesterday, as *substance* and *form* were formerly.

"Fichte's philosophy is, so to speak, more philosophical than Reinhold's. You *hear* him going digging and seeking after truth. In rough masses he brings it forth from the deep, and throws it from him. He does not *say* what he will do; he *does* it. Reinhold's doctrine was rather an announcement of a philosophy, than a philosophy itself. He has never fulfilled his promises. Not unfrequently did he give forth the promise for the fulfilment. He never will fulfil them,—for he is now past away. Fichte seems really determined to work upon the world through his philosophy. The tendency to restless activity which dwells in the breast of every noble youth he would carefully nourish and cultivate, that it may in due season bring forth fruit. He seizes

every opportunity of teaching that action—action—is the vocation of man; whereby it is only to be feared that the majority of young men who lay the maxim to heart may look upon this summons to action as only a summons to demolition. And, strictly speaking, the principle is false. Man is not called upon to act, but to act justly; if he cannot act without acting unjustly; he had better remain inactive.

“Every reader of Kant or Fichte is seized by a deep feeling of the superiority of these mighty minds; who wrestle with their subjects, as it were, to grind them to powder; who seem to say all that they do say to us, only that we may conjecture how much more they could say.

“All the truth that J—— has written is not worth a tenth part of the false which Fichte may have written. The one gives me a small number of known truths; the other gives me perhaps one truth, but in doing so, opens before me the prospect of an infinity of unknown truths.

“It is certain that in Fichte’s philosophy there is quite a different spirit from that which pervades the philosophy of his predecessor. The spirit of the latter is a weak, fearful spirit, which timidly includes wide, narrow, and narrowest shades of meaning between the hedges and fences of a “to some extent” and “in so far;”—a weak exhausted spirit, which conceals (and ill-conceals) its poverty of thought behind the mantle of scholastic phraseology, and whose Philosophy is form without substance, a skeleton without flesh and blood, body without life, promise without fulfilment. But the spirit of Fichte’s philosophy is a proud and bold spirit, for which the domain of human knowledge, even in its widest extent, is too narrow; which opens up new paths at every step it takes; which struggles with language in order to wrest from it words enough for its wealth of thought; which does not lead us, but seizes and hurries us along, and whose finger cannot touch an object without bruising it to dust. But that which especially gives Fichte’s philosophy quite another interest from that of Reinhold, is this,—that in all his inquiries there is a motion, a struggle, an effort, thoroughly to solve the hardest problems of Reason.

His predecessor never appeared to suspect the existence of these problems—to say nothing of their solution. Fichte's philosophemes are inquiries in which we see the truth before our eyes, and thus they produce knowledge and conviction. Reinhold's philosophemes are exhibitions of results, the production of which goes on behind the scenes. We may believe, but we cannot know! . . . .

“The fundamental element of Fichte's character is the highest honesty. Such a character commonly knows little of delicacy and refinement. In his writings we do not meet with much that is particularly beautiful; his best passages are always distinguished by greatness and strength. He does not say fine things, but all his words have force and weight. He wants the amiable, kind, attractive, accommodating spirit of Reinhold. His principles are severe, and not much softened by humanity. Nevertheless he suffers—what Reinhold could not suffer—contradiction; and understands—what Reinhold could not understand—a joke. His superiority is not felt to be so humiliating as that of Reinhold; but when he is called forth, he is terrible. His is a restless spirit, thirsting for opportunity to do great things in the world.

“Fichte's public delivery does not flow on smoothly, sweetly and softly, as Reinhold's did; it rushes along like a tempest, discharging its fire in separate masses. He does not move the soul as Reinhold did; he rouses it. The one seemed as if he would make men good; the other would make them great. Reinhold's face was mildness, and his form was majesty; Fichte's eye is threatening, and his step daring and defiant. Reinhold's philosophy was an endless polemic against Kantists and Anti-Kantists; Fichte, with his, desires to lead the spirit of the age,—he knows its weak side, and therefore he addresses it on the side of politics. He possesses more readiness, more acuteness, more penetration, more genius,—in short, more spiritual power than Reinhold. His fancy is not flowing, but it is energetic and mighty;—his pictures are not charming, but they are bold and massive. He penetrates to the innermost depths of his

subject, and moves about in the ideal world with an ease and confidence which proclaim that he not only dwells in that invisible land, but rules there.”\*

It might naturally be supposed that a teacher possessed of so many qualities fitted to command the respect and admiration of his students could not fail to acquire a powerful influence, not only on the nature and direction of their studies, but also on their outward relations. Accordingly we find Fichte, soon after his settlement at Jena, occupying a most commanding position towards the youth, not of his own department merely, but of the whole University. Doubts had been entertained, even before his arrival, that his ardent and active spirit might lead him to use the influence he should acquire over the students for the furtherance of political projects. His supposed democratic opinions were even made a ground of objection to his appointment.

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\* The following graphic sketch of Fichte's personal appearance and manner of delivery is taken from the Autobiography of Henry Steffens. Although it refers to a later period of his life, it is thought most appropriate to introduce it here :—

“Fichte appeared, to deliver his introductory lecture on the Vocation of Man. This short, strong-built man, with sharp commanding features, made, I must confess, a most imposing appearance, as I then saw him for the first time. Even his language had a cutting sharpness. Well acquainted with the metaphysical incapacity of his hearers, he took the greatest possible pains fully to demonstrate his propositions; but there was an air of authoritativeness in his discourse, as if he would remove all doubts by mere word of command. ‘Gentlemen,’ said he, ‘collect yourselves—go into yourselves—for we have here nothing to do with things without, but simply with the innerself.’ Thus summoned, the auditors appeared really to go into themselves. Some, to facilitate the operation, changed their position, and stood up; some drew themselves together, and cast their eyes upon the floor: all were evidently waiting under high excitement for what was to follow this preparatory summons. ‘Gentlemen,’ continued Fichte, ‘think the wall,’—(*Denken Sie die Wand.*) This was a task to which the hearers were evidently all equal; they thought the wall. ‘Have you thought the wall?’ asked Fichte. ‘Well then, gentlemen, think him who thought the wall.’ It was curious to see the evident confusion and embarrassment that now arose. Many of his audience seemed to be utterly unable anywhere to find him who had thought the wall.—Fichte's delivery was excellent, being marked throughout by clearness and precision.”

And it cannot be affirmed that such anticipations were improbable ; for certainly the tendency of his own character, and the peculiar circumstances of the age, presented strong temptations to convert the chair of the professor into the pulpit of the practical philanthropist. He himself says that he was assailed by not a few such temptations, and even invitations, at the beginning of his residence at Jena, but that he resolutely cast them from him. He was not one of those utilitarian philosophers who willingly sacrifice high and enduring good to the attainment of some partial and temporary purpose. His idea of the vocation of an academical teacher opened to him another field of duty, superior to that of direct political activity. In all his intercourse with his pupils, public or private, his sole object was the development and cultivation of their moral and intellectual powers. No trace can be found of any attempt to lead his hearers upon the stage of actual life, while the opposition between the speculative and practical sides of their nature still existed. To reconcile this opposition was the great object of his philosophy. In his hands philosophy was no longer speculation, but knowledge—(it was soon divested even of its scholastic terminology, and the *Ego*, *Non-Ego*, &c. entirely laid aside),—the expression of the profoundest thoughts of man, on himself, the world, and God ;—while, on the other hand, morality was no preceptive legislation, but the natural development of the active principle of our own being, indissolubly bound up with, and indeed the essential root of, its intellectual aspect. Binding together into a common unity every mode and manifestation of our nature, his philosophy is capable of the widest application, and of an almost infinite variety of expression ; while in the ceaseless elevation of our whole being to higher grades of nobility and greatness, is found at once its intellectual supremacy and its moral power.

So far indeed was Fichte from lending his countenance to political combination among the students, or inculcating any

sentiments subversive of the existing arrangements of society,—that no one suffered more than he did, from the clergy on the one hand and the students on the other, in the attempt to maintain good order in the University. The unions known by the name of *Landsmannschaften* existed at that time in the German schools of learning as they do now, but their proceedings were then marked by much greater turbulence and license than they are at the present day. Riots of the most violent description were of common occurrence; houses were broken into and robbed of their contents to supply the marauders with the means of sensual indulgence. The arm of the law was impotent to restrain these excesses; and so bold had the unionists become, that upon one occasion, when the house of a professor at Jena had been ransacked, five hundred students openly demanded from the Duke an amnesty for the offence. Efforts had been made at various times, by the academical authorities, to suppress these societies, but the students only broke out into more frightful excesses when any attempt was made to restrain their “Burschen-Rights,” or “Academical freedom.” In the hope of effecting some reformation of manners in the University, Fichte commenced, soon after his arrival at Jena, a course of public lectures on academical morality. Five of these addresses were afterwards published under the title of “Die Bestimmung des Gelehrten.” (*The Vocation of the Scholar.*) They are distinguished by fervid and impressive eloquence, and set forth the dignity and duties of the Scholar, as deduced from the idea of his vocation, with clear, but sublime and spirit-stirring earnestness. He leaves no place for low motives or degrading propensities, but fills up his picture of the Scholar-life with the purest and most disinterested virtues of our nature. These lectures, and his own personal influence among the students were attended with the happiest effects. The three *orders* which then existed at Jena expressed their willingness to dissolve their union, on condition of the past being forgotten. They delivered over to Fichte the books and papers of their society, for the purpose of being destroyed as soon as he

could make their peace with the Court at Weimar, and receive a commission to administer to them the oath of renunciation, which they would receive from no one but himself. After some delay, caused in part by the authorities of the University, who seem to have been jealous of the success with which an individual professor had accomplished without assistance, what they had in vain endeavoured to effect by threatenings and punishment, the desired arrangements were effected, and the commission arrived. But in consequence of some doubts to which this delay had given rise, one of the three orders drew back from the engagement, and turned with great virulence against Fichte, whom they suspected of deceiving them.

Encouraged, however, by the success which had attended his efforts with the other two orders, Fichte determined to pursue the same course during the winter session of 1794, and to deliver another series of public lectures, calculated to rouse and sustain a spirit of honour and morality among the students. Thoroughly to accomplish his purpose, it was necessary that these lectures should take place at an hour not devoted to any other course, so that he might assemble an audience from among all the different classes of the University. But he found that every hour from 8 A.M. till 7 P.M. was already occupied by lectures on important branches of knowledge. No way seemed open to him but to deliver his moral discourses on Sundays. Before adopting this plan, however, he made diligent inquiries whether any law, either of the State or of the University, forbade such a proceeding. Discovering no such prohibition, he examined into the practice of other Universities, and found many precedents to justify Sunday-lectures, particularly a course of a similar nature delivered by Gellert at Berlin. He finally asked the opinion of some of the oldest professors, none of whom could see any objection to his proposal, provided he did not encroach upon the time devoted to divine service;—Schütz remarking, “If plays are allowed on Sunday, why not moral lectures?” The hour of divine service in the University was 11 A. M. Fichte therefore fixed upon nine in the morning as

his hour of lecture, and commenced his course with most favourable prospects. A large concourse of students from all the different classes thronged his hall, and several professors, who took their places among the audience, willingly acknowledged the benefit which they derived from his discourses. But he soon discovered that the best intentions, and the most prudent conduct, are no protection against calumny. A political print, which had attained an unenviable notoriety for anonymous slander, and had distinguished itself by crawling sycophancy towards power, now exhibited its far-seeing sagacity by tracing the intimate connexion between the Sunday-lectures and the French Revolution, and proclaimed the former to be a "formal attempt to overturn the public religious services of Christianity, and to erect the worship of Reason in their stead"! Strange to tell, the Consistory of Jena saw it to be their duty to forward a complaint on this subject to the High-Consistory at Weimar; and finally an assembly in which a Herder sat lodged an accusation before the Duke and Privy-council against Professor Fichte for "a deliberate attempt against the public religious services of the country." Fichte was directed to suspend his lectures in the meantime, until inquiry could be made. He immediately met the accusation with a powerful defence, in which he indignantly hurled back the charge, completely demolishing, by a simple narrative of the real facts, every vestige of argument by which it could be supported; and took occasion to make the Government acquainted with his projects for the moral improvement of the students. The judgment of the Duke is dated 25th January 1795, and by it, Fichte "is freely acquitted of the utterly groundless suspicion which had been attached to him," and confidence is expressed, "that in his future proceedings he will exhibit such wisdom and prudence as shall entitle him to the continued good opinion" of the Prince. Permission was given him to resume his Sunday-lectures, avoiding the hours of divine service.

But in the meantime the outrageous proceedings of that

party of the students which was opposed to him rendered it impossible for him to entertain any hope of conciliating them, and soon made his residence at Jena uncomfortable and even dangerous. His wife was insulted upon the public street, and both his person and property subjected to repeated outrages. He applied to the Senate of the University for protection, but was informed that the treatment he had received was the result of his interference in the affairs of the Orders upon the authority of the State, and without the coöperation of the Senate; that they could do nothing more than *authorize* self-defence in case of necessity; and that if he desired more protection than the Academy could give him, he might apply to his friends at Court. At last, when at the termination of the winter session an attack was made upon his house in the middle of the night, in which his venerable father-in-law narrowly escaped with life, Fichte applied to the Duke for permission to leave Jena. This was granted, and he took up his residence during the summer at the village of Osmanstadt, about two miles from Weimar.

In delightful contrast to the stormy character of his public life at this time, stands the peaceful simplicity of his domestic relations. In consequence of the suddenness of his removal from Zurich, his wife did not accompany him at the time, but joined him a few months afterwards. Her venerable father, too, was persuaded by his love for his children to leave his native land, and take up his residence with them at Jena. This excellent old man was the object of Fichte's deepest respect and attachment, and his declining years were watched with all the anxiety of filial tenderness. He died on 29th September 1795, at the age of 76. His remains were accompanied to the grave by Fichte's pupils as a mark of respect for their teacher's grief; and a simple monument records the affectionate reverence of those he left behind him. It bears the following interesting inscription from the pen of Fichte: -

## HARTMANN RAIN,

BORN AT ZURICH, DIED AT JENA 29th SEPTEMBER 1795, AGED 76 YEARS.

He lived amid the most eminent men of his time; was beloved by the good; sometimes troubled by others; hated by none.

Intelligence, kindliness, faith in God and man, gave new life to his age, and guided him peacefully to the grave.

None knew his worth better than we, whom the old man followed from his father-land, whom he loved even to the end, and of whose grief this memorial bears record.

JOHANNA FICHTE, his DAUGHTER

JOH. GOTT. FICHTE, his SON.

Farewell! thou dear Father!

Be not ashamed, O Stranger! if a gentle emotion stir within thee:  
were he alive, he would clasp thy hand in friendship!

After the death of their venerable parent, Fichte and his wife were left alone to enjoy, in pure and unbroken attachment, the calm sunshine of domestic felicity; but at a later period the smile of childhood added a new charm to their home. A son who was born at Jena was their only child.\*

Fichte's intercourse with the eminent men who adorned this brilliant period of German literary history was extensive and important. Preëminent among these stands Goethe, in many respects a remarkable contrast to the philosopher. The one, calm, sarcastic, and oracular; the other, restless, enthusiastic, impetuously eloquent;—the one, looking on men only to scan and comprehend them; the other, waging ceaseless war with their vices, their ignorance, their unworthiness;—the one, seating himself on a chilling elevation above human sympathy, and even exerting all the energies of his mighty intellect to veil the traces of every feeling which bound him to his fellow-men; the other, from an eminence no less exalted, pouring around him a rushing tide of moral power over his friends, his country, and the world. To the one, men looked up with a painful and hopeless sense of inferiority; they crowded around the other to participate

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\* Now Professor of Philosophy in the University of Tübingen.

in his wisdom, and to grow strong in gazing on his Titanic might. And even now, when a common destiny has laid the proud gray column in the dust, and stayed the giant's arm from working, we look upon the majesty of the one with astonishment rather than reverence, while at the memory of the other the pulse of hope beats more vigorously than before, and the tear of patriotism falls heavily on his grave.

Goethe welcomed the "Wissenschaftslehre" with his usual avidity for new acquisitions. The bold attempt to infuse a living spirit into philosophical formulas, and give reality to speculative abstractions, roused his attention. He requested that it might be sent to him, sheet by sheet, as it went through the press. This was accordingly done, and the following passage from a letter to Fichte will show that he was not disappointed in the expectations he had formed of it:—

"What you have sent me contains nothing which I do not understand, or at least believe that I understand,—nothing that does not readily harmonize with my accustomed way of thinking; and I see the hopes which I had derived from the introduction already fulfilled.

"In my opinion you will confer a priceless benefit on the human race, and make every thinking man your debtor, by giving a scientific foundation to that upon which Nature seems long ago to have quietly agreed with herself. For myself, I shall owe you my best thanks if you reconcile me to the philosophers, whom I cannot do without, and with whom, notwithstanding, I never could unite.

"I look with anxiety for the continuation of your work to adjust and confirm many things for me; and I hope, when you are free from urgent engagements, to speak with you about several matters, the prosecution of which I defer until I clearly understand how that which I hope to accomplish may harmonize with what we have to expect from you."

The personal intercourse of these two great men seems to have been characterized by mutual respect and esteem, without any approach to intimacy. Of one interview Fichte says, "He was politeness, friendship itself; he showed me

unusual attention." But no correspondence was maintained between them after Fichte left Jena, in consequence of the proceedings which led to his departure.

Of a more enduring nature was his intimacy with Jacobi. It commenced in a literary correspondence soon after his arrival at Jena, from which some extracts have already been given. Entertaining a deep respect for this distinguished man, derived solely from the study of his works, Fichte sent him a copy of the *Wissenschaftslehre*, with a request that he would communicate his opinion of the system it contained. In a long and interesting correspondence, extending over many years, the points of opposition between them were canvassed; and although a radical difference in mental constitution prevented them from ever thinking altogether alike, yet it did not prevent them from cultivating a warm and steadfast friendship, which continued unbroken amid vicissitudes by which other attachments were sorely tried.

Fichte had formed an acquaintance with Schiller at Tübingen when on his journey to Jena. Schiller's enthusiastic nature assimilated more closely to that of Fichte than did the dispositions of the other great poet of Germany, and a cordial intimacy sprang up between them. Fichte was a contributor to the "*Horen*" from its commencement—a journal which Schiller began soon after Fichte's arrival at Jena. This gave rise to a singular but short-lived misunderstanding between them. A paper entitled "*Briefe über Geist und Buchstaben in der Philosophie*" had been sent by Fichte for insertion in the *Horen*. Judging from the commencement alone, Schiller conceived it to be an imitation, or still worse, a parody, of his "*Briefe über die Ästhetische Erziehung des Menschen*," and, easily excited as he was, demanded with some bitterness that it should be re-written. Fichte did not justify himself by producing the continuation of the article, but referred the accusation of parody to the arbitration of Goethe and Humboldt. Schiller was convinced of his error, and soon apologized for it; but Fichte did not

return the essay, and it appeared afterwards in the *Philosophical Journal*. After this slight misunderstanding they continued upon terms of confidence and friendship, and, towards the close of his life, Schiller became a zealous student of the *Wissenschaftslehre*.

Fichte likewise carried on an extensive correspondence with Reinhold (who has been already mentioned), Schelling, W. von Humboldt, Schaumann, Paulus, Schmidt, the Schlegels, Novalis, Tieck, Woltmann, besides a host of minor writers, so that his influence extended throughout the whole literary world of Germany at that period.

Fichte has been accused of asperity and superciliousness towards his literary opponents. It may easily be conceived that, occupying a point of view altogether different from theirs, his philosophy should appear to him entirely untouched by objections to which they attached great weight. Nor is it surprising that he should choose rather to proceed with the development of his own system, from his own principles, than to place himself in the mental position of other men, and combat their arguments upon their own grounds. That diversity of ground was the essential cause of their difference. Those who could take their stand beside him, would see the matter as he saw it; those who could not do this, must remain where they were. Claiming for his system the certainty of mathematical demonstration,—asserting that with him philosophy was no longer mere *speculation*, but had now become *knowledge*,—he could not bend or accommodate himself or his doctrines to the prejudices of others;—they must come to him, not he to them. “My philosophy,” he says, “is nothing to Herr Schmidt, from incapacity; his is nothing to me, from insight. From this time forth I look upon all that Herr Schmidt may say, either directly or indirectly, about my philosophy, as something which, so far as I am concerned; has no meaning, and upon Herr Schmidt himself as a philosopher who, in relation to me, is nobody.” Such language, although necessarily irritating in the highest

degree to its objects, and easily susceptible of being regarded as the expression of a haughty and vain-glorious spirit, was in reality the natural utterance of a powerful and earnest intellect, unused to courtly phrase, or to the gilded insincerity of fashion. He spoke strongly, because he thought and felt deeply. He was the servant of truth, and it was not for him to mince his language towards her opponents. But it is worthy of remark that on these occasions he was never the assailant. In answer to some of Reinhold's expositions he writes thus:—"You say that my tone touches and wounds persons who do not deserve it. That I sincerely regret. But they must deserve it in some degree, if they will not permit one to tell them honestly of the errors in which they wander, and are not willing to suffer a slight shame for the sake of a great instruction. With him to whom truth is not above all other things,—above his own petty personality,—the *Wissenschaftslehre* can have nothing to do. The *internal* reason of the tone which I adopt is this: It fills me with scorn which I cannot describe, when I look on the present want of any truthfulness of vision; on the deep darkness, entanglement, and perversion which now prevail. The *external* reason is this: How have these men (the Kantists) treated me?—how do they continue to treat me?—There is nothing that I have less pleasure in than controversy. Why then can they not be at peace?—For example, friend Schmidt? I have indeed not handled him tenderly;—but every just person who knew much that is not before the public, would give me credit for the mildness of an angel." \*

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\* The following amusing passage, from the commencement of an anonymous publication on this controversy, may serve to show the kind of reputation which Fichte had acquired among his opponents:—

"After the anathemas which the dreadful Fichte has hurled from the height of his philosophic throne upon the ant-hills of the Kantists; looking at the stigma forever branded on the foreheads of these unhappy creatures, which must compel them to hide their existence from the eye of an astonished public; amid the general fear and trembling which, spreading over all philosophic sects, casts them to the earth before the thunder-tread of this destroying god,—*who dare now avow himself a Kantist?* I dare!—

The true nature of Fichte's controversialism is well exhibited in a short correspondence with Jakob, the Professor of Philosophy at Halle. Jakob was editor of the "Annalen der Philosophie," the chief organ of the Kantists—a journal which had distinguished itself by the most uncompromising attacks upon the Wissenschaftslehre. Fichte had replied in the Philosophical Journal in his usual style. Sometime afterwards Jakob, who was personally unknown to Fichte, addressed a letter to him, full of the most noble and generous sentiments, desiring that, although opposed to each other in principle, all animosity between them might cease. The following passages are extracted from Fichte's reply:—

### Fichte to Jakob.

"I have never hated you, nor believed that you hated me. It may sound presumptuous, but it is true,—that I do not know properly what hate is, for I have never hated any one. And I am by no means so passionate as I am commonly said to be. . . . That my Wissenschaftslehre was not understood,—that it is even now not understood (for it is supposed that I now teach *other* doctrines), I freely believe;—that it was not understood on account of my mode of propounding it in a book which was not designed for the public but for my own students, that no trust was reposed in me, but that I was looked upon as a babbler whose interference in the affairs of philosophy might do hurt to science, that it was *therefore* concluded that the system which men *knew* well enough that they did not understand was a worthless system,—all this I know and can comprehend. But it is surely to be expected from every scholar, not that he should understand everything, but that he should at least know whether

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one of the most insignificant creatures ever dropped from the hand of fate. In the deep darkness which surrounds me, and which hides me from every eye in Germany,—even from the eagle-glance of a Fichte; from this quiet retreat, every attempt to break in upon the security of which is ridiculous in the extreme,—from hence I may venture to raise my voice, and cry, *I am a Kantist!*—and to Fichte—Thou *canst* err, and thou *hast* erred," &c. &c.

he understand a subject or not; and of every honest man, that he should not pass judgment on anything before he is conscious of understanding it. . . . Dear Jakob! I have unlimited reverence for openness and uprightness of character. I had heard a high character of you, and I would never have suffered myself to pronounce such a judgment on your literary merit, had I not been afterwards led to entertain an opposite impression. Now, however, by the impartiality of your judgment upon me,—by the warm interest you take in me as a member of the republic of letters,—by your open testimony in my behalf,\* you have completely won my personal esteem. It shall not be my fault—(allow me to say this without offence)—if you do not also possess my entire esteem as an author, publicly expressed. I have shown B—— and E—— that I can do justice even to an antagonist.”

Jakob's reply is that of a generous opponent:—

“Your answer, much-esteemed Professor, has been most acceptable to me. In it I have found the man whom I wished to find. The differences between us shall be erased from my memory. Not a word of satisfaction to me. If anything that I do or write shall have the good fortune to meet your free and unpurchased approbation, and you find it good to communicate your opinion to the public, it will be gratifying to me;—for what joy have people of our kind in public life, that is not connected with the approbation of estimable men? But I shall accept your candid refutation as an equally sure mark of your esteem, and joyfully profit by it. Confutation without bitterness is never unacceptable to me.”

Gradually disengaging himself from outward causes of disturbance, Fichte now sought to devote himself more exclusively to literary exertion, in order to embody his philosophy in a more enduring form than that of oral discourses. In 1795 he became joint-editor of the “Philosophical Journal,”

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\* Jakob had espoused his cause in an important dispute, of which we shall soon have to treat.

which had for some years been conducted by his friend and colleague Niethammer. His contributions to it form a most important part of his works, and are devoted to the scientific development of his system. In 1796 he published his "Doctrine of Law," and in 1798 his "Doctrine of Morals,"—separate parts of the application which he purposed to make of the fundamental principles of the *Wissenschaftslehre* to the complete circle of knowledge. But this period of literary tranquillity was destined to be of short duration, for a storm soon burst upon him more violent than any he had hitherto encountered, which once more drove him for a long time from the path of peaceful inquiry into the angry field of polemical discussion.

Atheism is a charge which the common understanding has repeatedly brought against the finer speculations of philosophy, when, in endeavouring to solve the riddle of existence, they have approached, albeit with reverence and humility, the Ineffable Source from which all existence proceeds. Shrouded from human comprehension in an obscurity from which chastened imagination is awed back, and thought retreats in conscious weakness, the Divine Nature is surely a theme on which man is little entitled to dogmatize. Accordingly, it is here that the philosophic intellect becomes most painfully aware of its own insufficiency. It feels that silence is the most fitting attitude of the finite being towards its Infinite and Incomprehensible Original, and that when it is needful that thought should shape itself into words, they should be those of diffidence and modest self-distrust. But the common understanding has no such humility;—its God is an Incarnate Divinity; imperfection imposes its own limitations on the Illimitable, and clothes the inconceivable Spirit of the Universe in sensuous and intelligible forms derived from finite nature. In the world's childhood,—when the monstrous forms of earth were looked upon as the visible manifestations of Deity, or the unseen essences of nature were imagined to contain His presence;—in the world's youth,—when stream and forest, hill and

valley, earth, air, and ocean, were peopled with divinities, graceful or grotesque, kind or malevolent, pure or polluted; in the world's ages of toil,—when the crushed soul of the slave looked to his God for human sympathy, and sometimes fancied that he encountered worse than human oppression;—in all ages, men have coloured the brightness of Infinity with hues derived from their own hopes and fears, joys and sorrows, virtues and crimes. And he who felt that the Eidolon of the age was an inadequate representative of his own deeper thoughts of God, had need to place his hopes of justice in futurity, and make up his mind to be despised and rejected by the men of his own day. Socrates drank the poisoned cup because his conception of divine things surpassed the common mythology of Greece; Christ endured the cross at the hands of the Jews for having told them the truth which he had heard from the Father; Paul suffered persecution, indignity, and death, for he was a setter forth of strange Gods. Modern times have not been without their martyrs. Descartes died in a foreign land for his bold thought and open speech; Spinoza—the brave, kind-hearted, incorruptible Spinoza—was the object both of Jewish and Christian anathema. In our own land popular fanaticism drove Priestley from his home to seek refuge in a far distant clime;—and in our own days legalized bigotry tore asunder the sacred bonds which united one of the purest and most sensitive of living beings to his offspring,—the gentle, imaginative, deeply-religious Shelley was “an atheist!” And so, too, Fichte—whose ardent love of freedom made him an object of distrust and fear to timorous statesmen, and whose daring speculations struck dismay into the souls of creed-bound theologians—found himself assailed at once by religious and political persecution. But in him tyranny once more found a man who had the courage to oppose himself, alone and unfriended, against its hate; and whose steadfast devotion to truth remained unshaken amid all the dangers and difficulties which gathered round his way.

Fichte's doctrine concerning God has already been spoken of in a general way. It was the necessary result of his

speculative position. The consciousness of the individual reveals *itself* alone; his knowledge cannot pass beyond the limits of his own being. His conceptions of other things and other beings are only *his* conceptions,—they are not those things or beings themselves. Consciousness is here alone with itself, and the world is nothing but the necessary limits which are set to its activity by the absolute law of its own being. From this point of view the common logical arguments for the existence of God, and in particular what is called the “argument from design” supposed to exist in the material world, entirely disappear. We invest the outward universe with attributes, qualities, and relations, which are the growth and product of our own minds, and then build up our faith in the Divine on an argument founded upon the phenomena we have ourselves called into being. However plausible and attractive such an argument may appear to those who do not look below the mere surface of things, it will not bear the light of strict scientific investigation. Only from our idea of duty, and our faith in the inevitable consequences of moral action, arises the belief in a principle of moral order in the world;—and this principle is God. But this living principle of a living universe must be Infinite; while all our ideas and conceptions are finite, and applicable only to finite beings—not to the Infinite. Thus we cannot, without inconsistency, apply to the Divinity the common predicates borrowed from finite existence. Consciousness, personality, and even substance, carry with them the idea of necessary limitation, and are the attributes of relative and limited beings; to affirm these of God is to bring him down to the rank of relative and limited being. The Divinity can thus only be thought of by us as pure Intelligence, spiritual life and energy;—but to comprehend this Intelligence in a conception, or to describe it in words, is manifestly impossible. *All attempts to embrace the Infinite in the conceptions of the Finite are, and must be, only accommodations to the frailties of man.* God is not an object of Knowledge but of Faith,—not to be approached by the understanding, but by the moral sense. Our intuition of a Moral Law, absolutely

imperative in its authority and universal in its obligation, is the most certain and incontrovertible fact of our consciousness. This law, addressed to free beings, must have a free and rational foundation :—in other words, there must be a living source of the moral order of the universe,—and this source is God. Our faith in God is thus the necessary consequence of our faith in the Moral Law; the former possesses the same absolute certainty which all men admit to belong to the latter.—In his later writings Fichte advanced beyond this argument to a more comprehensive demonstration of the Divine Existence than that by which the being of a lawgiver is inferred from our intuition of the Moral Law. Of this later view, however, we shall have to speak more fully in a subsequent part of this memoir.

The Philosophical Journal for 1798 contained an essay by Forberg “On the Definition of the Idea of Religion.” Fichte found the principles of this essay not so much opposed to his own, as only imperfect in themselves, and deemed it necessary to prefix to it a paper “On the grounds of our faith in a Divine Government of the world,” in which, after pointing out the imperfections and merely human qualities which are attributed to the Deity in the common conceptions of His being, and which necessarily flow from the “cause and effect” argument in its ordinary applications, he proceeds to state the true grounds of our faith in a moral government, or moral order, in the universe,—not for the purpose of inducing faith by proof, but to discover and exhibit the springs of a faith already indestructibly rooted in our nature. The business of philosophy is not to create but to explain; our faith in the Divine exists without the aid of philosophy,—it is hers only to investigate its origin, not for the conversion of the infidel, but to explain the conviction of the believer. The general results of the essay may be gathered from the concluding paragraph :—

“Hence it is an error to say that it is doubtful whether or not there is a God. It is not doubtful, but the most certain of all certainties,—nay, the foundation of all other certainties,—the one absolutely valid objective truth,—that there is a

moral order in the world; that to every rational being is assigned his particular place in that order, and the work which he has to do; that his destiny, in so far as it is not occasioned by his own conduct, is the result of this plan; that in no other way can even a hair fall from his head, nor a sparrow fall to the ground around him; that every true and good action prospers, and every bad action fails; and that all things must work together for good to those who truly love goodness. On the other hand, no one who reflects a moment, and honestly avows the result of his reflection, can remain in doubt that the conception of God as a *particular substance* is impossible and contradictory: and it is right candidly to say this, and to silence the babbling of the schools, in order that the true religion of cheerful virtue may be established in its room.

Two great poets have expressed this faith of good and thinking men with inimitable beauty. Such an one may adopt their language:—

“ ‘ Who dares to say,

“ I believe in God ” ?

Who dares to name him—[*seek ideas and words for him.*]

And to profess,

“ I believe in him ” ?

Who can feel,

And yet affirm,

“ I believe him not ” ?

The All-Embracer,—[*when he is approached through the moral sense, not through theoretical speculation, and the world is looked upon as the scene of living moral activity.*]

The All-Sustainer,

Doth he not embrace, support,

Thee, me, himself ?

Doth not the vault of heaven arch o’er us there ?

Doth not the earth lie firmly here below ?

And do not the eternal stars

Rise on us with their friendly beams ?

Do not I see mine image in thine eyes ?

And doth not the All

Press on thy head and heart,

And weave itself around thee, visibly and invisibly,

In eternal mystery ?

Fill thy heart with it till it overflow ;

And in the feeling when thou’rt wholly blest,

Then call it what thou wilt,—  
 Happiness! Heart! Love! God!  
 I have no name for it:  
 Feeling is all; name is but sound and smoke,  
 Veiling the glow of heaven.\*

“And the second sings:—

“ ‘And God is!—a holy will that abides,  
 Though the human will may falter;  
 High over both Space and Time it rides,  
 The high Thought that will never alter:  
 And while all things in change eternal roll,  
 It endures, through change, a motionless soul.’ ” †

The publication of this essay furnished a welcome opportunity to those States to which Fichte was obnoxious on account of his democratic opinions, to institute public proceedings against him. The note was sounded by the publication of an anonymous pamphlet, entitled “Letters of a Father to his Son on the Atheism of Fichte and Forberg,” which was industriously and even *gratuitously* circulated throughout Germany. The first official proceeding was a decree of the Electoral Government, prohibiting the sale of the Philosophical Journal, and confiscating all copies of it found in the electorate. This was followed up by a requisition addressed to the Duke of Saxe-Weimar, as the Conservator of the University of Jena, in which Fichte and Forberg were accused of “the coarsest atheism, openly opposed not only to the Christian, but even to natural, religion;”—and their severe punishment was demanded; failing which, it was threatened that the subjects of the Elector should be prohibited from resorting to the University. These proceedings were imitated by the other Protestant Courts of Germany, that of Prussia excepted.

In answer to the official condemnation of his essay, Fichte sent forth his “Appeal to the Public against the accusation of Atheism,” Jena 1799;—in which, with his accustomed

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\* Goethe’s “Faust.”

† The above stanza of Schiller’s “Worte des Glaubens” is taken from Mr. Merivale’s excellent translation.

boldness, he does not confine himself to the strict limits of self-defence, but exposes with no lenient hand the true cause which rendered him obnoxious to the Electoral Government, —not the atheism of which he was so absurdly accused, but the spirit of freedom and independence which his philosophy inculcated. He did not desire, he would not accept of any compromise ;—he demanded a free acquittal, or a public condemnation. He adopted the same high tone in his defence before his own Government. The Court of Saxe-Weimar had no desire to restrain the liberty of thought, or to erect any barrier against free speculation. It was too wise not to perceive that a Protestant University in which secular power should dare to invade the precincts of philosophy, or profane the highest sanctuaries of thought, however great its reputation for the moment, must infallibly decline from being a temple of knowledge into a mere warehouse for literary, medical, or theological merchandize, —a school-room for artizans,—a drill-yard for hirelings. But, on the other hand, it was no part of the policy of the Ducal Court to give offence to its more powerful neighbours, or to enter upon a crusade in defence of opinions obnoxious to the masses, because unintelligible to them. It was therefore intended to pass over this matter as smoothly as possible, and to satisfy the complaining governments by administering to Fichte a general rebuke for *imprudence* in promulgating his views in language liable to popular misconstruction. The appearance of his “Appeal to the Public,” however, rendered this arrangement less easy of accomplishment. The opinion of the Government with respect to this publication was communicated to Fichte in a letter from Schiller, —“*that there was no doubt that he had cleared himself of the accusation before every thinking mind ;* but that it was surprising that he had not consulted with higher quarters before he sent forth his appeal: why appeal to the public at all, when he had to do only with a favourable and enlightened Government ?” The obvious answer to which was, that the “Appeal to the Public” was a reply to the *public* confiscation of his work, while the *private* accusation before his Prince

was answered by a *private* defence. In that defence the Court found that the accused was determined to push the investigation as far as his accusers could desire;—that he demanded either an honourable and unreserved acquittal, or deposition from his office as a false teacher. A further breach between the Court and Fichte was caused by a letter which, in the course of these proceedings, he addressed to a member of the Council,—his private friend,—in which he announced that a resignation of his professorship would be the result of any reproof on the part of the Government. This letter, addressed to an individual in his private capacity, was most unjustifiably placed among the official documents connected with the proceedings. Its tone, excusable perhaps in a private communication, seemed presumptuous and arrogant when addressed to the supreme authority;—it was the haughty defiance of an equal, rather than the remonstrance of a subject. This abuse of a private letter,—this betrayal of the confidence of friendship,—cost Jena its most distinguished professor. On the 2d of April 1799, Fichte received the decision of the Ducal Court. It contained a reproof for imprudence in promulgating doctrines so unusual and so offensive to the common understanding, and accepted Fichte's resignation as a recognised consequence of that reproof. It is much to be regretted that the timid policy of the government, and the faults of individuals, prevented in this instance the formal recognition of the great principle involved in the contest, *i.e. that civil governments have no right to restrain the expression of any theoretical opinion whatever, when propounded in a scientific form and addressed to the scientific world.*

During these trying occurrences, the most enthusiastic attachment was evinced towards Fichte by the students. Two numerous signed petitions were presented to the Duke, praying for his recall. These having proved unavailing, they caused a medallion of their beloved teacher to be struck, in testimony of their admiration and esteem.

Fichte's position was now one of the most difficult which

can well be imagined. A prolonged residence at Jena was out of the question,—he could no longer remain there. But where to turn?—where to seek an asylum? No neighbouring state would afford him shelter; even the privilege of a private residence was refused. At length a friend appeared in the person of Dohm, Minister to the King of Prussia. Through him Fichte applied to Frederick-William for permission to reside in his dominions, with the view of earning a livelihood by literary exertion and private teaching. The answer of the Prussian monarch was worthy of his high character:—“If,” said he, “Fichte is so peaceful a citizen, and so free from all dangerous associations as he is said to be, I willingly accord him a residence in my dominions. As to his religious principles, it is not for the State to decide upon them.” \*

Fichte arrived in Prussia in July 1799, and devoted the summer and autumn to the completion of a work in which his philosophy is set forth in a popular form, but with admirable lucidity and comprehensiveness,—we allude to his “Bestimmung des Menschen” (*the Vocation of Man*), an essay in which all the great phases of metaphysical speculation are condensed into an almost dramatic picture of the successive stages in the development of an individual mind. A translation of the “Bestimmung des Menschen” forms a part of the present volume. Towards the end of the year he returned to Jena for the purpose of removing his family to Berlin, where, henceforward, he fixed his place of residence. The following extracts are from letters written to his wife during their temporary separation:—

### Fichte an Seine Frau.

“You probably wish to know how I live. For many reasons, the weightiest of which lie in myself and in my cough, I cannot keep up the early rising. Six o’clock is generally my earliest. I go then to my writing desk, so that I

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\* The original phraseology of this last passage is peculiarly characteristic: “Ist es wahr, daß er mit dem lieben Worte in Feindseligkeiten begriffen ist: so mag dies der liebe Gott mit ihm abmachen; mir thut das nichts.”

am not altogether idle, although I do not get on as I could wish. I am now working at the “Bestimmung des Menschen.” At half-past twelve I hold my toilet (yes!—get powdered, dressed, &c.), and at one I call on M. Veit, where I meet Schlegel and a reformed preacher, Schlegel’s friend.\* At three I return, and read a French novel, or write as I do now to you. If the piece be at all tolerable, which is not always the case, I go to the theatre at five. If it be not, I walk with Schlegel in the suburbs, in the zoological gardens, or under the linden trees before the house. Sometimes I make small country parties with Schlegel and his friends. So we did, for example, the day before yesterday, with the most lively remembrance of thee and the little one. We had no wine to drink your health,—only sour beer, and a slice of black bitter bread with a thin bit of half-decayed ham stuck upon it with dirty butter. Politeness makes me put up with many things here which are scarcely tolerable. But I have thought of a better method for country parties.

“In the evening I sup on a roll of bread and a quart of Medoc wine, which are the only tolerable things in the house; and go to bed between ten and eleven, to sleep without dreaming. Only once,—it was after thy first alarming letter,—I had my Hermann in my arms, full of joy that he was well again, when suddenly he stretched himself out, turned pale, and all those appearances followed which are indelibly fixed on my memory.

“I charge thee, dearest, with thy own health and the health of the little one.—Farewell.”

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“I am perfectly secure here. Yesterday I visited the Cabinet Councillor Beyme, who is daily engaged with the King, and spoke to him about my position. I told him honestly that I had come here in order to take up my abode, and that I sought for safety because it was my intention that my family should follow me. He assured me, that far from there being any desire to hinder me in this purpose, it

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\* Schleiermacher.

would be esteemed an honour and advantage if I made my residence here,—that the King was immovable upon certain principles affecting these questions, &c.”

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“I work with industry and pleasure. My work on the ‘Vocation of Man’ will, I think, be ready at Michaelmas,—written, not printed,—and it seems to me likely to succeed. You know that I am never satisfied with my works when they are first written, and therefore my own opinion on this point is worth something. . . . By my residence in Berlin I have gained this much, *that I shall thenceforth be allowed to live in peace elsewhere*;—and this is much. I venture to say that I should have been teased and perhaps hunted out of any other place. But it is quite another thing now that I have lived in Berlin under the eye of the King. By and by, I think, even the Weimar Court will learn to be ashamed of its conduct, especially if I make no advances to it. In the meantime something advantageous may happen. So be thou calm and of good courage, dear one, and trust in thy Fichte’s judgment, talent, and good fortune. Thou laughst at the last word. Well, well!—I assure you that good fortune will soon come back again.”

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“I have written to Reinhold a cold, somewhat upbraiding letter. The good weak soul is full of lamentation. I shall immediately comfort him again, and take care that he be not alienated from me in future. If I was beside thee, thou wouldst say—‘Dost thou hear, Fichte? thou art proud—I must tell it thee, if no one else will.’ Very well, be thou glad that I am proud. Since I have no humility, I must be proud, so that I may have something to carry me through the world.”

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“Of all that thou writest to me, I am most dissatisfied with this, that thou callest our Hermann an ill-bred boy. No greater misfortune could befall me on earth than that this child should be spoiled; and I would lament my absence

from Jena only if it should be the cause of that. I adjure thee by thy maternal duties, by thy love to me, by all that is sacred to thee, let this child be thy first and only care, and leave everything else for him. Thou art deficient in firmness and coolness;—hence all thy errors in the education of the little one. Teach him that when thou hast once denied him anything, it is determined and irrevocable, and that neither petulance nor the most urgent entreaties will be of any avail:—once fail in this, and you have an ill-taught obstinate boy, particularly with the natural disposition to strength of character which our little one possesses; and it costs a hundred times more labour to set him right again. For indeed it should be our first care not to let his character be spoiled; and believe me, there is in him the capacity of being a wild knave, as well as that of being an honest, true, virtuous man. In particular, do not suppose that he will be led by persuasion and reasoning. The most intelligent men err in this, and thou also in the same way. He cannot think for himself yet, nor will he be able to do so for a long time;—at present, the first thing is that he should learn obedience and subjection to a foreign mind. Thou mayst indeed sometimes gain thy immediate purpose by persuasion, not because he understands thy reasons and is moved by them, but because thou in a manner submittest thyself to him and makest him the judge. Thus his pride is flattered; thy talk employs his vacant time and dispels his caprices. But this is all;—while for the future thou renderest his guidance more difficult for thee, and confirmest thyself in a pernicious prejudice.”

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“Cheerfulness and good courage are to me the highest proof that thou lovest me as I should be loved. Dejection and sorrow are distrust in me, and make me unhappy because they make thee unhappy. It is no proof of love that thou shouldst feel deeply the injustice done to me;—to me it is a light matter, and so must it be to thee, for thou and I are one.

“Do not speak of dying; indulge in no such thoughts;

for they weaken thee, and thus might become true. No ! we shall yet live with each other many joyful and happy days ; and our child shall close our eyes when he is a mature and perfect man : till then he needs us.

“ In the progress of my present work, I have taken a deeper glance into religion than ever I did before. In me the emotions of the heart proceed only from perfect intellectual clearness :—it cannot be but that the clearness I have now attained on this subject shall also take possession of my heart.

“ Believe me, that to this disposition is to be ascribed, in a great measure, my steadfast cheerfulness, and the mildness with which I look upon the injustice of my opponents. I do not believe that, without this dispute and its evil consequences, I should ever have come to this clear insight, and the disposition of heart which I now enjoy ; and so the violence we have experienced has had a result which neither you nor I can regret.

“ Comfort the poor boy, and dry thy tears as he bids thee. Think that it is his father’s advice, who indeed would say the same thing. And do with our dear Hermann as I wrote thee before. The child is our riches, and we must use him well.”

If the spectacle of the scholar contending against the hindrances of fortune and the imperfections of his own nature,—struggling with the common passions of mankind and the weakness of his own will,—soaring aloft amid the highest speculations of genius, and dragged down again to earth by its coarsest attractions ;—if this be one of the most painful spectacles which the theatre of life presents, surely it is one of the noblest when we see such a man pursuing some lofty theme with a constancy which difficulties cannot shake, nor the whirlwind of passion destroy. Nor is the scene less interesting and instructive, if the inherent nobility of its central figure have drawn around him a few souls of kindred nobleness, whose presence sheds a genial brilliance over a path otherwise solitary, although never dark or doubtful.

Such was now Fichte's position. The first years of his residence at Berlin were among the most peaceful in his life of vicissitude and storm. Withdrawn from public duties, and uninterrupted by the sources of outward annoyance to which he had lately been exposed, he now enjoyed a period of tranquil retirement, surrounded by a small circle of friends worthy of his attachment and esteem. Friedrich and Wilhelm Schlegel, Tieck, Woltmann, Reichhardt, and Jean Paul Friedrich Richter, were among his chosen associates; Bernhardt, with his clear and acute yet discursive thought, his social graces and warm affections, was his almost daily companion. Hufeland, the king's physician, whom he had known at Jena, now became bound to him by the closest ties, and rendered him many kind offices, over which the delicacy of friendship has thrown a veil.

Amid the amenities of such society, and withdrawn from the anxieties and disturbances of public life, Fichte now devoted himself to the development and completion of his philosophical theory. The period of danger and difficulty through which he had lately passed, the loss of many valued and trusted friends, and the isolation of his own mental position, naturally favoured the fuller development of that profound religious feeling which lay at the root of his character. It was accordingly during this season of repose, that the great leading idea of his system first revealed itself to his mind in perfect clearness, and impressed upon his subsequent writings that deeply religious character to which we have already adverted. The passage from subjective reflection to objective and absolute being, had hitherto, as we have seen, been attempted by Fichte on the ground of moral feeling only. Our Faith in the Divine is the inevitable result of our sense of duty; it is the imperative demand of our moral nature. We are immediately conscious of a Moral law within us, whose behests are announced to us with an absolute authority which we cannot gainsay; the source of that authority is not in us, but in the Eternal Fountain of all moral order,—shrouded from our intellectual vision by the impenetrable glories of the Infinite. But this

inference of a Moral Lawgiver from our intuition of a Moral Law is, after all, but the ordinary "cause and effect" argument applied to moral phenomena, and is not, strictly speaking, more satisfactory than the common application of the same course of reasoning to the phenomena of the physical world. Besides, it does not wholly meet the facts of the case, for there can be no doubt that in all men, and more especially among savages and half-civilized people, the recognition of a Divinity precedes any definite conception of a Moral Law. And therefore we do not reach the true and ultimate ground of this Faith until we penetrate to that innate feeling of dependence, underlying both our emotional and intellectual nature, which, in its relation to the one, gives birth to the Religious Sentiments, and, when recognised and elaborated by the other, becomes the *basis* of a scientific belief in the Absolute or God,—the *materials* of the edifice being furnished by our intuitions of the Good, the Beautiful, and the True. Fichte's thoughts being now directed more steadily to the strictly religious aspect of his theory, he sought to add such an intellectual validity to our moral convictions, to raise our Faith in the Divine from the rank of a mere inference from the Moral Sense, to that of a direct intuition of Reason. This he accomplished by a deeper analysis of the fact of consciousness. What is the essential character of our knowledge—that which it preserves amid all the diversities of the individual mind? It is this:—that it announces itself as a representation of something else, a picture of something superior to, and independent of, itself. It is thus composed of a double conception:—a Higher Being which it imperfectly represents; and itself, inferior to, derived from, and dependent upon the first. Hence, it must renounce the thought of itself as the only being whose existence it reveals, and regard itself rather as the image or reflection of a truly Highest and Ultimate Being revealed in human thought, and indeed its essential foundation. And this idea cannot be got rid of on the ground that it is a merely subjective conception; for we have here reached the primitive essence of thought itself,—and to

deny this would be to deny the very nature and conditions of knowledge, and to maintain an obvious contradiction; this namely,—that there can be a conception without an object conceived, a manifestation without substance, and that the ultimate foundation of all things is *nothing*. By this reconciliation, and indeed essential union of the subjective with the objective, Reason finally bridges over the chasm by which analysis had formerly separated it from the simple Faith of common humanity. Consciousness becomes the manifestation,—the self-revelation of the Absolute;—and the Absolute itself is the ground and substance of the phenomena of Consciousness,—the different forms of which are but the various points wherein God is recognised, with greater or less degrees of clearness and perfection, in this manifestation of himself;—while the world itself, as an infinite assemblage of concrete existences, conscious and unconscious, is another phase of the same Infinite and Absolute Being. Thus Consciousness, far from being a purely subjective and empty train of fancies, contains nothing which does not rest upon and image forth a Higher and Infinite Reality; and Idealism itself becomes a sublime and Absolute Realism.

This change in the spirit of his philosophy has been ascribed to the influence of a distinguished contemporary, who afterwards succeeded to the chair at Berlin of which Fichte was the first occupant. It seems to us that it was the natural and inevitable result of his own principles and mode of thought; and that it was even theoretically contained in the very first exposition of his doctrine, although it had not then attained in his own mind that vivid reality with which it shines, as a prophet-like inspiration, throughout his later writings. In this view we are fully borne out by the letter to Jakobi in 1795, and the article from the *Literatur Zeitung*, already quoted.\* In the development of the system, whether in the mind of its author or in that of any learner, the starting point is necessarily the individual

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\* See pages 60 and 62.

consciousness,—the finite Ego. But when the logical processes of the understanding have performed their office, and led us from this, the nearest of our spiritual experiences, to that higher point in which all finite individuality disappears in the great thought of an all-embracing consciousness,—an Infinite Ego,—it becomes unnecessary to reiterate the initial steps of the investigation,—to imitate the gropings of the schoolboy rather than the comprehensive vision of the man. From this higher point of view Fichte now looked forth on the universe and human life, and saw there no longer the subjective phenomena of a limited and finite nature, but the harmonious, although diversified, manifestation of the One Universal Being,—the self-revelation of the Absolute,—the infinitely varied forms under which God becomes “manifest in the flesh.”

The first traces of this change in his speculative position are observable in his “*Bestimmung des Menschen*,” published in 1799, in which, as we have already said, may be found the most systematic exposition of his philosophy which has been attempted in a popular form. In 1801 appeared his “*Antwortschreiben an Reinhold*” (Answer to Reinhold), and his “*Sonnenklarer Bericht an das grössere Publicum über das eigentliche Wesen der neuesten Philosophie*” (Sun-clear Intelligence to the general public on the essential nature of the New Philosophy.) These he intended to follow up in 1802 with a more strictly scientific and complete account of the *Wissenschaftslehre*, designed for the philosophical reader only. But he was induced to postpone this purpose, partly on account of the recent modification of his own philosophical point of view, and partly because the attention of the literary world was now engrossed by the brilliant and poetic *Natur-Philosophie* of Schelling. Before communicating to the world the work which should be handed down to posterity as the finished institute of his theory, it appeared to him necessary, first of all to prepare the public mind for its reception by a series of introductory applications of his system to subjects of general interest. But this purpose was likewise laid aside for a time,—princi-

pally, it would seem, from dissatisfaction with the reception which his works had hitherto received, from the harassing misconceptions and misrepresentations which he had encountered, and from a doubt, amounting almost to hopelessness, of making his views intelligible to the general public. These feelings occasioned a silence of four years on his part, and are characteristically expressed in the prefaces to several of his subsequent works.

In the meantime, although Fichte retired for a season from the prominent position which he had hitherto occupied in the public eye, it was impossible for him to remain inactive. Shut out from communication with the "*reading public*," he sought to gather around him fit *hearers* to whom he might impart the high message with which he was charged. This was indeed his favourite mode of communication: in the lecture-room his fiery eloquence found a freer scope than the form of a literary work would permit. A circle of pupils soon gathered around him at Berlin. His private lectures were attended by the most distinguished scholars and statesmen: W. Schlegel, Kotzebue, the Minister Schrotter, the High Chancellor Beyme, and the Minister von Altenstein, were found among his auditory.

In 1804 an opportunity presented itself of resuming his favourite vocation of an academic teacher. This was an invitation from Russia to assume the chair of Philosophy in the University of Charkow. The existing state of literary culture in that country, however, did not seem to offer a promising field for his exertions; and another proposal, which appeared to open the way to a more useful application of his powers, occurring at the same time, he declined the invitation to Charkow. The second invitation was likewise a foreign one,—from Bavaria, namely, to the Philosophic chair at Landshut. It was accompanied by pecuniary proposals of a most advantageous nature. But experience had taught Fichte to set a much higher value upon the internal conditions of such an office, than upon its outward advantages. In desiring an academic chair, he sought only an opportunity of carrying out his plan of a strictly philosophical education,

with a view to the future reception of the *Wissenschaftslehre* in its most perfect form. To this purpose he had devoted his life, and no pecuniary considerations could induce him to lay it aside. But its thorough fulfilment demanded absolute freedom of teaching and writing as a primary condition, and therefore this was the first point to which Fichte looked in any appointment which might be offered to him. He frankly laid his views on this subject before the Bavarian Government. "The plan," he says, "might perhaps be carried forward without the support of any government, although this has its difficulties. But if any enlightened government should resolve to support it, it would, in my opinion, acquire thereby a deathless fame, and become the benefactor of humanity." Whether the Bavarian Government was dissatisfied with the conditions required does not appear,—but the negotiations on this subject were shortly afterwards broken off.

At last, however, an opportunity occurred of carrying out his views in Prussia itself. Through the influence of his friends, Beyme and Altenstein, with the Minister Hardenberg, he was appointed Professor of Philosophy at the University of Erlangen, with the liberty of returning to Berlin during the winter to continue his philosophical lectures there. In May 1805 he entered upon his new duties with a brilliant success which seemed to promise a repetition of the epoch of Jena. Besides the course of lectures to his own students, in which he took a comprehensive survey of the conditions and method of scientific knowledge in general, he delivered a series of private lectures to his fellow professors and others, in which he laid down his views in a more abstract form. In addition to these labours, he delivered to the whole students of the University his celebrated lectures on the "Nature of the Scholar." These remarkable discourses must have had a powerful effect on the young and ardent minds to which they were addressed. Never, perhaps, were the moral dignity and sacredness of the literary calling set forth with more impressive earnestness.

Encouraged by the brilliant success which had attended

his prelections at Erlangen, Fichte now resolved to give forth to the world the results of his later studies, and especially to embody, in some practical and generally intelligible form, his great conception of the eternal revelation of God in consciousness. Accordingly, on his return to Berlin in the winter of 1805-6, he published the course of lectures to which we have just alluded, "Ueber das Wesen des Gelehrten" (*On the Nature of the Scholar*), a translation of which forms a part of the present volume. The Scholar is here represented as he who, possessed and actuated by the Divine Idea, labours to obtain for that Idea an outward manifestation in the world, either by cultivating in his fellow-men the capacity for its reception (as Teacher); or by directly embodying it in visible forms (as Artist, Ruler, Lawgiver, &c.) This publication was immediately followed by another course, which had been delivered at Berlin during the previous year under the title of "Grundzüge des gegenwärtigen Zeitalters" (*Characteristics of the Present Age*), of which an English version has also been published by the present writer. It is an attempt to apply the great principles of Transcendentalism to General History, and abounds in searching and comprehensive views of the progress, prospects, and destiny of man. This series of popular works was completed by the publication, in the spring of 1806, of the "Anweisung zum Seligen Leben, oder die Religionslehre" (*The Doctrine of Religion*),—the most important of all his later writings, which contains the final results of his philosophy in their most comprehensive and exalted application. A translation of this admirable work is also included in the present volume.

Fichte's long-cherished hopes of founding an academic institution in accordance with his philosophical views, seemed now about to be realized. During the winter vacation, Hardenberg communicated with him on the subject of a new organization of the University of Erlangen. Fichte drew up a plan for this purpose, which was submitted to the Minister in 1806. But fortune again interposed: the outbreak of the war with France prevented his resuming the duties which had been so well begun.

The campaign of 1805 had subjected the greater part of Germany to the power of Napoleon. Prussia, almost alone, maintained her independence, surrounded on every side by the armies or vassals of France. Her struggle with the giant-power of the continent was of short duration. On the 9th October 1806 war was declared,—on the 14th the double battle of Auerstadt and Jena was fought,—and on the 25th Napoleon entered Berlin. In rapid succession, all the fortresses of Prussia fell into the hands of the invader.

Fichte eagerly desired permission to accompany the army which his country sent forth against her invaders. The hopes of Germany hung upon its progress; its success would bring freedom and peace,—its failure, military depotism with all its attendant horrors. Opposed to the well-trained troops of France, elated with victory and eager for new conquests, the defenders of Germany needed all the aid which high principle and ardent patriotism could bring to their cause. To maintain such a spirit in the army by such addresses as afterwards appeared under the celebrated title of “*Reden an die Deutschen*,” Fichte conceived to be his appropriate part in the general resistance to the enemy;—and for that purpose he desired to be near the troops. “If the orator,” he said, “must content himself with speech—if he may not fight in your ranks to prove the truth of his principles by his actions, by his contempt of danger and of death, by his presence in the most perilous places of the combat,—this is but the fault of his age, which has separated the calling of the scholar from that of the warrior. But he feels that if he had been taught to carry arms, he would have been behind none in courage; he laments that his age has denied him the privilege accorded to *Æschylus* and *Cervantes*, to make good his words by manly deeds. He would restore that time if he could; and in the present circumstances, which he looks upon as bringing with them a new phase of his existence, he would proceed rather to deeds than to words. But since he may only speak, he would speak fire and sword. Nor would he do this securely and away from danger. In his discourses he would give utterance to truths belonging to this subject

with all the clearness with which he himself sees them, with all the earnestness of which he is capable,—utter them avowedly and with his own name,—truths which should cause him to be held worthy of death before the tribunal of the enemy. And on that account he would not faintheartedly conceal himself, but speak boldly before your face, that he might either live free in his fatherland, or perish in its overthrow.”

The rapid progress of the war prevented compliance with his wish, but the spirit which gave it birth was well appreciated by Frederick-William. “Your idea, dear Fichte,” says the reply to his proposal, “does you honour. The King thanks you for your offer;—perhaps we may make use of it afterwards. But the King must first speak to his army by deeds: your eloquence may turn to account the advantages of victory.”

The defeat of Jena on the 14th October, and the rapid march of Napoleon upon Berlin, which remained defenceless, rendered it necessary for all who had identified themselves with the cause of their country to seek refuge in instant flight. Fichte’s resolution was soon taken:—he would share the dangers of his fatherland, rather than purchase safety by submission. He left Berlin on the 18th October, in company with his friend and physician Hufeland, a few days before the occupation of the city by the French army. Fichte’s wife remained in Berlin to take charge of their own and of Hufeland’s household, while the two friends fled beyond the Oder.

Fichte took up his residence at Königsberg to await the result of the war. The uncertainty of his future prospects, and the dangerous situation in which he had left his family, did not prevent him from pursuing his vocation as a public teacher, even in the face of many hindrances. During the winter he delivered a course of philosophical lectures in the University, having been appointed provisional professor of philosophy during his residence. He steadfastly resisted the earnest desire of his wife to return to Berlin during its oc-

cupancy by the French, conceiving it to be his duty to submit to every privation and discomfort rather than give an indirect sanction to the presence of the enemy by sitting down quietly under their rule, although he could now do so with perfect safety to himself. "Such a return," he says, "would stand in direct contradiction to the declarations made in my address to the King, of which address my present circumstances are the result. And if no other keep me to my word, it is just so much more my duty to hold myself to it. It is precisely when other scholars of note in our country are wavering, that he who has hitherto been true should stand the firmer in his uprightness."

During his residence in Königsberg, he renewed many of the friendships which he had formed there in early life, and he now sought to add to his comfort by the removal of his wife and child from Berlin. This plan was frustrated by a dangerous illness by which his wife was overtaken, and which is referred to in the following extracts from letters written at this time:—

### *Fichte an Seine Frau.*

"Yesterday I received the intelligence of thy illness. Thy few lines have drawn from me tears,—I know not whether of grief, joy, or love. How blind we are! I have dreaded everything but this. *Naturally* thou canst not have fallen into serious illness; something extraordinary must have befallen thee. I hoped that thou wouldst have borne our short separation well, especially on account of the duties which were laid upon thee. I recommended these thoughts to thee at our parting, and I have, since that time, enforced them in my letters. Strong souls,—and thou art no weak one,—make themselves stronger thus:— *and yet!*

"Yet think not, dearest, that I would chide about thy illness. Rather, in faith and trust, do I already receive thee into my arms, as if thou wert really present, a new gift given unto me, with even added value. Thou wert recovering, although thy lines are feeble; at least I trust to thy own assurance rather than to that of friends who would reach me

the cup of despondency in measured doses. Thou knowest me;—thou knowest that untruth does not suit me;—thou wilt continue truthful towards me. *This letter will find thee living and in health.*

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“One passage of Bernhardi’s letter has deeply touched me;—that where he speaks of our Hermann. Let the boy be pure and noble,—(and why should he not, since he has certainly not one drop of false blood from thee, and I know that there is no such thing in me which he could inherit?)—and let him learn what he can. If I but had you both,—you who are my riches,—in my arms again, that I might try whether I could improve the treasure! Live thou to love me and thy boy;—I and he, if he has a drop of my blood in his veins, will try to recompense thee for it.”

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“Again, thou dear one, had I to struggle against the anguish which secretly assailed me because I had no tidings of thee yesterday, when I received your letter of the 15th, delayed probably in its transmission. God be praised that your recovery goes on well! You receive now regular and good news from me; our friend also must now have been with thee for a long time; and when you receive this letter you will probably find yourself enabled to prepare for your journey to me. You will, indeed, certainly not receive it before the close of this so sorrowful year. God grant to thee, and to all brave hearts who deserve it, a better new one!”

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“*Do not come here, but stay where thou art*, for I am very dissatisfied here, and with good grounds; and if, as seems probable, a favourable change of affairs should take place, I shall endeavour to return to my old quarters, and so be with you again. This was the meaning of what I wrote to you in my last letter,—but I had not then come to a settled resolution about it.

“Live in health and peace, and in hope of better times, as I do. I bless thee from my inmost heart, am with thee

in spirit, and rejoice in the happy anticipation of seeing thee again. Ever thine."—

The hopes which were founded on the result of the battle of Eylau (8th February 1807), and which seem to be referred to in the preceding letter, were speedily dispelled; and the subsequent progress of the war rendered Fichte's residence at Königsberg no longer safe or desirable. His communications with his family had also become very irregular and uncertain. He consequently determined on a removal to Copenhagen, there to await the termination of the war. He left Königsberg in the beginning of June, and, after a short stay at Memel, arrived at the Danish capital about the middle of the following month. The impossibility of engaging in any continuous occupation during this period of uncertainty and hazard seems to have exposed him, as well as his family, to considerable pecuniary difficulties and privations. On the other hand, his unswerving devotion to his country, and the sacrifices he had cheerfully made for her sake, had gained for him the sincere esteem of the Prussian Government, and no inconsiderable influence in its counsels. At the end of August 1807 peace was concluded, and Fichte returned to his family after a separation of nearly a year.

With the return of peace, the Prussian Government determined to repair the loss of political importance by fostering among its citizens the desire of intellectual distinction and the love of free speculation. It seemed to the eminent men who then stood around the throne of Frederick-William, that the temple of German independence had now to be rebuilt from its foundations; that the old stock of liberty having withered, or been swept away in the tornado which had just passed over their heads, a new growth must take its place, springing from a deeper root and quickened by a fresher stream. One of the first means which suggested itself for the attainment of this purpose, was the establishment at Berlin of a new school of higher education, free from the imperfections of the old Universities, from which, as from the spiritual heart of the community, a current of life and energy

might be poured forth through all its members. Fichte was chosen by the Minister as the man before all others fitted for this task, and unlimited power was given him to frame for the new University a constitution which should ensure its efficiency and success. No employment could have been more congenial to Fichte's inclinations;—it presented him at last with the long-wished-for opportunity of developing a systematic plan of human instruction, founded on the spiritual nature of man. He entered with ardour upon the undertaking, and towards the end of 1807 his plan was completed and laid before the Minister. Its chief feature was perfect unity of purpose, complete subordination of every branch of instruction to the one great object of all teaching,—not the inculcation of opinion, but the spiritual culture and elevation of the student. The institution was to be an organic whole;—an assemblage, not of mere teachers holding various and perhaps opposite views, and living only to disseminate these, but of men animated by a common purpose, and steadily pursuing one recognised object. The office of the Professor was not to repeat verbally what already stood printed in books, and might be found there; but to exercise a diligent supervision over the studies of the pupil, and to see that he fully acquired, by his own effort, and as a personal and independent possession, the branch of knowledge which was the object of his studies. It was thus *a school for the scientific use of the understanding*, in which positive or historical knowledge was to be looked upon only as a vehicle of instruction, not as an ultimate end:—spiritual independence, intellectual strength, moral dignity,—these were the great ends to the attainment of which everything else was but the instrument. The plan met with distinguished approbation from the Minister to whom it was presented; and if, when the University was actually established some time afterwards, the ordinary and more easily fulfilled constitution of such schools was followed, it is to be attributed to the management of the undertaking having passed into other hands, and to the difficulty of finding teachers who would coöperate in the accomplishment of the scheme.

But the misfortunes of his country induced Fichte to make a yet more direct attempt to rouse the fallen spirit of liberty, and once more to awaken in the hearts of his countrymen the desire of independence which now lay crushed beneath a foreign yoke. Prussia was the last forlorn hope of German freedom, and it now seemed to lie wholly at the mercy of the conqueror. The native government could be little else than a mockery while the capital of the country was still occupied by French troops. Fichte was well aware of the dangers attending any open attempt to excite a spirit of opposition to the French, but he was not accustomed to weigh danger against duty; with him there was but short pause between conviction and action. "The sole question," said he to himself, "is this:—canst thou hope that the good to be attained is greater than the danger? The good is the re-awakening and elevation of the people; against which my personal danger is not to be reckoned, but for which it may rather be most advantageously incurred. My family and my son shall not want the support of the nation,—the least of the advantages of having a martyr for their father. This is the best choice. I could not devote my life to a better end."

Thus heroically resolved that he, at least, should not be wanting in his duty to his fatherland, he delivered his celebrated "Reden an die Deutschen,"—(*Addresses to the German People*)—in the academical buildings in Berlin during the winter 1807-8. His voice was often drowned by the trumpets of the French troops, and well-known spies frequently made their appearance among his auditory; but he continued, undismayed, to direct all the fervour of his eloquence against the despotism of Napoleon and the system of spoiling and oppression under which his country groaned. It is somewhat singular, that while Davoust threatened the chief literary men of Berlin with vengeance if they should either speak or write upon the political state of Germany, Fichte should have remained unmolested—the only one who did speak out, openly and fearlessly, against the foreign yoke.

The "Reden an die Deutschen" belong to the history of Germany, and in its literary annals they are well entitled to

a distinguished and honourable place. Among the many striking phenomena of that eventful period there is none that exceeds in real interest and instructiveness this one of a literary man, single-handed and surrounded by foreign troops, setting before him, as a duty which he of all others was called upon to fulfil, the task of a people's regeneration. Uniting the patriot's enthusiasm with the prophet's inspiration, Fichte raised a voice whose echoes rang through every corner of Germany, and summoned to the rescue of his country all that remained of nobleness and devotion among her sons. It was to no vain display of military glory that he roused and directed their efforts:—he sought to erect the structure of his country's future welfare and fame on a far deeper and surer foundation. In strains of the most fervid and impassioned eloquence he pointed out the true remedies for the national degradation,—the culture of moral dignity, spiritual freedom, and independence. In these Addresses he first announced the plan and delineated all the chief features of that celebrated system of Public Education which has since conferred such inestimable benefits on Prussia, and raised her, in this respect, to a proud pre-eminence among the nations of Europe.\* Never were a people called

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\* "Fichte may thus be regarded as the originator of the well-known Prussian system of Education. Baron von Stein, the great Minister of Prussia at this time, no doubt took the first steps towards its practical realization: but it is not the less true that to Fichte alone belongs the honour of having first given utterance to the great idea of a common Education as the basis of a common Nationality among the German people. This noble scheme of national regeneration, which has since borne such wonderful fruit, is comprehensively set forth in the "Reden an die Deutschen." In later times, Germany has not been forgetful of those who thus, in evil days, laid the foundations of her future unity and greatness. On the Centenary of Fichte's birth, 19th May 1862, a Festival was celebrated at Berlin, under the auspices of the *National Verein*, in honour of his memory. The *Times'* correspondent, writing the following day, says:—"Yesterday morning, very early, a great number of Fichte's admirers assembled at his grave in the old Dorotheenstadt churchyard outside the Oranienburg gate. The place had been put in order, the monument repaired, the grave decked with flowers and garlands. They sang there the first verse of the fine old chorale *Ein feste Burg ist unser Gott*, and a clergyman delivered an appropriate discourse. The house on the New Promenade, in which Fichte for many years

upon to arouse themselves to a nobler enterprize, and never was such a summons pealed forth in tones of more manly and spirit-stirring energy. The last Address is a noble appeal to the several classes of society in Germany to unite, heart and hand, in forwarding the great work of national regeneration. We quote the peroration:—

"In these addresses the memory of your forefathers speaks to you. Think that with my voice there are mingled the voices of your ancestors from the far-off ages of gray antiquity, of those who stemmed with their own bodies the tide of Roman domination over the world, who vindicated with their own blood the independence of those mountains,

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lived, was decorated by the care of the committee for the celebration of the anniversary with wreaths and laurels, and with draperies of black, red, and gold, and of black and white, the German and Prussian colours. A memorial slab was also set up against it—a temporary one to be presently replaced by one of marble. At the University, Professor Trendelenburg made an excellent speech. Fichte was the first rector of this University. From him, his eulogist said, it had inherited the obligation to defend independence of thought and opinion. The Crown Prince was present at the speech, and afterwards complimented Trendelenburg upon it. The students, the workmen, and various other corporations celebrated the day; but its most remarkable feature was unquestionably the grand ceremony at the Victoria Theatre, got up by the *National Verein*. The spacious stage, common to both the summer and the winter theatre, was completely cleared. In the centre of this platform was a truncated column supporting a colossal bust of Fichte. Behind and on either side of this was a numerous band of chorus singers, and, behind them, some instrumentalists. At its foot was a slightly-raised standing-place for the speakers. Dr. Veit, president of the committee, opened the proceedings in a short speech. M. Berthold Auerbach, better known as a literary man than as a politician, read a well-composed sketch of Fichte's life. Deputy Franz Duncker read some very interesting personal sketches and incidents; furnished by one of Fichte's oldest friends and disciples. Dr. Loewe made a long speech, referring to the tendency of his writings, and chiefly of a political character. With a few more remarks from the President, and another chorus by the singers, an evening terminated which was remarkable for the excellence of its arrangements, and for the gratification it apparently afforded to all present."—On the same day, a granite column erected in honour of Fichte at his native village of Rammenau, and bearing four marble slabs with appropriate inscriptions, was inaugurated by a public ceremony.—Ten years later, a memorial to Baron Stein, erected at Nassau his birth-place in acknowledgment of the debt which Prussia owes to him, was unveiled on 9th July 1872, in presence of the Emperor, Empress, and Prince Imperial of Germany.

plains, and streams, which ye have suffered to fall a prey to the stranger. They call to you,—‘Be you our defenders!—hand down our memory to future ages, honourable and spotless, as it has come down to you, as you have gloried in it, and in your descent from us. Hitherto our struggle has been deemed noble, great, and wise;—we have been looked upon as the consecrated and inspired ones of a Divine World-Plan. Should our race perish with you, then will our honour be changed into dishonour, our wisdom into folly. For if Germany were ever to be subdued to the Empire, then had it been better to have fallen before the elder Romans than their modern descendants. We withstood those, and triumphed; these have scattered you like chaff before them. But, as matters now are with you, seek not to conquer with bodily weapons, but stand firm and erect before them in spiritual dignity. Yours is the greater destiny,—to found an empire of Mind and Reason,—to destroy the dominion of rude physical power as the ruler of the world. Do this, and ye shall be worthy of your descent from us!’

“With these voices mingle the spirits of your later fathers,—of those who fell in the sacred struggle for freedom of Religion and of Faith:—‘Save our honour too!’ they call. To us it had not become wholly clear what it was we fought for;—besides our just determination to suffer no outward power to control us in matters of conscience, we were also led onward by a higher spirit which never wholly unveiled itself to our view. To you this spirit is no longer veiled, if your power of vision transcend the things of sense;—it now regards you with high, clear aspect. The confused and intricate combination of sensuous and spiritual impulses with each other shall no longer govern the world: Mind alone, pure from all admixture of sense, shall assume the guidance of human affairs. In order that this spirit should have liberty to develop itself, and rise to independent existence, our blood was shed. It lies with you to give a meaning and a justification to the sacrifice, by establishing this spirit in its destined supremacy. Should this result

‘not ensue, as the ultimate end of the previous development of our nation, then were our struggles but a forgotten farce, and, the freedom of mind and conscience for which we fought, an empty word, since neither mind nor conscience should any longer have a place among us.’

“The races yet unborn plead with you:—‘You were proud of your forefathers,’ they cry,—‘and gloried in your descent from a noble line of men. See that with you the chain is not broken;—act so that we also may be proud of you, and through you, as through a spotless medium, claim our descent from the same glorious source. Be not you the cause of making us revile our ancestry as low, barbarous, and slavish;—of causing us to hide our origin, or to assume a foreign name and a foreign parentage, in order that we may not, without farther proof, be cast aside and trodden underfoot. According as the next generation which proceeds from you shall be, so shall be your future fame: honourable, if this shall bear honourable witness to you; deservedly ignominious, if ye have not an unblemished posterity to succeed you, and leave it to the conqueror to write your history. Never has a victor been known to have either the inclination or the means of passing a just judgment on the subdued. The more he degrades them, the better does he justify his own position. Who can know what great deeds, what excellent institutions, what noble manners of many nations of antiquity may have passed away into oblivion, because their succeeding generations have been enslaved, and have left the conqueror, in his own way, and without contradiction, to tell their story?’

“Even the stranger in foreign lands pleads with you, in so far as he understands himself and knows aright his own true interest. Yes! there are in every nation minds who can never believe that the great promises to the human race of a Kingdom of Law, of Reason, and of Truth, are idle and vain delusions, and who consequently cherish the conviction that the present iron-handed time is but a progression towards a better state. These, and with them the whole later races of humanity, trust in you. A great part of these trace

their lineage from us; others have received from us religion and all other culture. Those plead with us, by the common soil of our Fatherland, the cradle of their infancy, which they have left to us free,—these by the culture which they have accepted from us as the pledge of a higher good,—to maintain, for their sakes, the proud position which has hitherto been ours, to guard with jealous watchfulness against even the possible disappearance, from the great confederation of a newly-arisen humanity, of that member which is to them more important than all others; so that when they shall need our counsel, our example, our coöperation in the pursuit and attainment of the true end of this Earthly Life, they shall not look around for us in vain.

“All Ages,—all the Wise and Good who have ever breathed the air of this world of ours,—all their thoughts and aspirations towards a Higher Good,—mingle with these voices, and encompass you about, and raise supplicating hands towards you;—Providence itself, if we may venture so to speak, and the Divine Plan in the creation of a Human Race,—which indeed exists only that it may be understood of men, and by men be wrought out into reality,—plead with you to save their honour and their existence. Whether those who have believed that Humanity must ever advance in a course of ceaseless improvement, and that the great ideas of its order and dignity were not empty dreams, but the prophetic announcement and pledge of their own future realization;—whether those—or they who have slumbered on in the sluggish indolence of a mere vegetable or animal existence, and mocked every aspiration towards a higher World—have had the right,—this is the question upon which it has fallen to your lot to furnish a last and decisive answer. The ancient world, with all its nobility and greatness, as well as all its deficiencies, has fallen,—through its own unworthiness and the might of your forefathers. If there has been truth in that which I have spoken to you in these Addresses, then it is you to whom, out of all other modern nations, the germs of human perfection are especially committed, and on whom the foremost place in the onward advance towards

their development is conferred. If you sink to nothing in this your peculiar office, then with you the hopes of Humanity for salvation out of all its evils are likewise overthrown. Hope not, console not yourselves with the vain delusion, that a second time, after the destruction of an ancient civilization, a new culture will arise upon the ruins of the old, from a half-barbaric people. In ancient times, such a people existed fully provided with all the requisites for this mission; they were well known to the cultivated nation, and were described in its literature; and that nation itself, had it been able to suppose the case of its own downfall, might have discovered the means of renovation in this people. To us also the whole surface of the earth is well known, and all the nations who dwell upon it. Do we know one, like the ancestral tribe of modern Europe, of whom like hopes may be entertained? I think that every man who does not give himself up to visionary hopes and fancies, but desires only honest and searching inquiry, must answer this question—No! There is, then, no way of escape:—if ye sink, Humanity sinks with you, without hope of future restoration!”—Seldom indeed has the cause of a nation’s independence been pled on grounds so truly noble and elevating as these!

This spirit-stirring course of public activity was interrupted by a severe illness, which attacked him in the spring of 1808. It was his first illness, and it took so determined a hold of his powerful constitution, that he never thoroughly got rid of its effects. Deep-seated nervous disease, and particularly an affection of the liver, reduced him to great weakness, and for a time it seemed doubtful whether his life could be saved. It was only after some months of suffering that the disease settled down upon a particular limb, and left him with a rheumatic lameness of the left arm and right foot, which, with an accompanying inflammation in the eyes, hindered him for a long time from resuming his habits of active life. He was removed several times to the baths of Teplitz with beneficial effect. The tedium of con-

valescence was relieved by study of the great authors of Italy, Spain, and Portugal. At an earlier period of his life he had made himself acquainted with the languages of these countries, and had produced many translations from their poets, particularly an entire version of the first canto of Dante's *Divina Commedia*,\* and one of the most beautiful episodes in the *Lusiad* of Camoens. And now, in the season of debility and pain, the noble thoughts handed down by the great poets of the south as an everlasting possession to the world, became to him the springs of new strength and dignity. Nor did he cease altogether from literary exertion. During his confinement he undertook a thorough revision of his philosophical lectures, and made extensive preparation for his future academical labours. Much of his time, too, was occupied in the education of his only son, who speaks with deep reverence and thankfulness of the instructions thus imparted to him. Amongst his letters written during his sickness, we find a touching correspondence with Ernst Wagner, a true and warm-hearted friend of his country and of all good men, but whose spirit was crushed almost to hopelessness by the pressure of disease and penury. To him Fichte found means of affording such relief and encouragement as prolonged, for some short period at least, a valuable and upright life.

Of his domestic life during this period, and the manner in which it too bore the impress of his high soul-elevating philosophy, we obtain the following interesting and instructive glimpse:—"We had a family meeting for worship every evening, which closed the day worthily and solemnly; in this the domestics also were accustomed to take a part. When some verses of a chorale had been sung to the accompaniment of the piano, my father began, and discoursed upon a passage or chapter of the New Testament, especially from his favourite Evangelist John; or, when particular household circumstances gave occasion for it, he spoke also a word of reproof or of comfort. But, as far as I remember, he never

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\* Printed in the "Vesta" for 1807.

made use of ordinary practical applications of his subject, or laid down preceptive regulations for conduct; but the tendency of his teaching appeared rather to be to purify the spirit from the distractions and vanities of common life, and to elevate it to the Imperishable and Eternal."—So truly was his life, in all its relations, the faithful counterpart of the noble doctrine which he taught.

On Fichte's return to active life he found himself placed, almost at once, in a position from which he could influence in no slight degree the destinies of his fatherland. Doubts had arisen as to the propriety of placing the new University in a large city like Berlin. It was urged that the metropolis presented too many temptations to idleness and dissipation to render it an eligible situation for a seminary devoted to the education of young men. This was the view entertained by the Minister Stein, but warmly combated by Wolff, Fichte, and others. Stein was at length won over, and the University was opened in 1810. The King gave one of the finest palaces in Berlin for the purpose, and all the appliances of mental culture were provided on the most liberal scale. Learned men of the greatest eminence in their respective departments were invited from all quarters,—Wolff, Fichte, Müller, Humboldt, De Wette, Schleiermacher, Neander, Klaproth, and Savigny,—higher names than these cannot easily be found in their peculiar walks of literature and science. By the suffrages of his fellow-teachers, Fichte was unanimously elected Rector.

Thus placed at the head of an institution from which so much was expected, Fichte laboured unceasingly to establish a high tone of morality in the new University, convinced that thereby he should best promote the dignity as well as the welfare of his country. His dearest wish was to see Germany *free*,—free alike from foreign oppression and from internal reproach. He longed to see the stern sublimity of old Greek citizenship reappear among a people whom the conquerors of Greece had failed to subdue. And therefore it was before all things necessary that they who were to go

forth as the apostles of truth and virtue, who were to be the future representatives among the people of all that is dignified and sacred, should themselves be deeply impressed with the high nature of their calling, and keep unsullied the honour which must guide and guard them in the discharge of its duties. He therefore applied himself to the reformation of such features in the student-life as seemed irreconcilable with its nobleness,—to the suppression of the *Landsmannschaften*, and of the practice of duelling. Courts of honour, composed of the students themselves, decided upon all such quarrels as had usually led to personal encounters. During his two years' rectorship, Fichte laboured with unremitting perseverance to render the University in every respect worthy of the great purposes which had called it into existence, and laid the foundation of the character which it still maintains, of being the best regulated, as well as one of the most efficient, schools in Germany.

The year of 1812 was an important one for Europe, and particularly for Germany. The gigantic power of Napoleon had now reached its culminating point. Joseph Bonaparte reigned at Madrid, and Murat at Naples;—Austria was subdued, and the fair daughter of the House of Hapsburg had united her fate to that of the conqueror of her race;—Prussia lay at his mercy;—Holland and the Free Towns were annexed to the territory of France, which now extended from Sicily to Denmark. One thing alone was wanting to make him sole master of the continent of Europe, and that was the conquest of Russia. His passion for universal dominion led him into the great military error of his life,—the attempt to conquer a country defended by its climate from foreign invasion, and which, even if subdued, could never have been retained. He rushed on to the fate which sooner or later awaits unbridled ambition. The immense armies of France were poured through Germany upon the North, to find a grave amid the snows of Smolensk and in the waters of the Berezina.

And now Prussia resolved to make a decisive effort to

throw off a yoke which had always been hateful to her. The charm was now broken which made men look on the might of Napoleon as invincible;—the unconquerable battalions had been routed; fortune had turned against her former favourite. The King entered into an alliance with the Russian Emperor, and in January 1813, having retired from Berlin to Breslau, he sent forth a proclamation calling upon the youth of the country to arm themselves in defence of its liberty. Nobly was his appeal responded to. The nation rose as one man; all distinctions were forgotten in the high enthusiasm of the time; prince and peasant, teacher and scholar, artizan and merchant, poet and philosopher, swelled the ranks of the army of liberation.

Fichte now renewed his former application to be permitted to accompany the troops in the capacity of preacher or orator, that he might share their dangers and animate their courage. Difficulties, however, arose in the way of this arrangement, and he resolved to remain at his post in Berlin, and to continue his lectures until he and his scholars should be called personally to the defence of their country. The other professors united with him in a common agreement that the widows and children of such of their number as fell in the war should be provided for by the cares of the survivors. It is worthy of remark, that amid this eager enthusiasm Fichte resolutely opposed the adoption of any proceedings against the enemy which might cast dishonour on the sacred cause of freedom. While a French garrison still held Berlin, one of his students revealed to him a plan, in which he himself was engaged, for firing their magazine during the night. Doubts had arisen in his mind as to the lawfulness of such a mode of aiding his country's cause, and he had resolved to lay the scheme before the teacher for whose opinion he entertained an almost unbounded reverence. Fichte immediately disclosed the plot to the superintendent of police, by whose timely interference it was defeated. The same young man, who acted so honourably on this occasion, afterwards entered the army as a volunteer in one of the grenadier battalions. At the battle of Dennewitz his life

was preserved in a very remarkable manner. A musket ball, which struck him during the fight, was arrested in its fatal progress by encountering a copy of Fichte's "Religionslehre," his constant companion and moral safeguard, which on this occasion served him likewise as a physical *Ægidus*. On examining the book, he found that the ball had been stopped at these words (p. 249)—"denn alles, was da kommt, ist der Wille Gottes mit ihm, und drum das Allerbeste, was da kommen konnte"—(*for everything that comes to pass is the Will of God with him, and therefore the best that can possibly come to pass.*)

During the summer of 1813, Fichte delivered from the Academical chair those views of the existing circumstances of his country, and of the war in which it was engaged, which he was prevented from communicating to the army directly. These lectures were afterwards printed under the title of "Ueber den Begriff des wahren Kriegs"—(*On the Idea of a true War.*) With a clearness and energy of thought which seemed to increase with the difficulties and dangers of his country, he roused an irresistible opposition to proposals of peace which, through the mediation of Austria, were offered during the armistice in June and July. The demands of Napoleon left Germany only a nominal independence; a brave and earnest people sought for true freedom. "A stout heart and no peace," was Fichte's motto, and his countrymen agreed with him. Hostilities were recommenced in August 1813.

In the beginning of the winter half-year, Fichte resumed his philosophical prelections at the University. His subject was an introduction to philosophy upon an entirely new plan, which should render a knowledge of his whole system much more easily attainable. It is said that this, his last course of academical lectures, was distinguished by unusual freshness and brilliancy of thought, as if he were animated once more by the energy of youthful enthusiasm, even while he stood, unconsciously, on the threshold of another world. He had now accomplished the great object of his life,—the completion, in his own mind, of that scheme

of knowledge by which his name was to be known to posterity. Existing in his own thought as one clear and comprehensive whole, he believed that he could now communicate it to others, in a simpler and more intelligible form than it had yet assumed. It was his intention to devote the following summer to this purpose, and, in the solitude of some country retreat, to prepare a finished record of his philosophy in its maturity and completeness. But fate had ordered otherwise.

The vicinity of Berlin to the seat of the great struggle on which the liberties of Germany were depending rendered it the most eligible place for the reception of the wounded and and diseased. The hospitals of the city were crowded, and the ordinary attendants of these establishments were found insufficient in number to supply the wants of the patients. The authorities therefore called upon the inhabitants for their assistance, and Fichte's wife was one of the first who responded to the call. The noble and generous disposition which had rendered her the worthy companion of the philosopher, now led her forth, regardless of danger, to give all her powers to woman's holiest ministry. Not only did she labour with unwearied assiduity to assuage the bodily sufferings of the wounded, and to surround them with every comfort which their situation required and which she had the power to supply; she likewise poured words of consolation into many a breaking heart, and awakened new strength and faithfulness in those who were "ready to perish."

For five months she pursued with uninterrupted devotion her attendance at the hospitals, and although not naturally of a strong constitution, she escaped the contagion which surrounded her. But on the 3d of January 1814 she was seized with a nervous fever, which speedily rose to an alarming height, so that almost every hope of her recovery was lost. Fichte's affection never suffered him to leave her side, except during the time of his lectures. It is an astonishing proof of his self-command, that after a day of anxious watching at the deathbed, as it seemed, of her he held

dearest on earth, he should be able to address his class in the evening, for two consecutive hours, on the most profound and abstract subjects of human speculation, uncertain whether, on his return, he might find that loved one still alive. At length the crisis of the fever was past, and Fichte received again the faithful partner of his cares, rescued from the grave.

But even in this season of joy, in the embrace of gratulation he received the seeds of death. Scarcely was his wife pronounced out of danger than he himself caught the infection, and was attacked by the insidious disease. Its first symptom was nervous sleeplessness, which resisted the effects of baths and the other usual remedies. Soon, however, the true nature of the malady was no longer doubtful, and during the rapid progress of his illness, his lucid moments became shorter and less frequent. In one of these he was told of Blücher's passage of the Rhine, and the final expulsion of the French from Germany. That spirit-stirring information touched a chord which roused him from his unconsciousness, and he awoke to a bright and glorious vision of a better future for his fatherland. The triumphant excitement mingled itself with his fevered fancies:—he imagined himself in the midst of the victorious struggle, striking for the liberties of Germany; and then again it was against his own disease that he fought, and power of will and firm determination were the arms by which he was to conquer it. Shortly before his death, when his son approached him with medicine, he said, with his usual look of deep affection—"Leave it alone; I need no more medicine: I feel that I am well." On the eleventh day of his illness, on the night of the 27th January 1814, he died. The last hours of his life were passed in deep and unbroken sleep.

Fichte died in his fifty-second year, with his bodily and mental faculties unimpaired by age; scarcely a grey hair shaded the deep black upon his bold and erect head. In stature he was low, but powerful and muscular. His step was firm, and his whole appearance and address bespoke the rectitude, firmness, and earnestness of his character.

His widow survived him for five years. By the kindness of the Monarch she was enabled to pass the remainder of her life in ease and competence, devoting herself to the superintendence of her son's education. She died on the 29th January 1819, after an illness of seven days.

Fichte died as he had lived,—the priest of knowledge, the apostle of freedom, the martyr of humanity. He belongs to those Great Men whose lives are an everlasting possession to mankind, and whose words the world does not willingly let die. His character stands written in his life, a massive but severely simple whole. It has no parts;—the depth and earnestness on which it rests, speak forth alike in his thoughts, words, and actions. No man of his time—few perhaps of any time—exercised a more powerful, spirit-stirring influence over the minds of his fellow-countrymen. The impulse which he communicated to the national thought extended far beyond the sphere of his personal influence;—it has awakened,—it will still awaken,—high emotion and manly resolution in thousands who never heard his voice. The ceaseless effort of his life was to rouse men to a sense of the divinity of their own nature;—to fix their thoughts upon a spiritual life as the only true and real life;—to teach them to look upon all else as mere show and unreality; and thus to lead them to constant effort after the highest Ideal of purity, virtue, independence, and self-denial. To this ennobling enterprise he consecrated his being;—to it he devoted his gigantic powers of thought, his iron will, his resistless eloquence. But he taught it also in deeds more eloquent than words. In the strong reality of his life,—in his intense love for all things beautiful and true,—in his incorruptible integrity and heroic devotion to the right, we see a living manifestation of his principles. His life is the true counterpart of his philosophy;—it is that of a strong, free, incorruptible man. And with all the sternness of his morality, he is full of gentle and generous sentiments; of deep, overflowing sympathies. No tone of love, no soft breathing of tenderness, fall unheeded on that high royal

soul, but in its calm sublimity find a welcome and a home. Even his hatred is the offspring of a higher love. Truly indeed has he been described by one of our own country's brightest ornaments as a "colossal, adamantine spirit, standing erect and clear, like a Cato Major among degenerate men; fit to have been the teacher of the Stoa, and to have discoursed of beauty and virtue in the groves of Academe." But the sublimity of his intellect casts no shade on the soft current of his affections, which flows, pure and unbroken, through the whole course of his life, to enrich, fertilize, and adorn it. In no other man of modern times do we find the stern grandeur of ancient virtue so blended with the kinder humanities of our nature, which flourish best under a gentler civilization. We prize his philosophy deeply,—it is to us an invaluable possession, for it seems the noblest exposition to which we have yet listened of human nature and divine truth,—but with reverent thankfulness we acknowledge a still higher debt, for he has left behind him the best gift which man can bequeath to man,—a brave, heroic human life.

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In the first churchyard from the Oranienburg gate of Berlin, stands a tall obelisk with this inscription:—

THE TEACHERS SHALL SHINE  
AS THE BRIGHTNESS OF THE FIRMAMENT;  
AND THEY THAT TURN MANY TO RIGHTEOUSNESS  
AS THE STARS FOR EVER AND EVER.

It marks the grave of FICHTE. The faithful partner of his life sleeps at his feet.

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ON  
THE NATURE OF THE SCHOLAR  
AND ITS  
MANIFESTATIONS:  
LECTURES  
DELIVERED AT ERLANGEN  
1805.



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## LECTURE I.

## GENERAL PLAN.

I NOW open the course of public lectures which I have announced on the roll under the title "*De Moribus Eruditorum*." This inscription may be translated—"Morality for the Scholar,"—"On the Vocation of the Scholar,"—"On the Duty of the Scholar," &c. ;—but in what way soever the title may be translated and understood, the idea itself demands a deeper investigation. I proceed to this preliminary inquiry.

Generally speaking, when we hear the word Morality the idea is suggested of a formation of character and conduct according to rule and precept. But it is true only in a limited sense, and only as seen from a lower point of enlightenment, that man is formed by precept, or can form himself upon precept. On the contrary, from the highest point—that of absolute truth, on which we here take our stand,—whatever is to be manifested in the thought or deed of man, must first be inwardly present in his Nature, and indeed itself constitute his Nature, being, and life ; for that which lies in the essential Nature of man must *necessarily* reveal itself in his outward life, shine forth in all his thoughts, desires, and acts, and become his unvarying and unalterable character. How the freedom of man, and all the efforts by means of culture, instruction, religion, legislation, to form him to goodness, are to be reconciled with this truth, is the object of an entirely different inquiry, into which we do not now enter. We can here only declare in general, that the two

principles may be thoroughly reconciled, and that a deeper study of philosophy will clearly show the possibility of their union.

The fixed disposition and modes of action, or in a word, the character, of the true Scholar, when contemplated from the highest point of view, can, properly speaking, only be described, not by any means enacted or imposed. On the contrary, this apparent and outwardly manifest character of the true Scholar is founded upon that which already exists within him in his own Nature, independently of all manifestation and before all manifestation; and it is necessarily produced and unchangeably determined by this inward Nature. Hence, if we are to describe his character, we must first unfold his Nature:—only from the idea of the latter, can the former be surely and completely deduced. To make such a deduction from this pre-supposed Nature, is the proper object of these lectures. Their contents may therefore be briefly stated: they are—*a description of the Nature of the Scholar, and of its manifestations in the world of freedom.*

The following propositions will aid us in attaining some insight into the Nature of the Scholar:—

1. The whole material world, with all its adaptations and ends, and in particular the life of man in this world, are by no means, in themselves and in deed and truth, that which they seem to be to the uncultivated and natural sense of man; but there is something higher, which lies concealed behind all natural appearance. This concealed foundation of all appearance may, in its greatest universality, be aptly named *the Divine Idea*; and this expression, “Divine Idea,” shall not in the meantime signify anything more than this higher ground of appearance, until we shall have more clearly defined its meaning.

2. A certain part of the meaning of this Divine Idea of the world is accessible to, and conceivable by, the cultivated mind; and, by the free activity of man, under the guidance of this Idea, may be impressed upon the world of sense and represented in it.

3. If there were among men some individuals who had attained, wholly or partially, to the possession of this last-mentioned or attainable portion of the Divine Idea of the world,—whether with the view of maintaining and extending the knowledge of the Idea among men by communicating it to others, or of imaging it forth in the world of sense by direct and immediate action thereon,—then were these individuals the seat of a higher and more spiritual life in the world, and of a progressive development thereof according to the Divine Idea.

4. In every age, that kind of education and spiritual culture by means of which the age hopes to lead mankind to the knowledge of the ascertained part of the Divine Idea, is the Learned Culture of the age; and every man who partakes in this culture is the Scholar of the age.

From what has now been said, it clearly follows that the whole of the training and education which an age calls Learned Culture, is only the means towards a knowledge of the attainable portion of the Divine Idea, and is only valuable in so far as it actually is such a means, and truly fulfils its purpose. Whether in any given case this end has been attained or not, can never be determined by common observation, for *it* is quite blind to the Idea, and can do no more than recognise the merely empirical fact whether a man has enjoyed, or has not enjoyed, the advantage of what is called Learned Culture. Hence there are two very different notions of a Scholar :—the one, *according to appearance and mere intention*; and in this respect, every one must be considered a Scholar who has gone through a course of Learned Culture, or as it is commonly expressed, who has studied or who still studies :—the other *according to truth*; and in this respect, he only is to be looked upon as a Scholar who has, through the Learned Culture of his age, arrived at a knowledge of the Idea. *Through the Learned Culture of his age*, I say; for if a man, without the use of this means, can arrive at a knowledge of the Idea by some other way (and I am far from denying that he may do so), yet such

an one will be unable either to communicate his knowledge theoretically, or to realize it immediately in the world, according to any well-defined rule, because he must want that knowledge of his age, and of the means of influencing it, which can be acquired only in schools of learning. Hence there may indeed be a higher life alive within him, but not such a life as can grasp the rest of the world and call forth its powers;—he may display all the special results of Learned Culture, but without this plastic power;—and hence we may have a most excellent Man indeed, but not a Scholar.

As for us, we have here no thought of considering this matter by outward seeming, but only according to truth. Henceforward, throughout the whole course of these lectures, he only will be esteemed a Scholar who, through the Learned Culture of his age, has actually attained a knowledge of the Idea, or at least strives with life and strength to attain it. He who has received this culture without thereby attaining to the Idea, is in truth (as we are now to look upon the matter) *nothing*;—he is an equivocal mongrel between the possessor of the Idea and him who derives his strength and confidence from common reality;—in his vain struggles after the Idea, he has lost the power to lay hold of and cultivate reality, and now wavers between two worlds without properly belonging to either of them.

The distinction which we have already noticed in the modes of the direct application of the Idea *in general*, is obviously also applicable *in particular* to him who comes to the possession of this Idea through Learned Culture;—that is, to the Scholar. Either, it is his special and peculiar object to communicate to others the Ideas of which he has himself attained a living knowledge;—and then his proper business is the theory of Ideas, general or particular,—he is a teacher of knowledge. But it is only as distinguished from, and contrasted with the second application of Ideas, that the business of the scientific teacher is characterized as mere theory; in a wider sense it is as practical as that of the more directly active man. The object of his activity is the human mind and spirit; and it is a most ennobling employ-

ment systematically to prepare these for, and elevate them to, the reception of Ideas. Or, it may be the peculiar business of him who through Learned Culture has obtained possession of Ideas, to fashion the world (which, as regards his design, is a passive world) after these Ideas; perhaps to model the Legislation,—the legal and social relations of men to each other,—or even that all-surrounding nature which constantly presses upon their higher being,—after the Divine Idea of justice or of beauty, so far as that is possible in the age and under the conditions in which he is placed; while he reserves to himself his own original conceptions, as well as the art with which he impresses them on the world. In this case he is a pragmatic Scholar. No one, I may remark in passing, ought to intermeddle in the direct guidance and ordering of human affairs, who is not a Scholar in the true sense of the word; that is, who has not by means of Learned Culture become a participator in the Divine Idea. With labourers and hodmen it is otherwise:—their virtue consists in punctual obedience, in the careful avoidance of all independent thought, and in confiding the direction of their occupations to other men.

From a different point of view arises another significant distinction in the idea of the Scholar: this, namely,—*either* the Scholar has actually laid hold of the whole Divine Idea in so far as it is attainable by man, or of a particular part of it,—which last indeed is not possible without having first a clear survey of the whole;—either he has actually laid hold of it, and penetrated into its significance until it now stands lucid and distinct before him, so that it has become his own possession, to be recalled at any time in the same shape,—an element in his personality;—and then he is a complete and Finished Scholar, a man who *has studied*:—or, he as yet only strives and struggles to attain a clear insight into the Idea generally, or into that particular portion or point of it from which he, for his part, will penetrate the whole:—already, one by one, sparks of light arise on every side, and disclose a higher world before him; but they do not yet unite into one indivisible whole,—they vanish as

they came without his bidding, and he cannot as yet bring them under the dominion of his will;—and then he is a Progressive, a self-forming Scholar—a *Student*. That it be really the Idea which is either possessed or struggled after is common to both of these: if the striving be only after the outward form—the mere letter of Learned Culture, then we have, if the round be finished—the complete,—if it be unfinished—the progressive, *bungler*. The latter is always more tolerable than the former, for it may still be hoped that in pursuing his course he may perhaps at some future point be laid hold of by the Idea; but of the former all hope is lost.

This, gentlemen, is our conception of the Nature of the Scholar; and these are all the possible modifications of that conception—not in any respect changing, but rather wholly arising out of the original,—the conception, namely, of fixed and definite being which alone furnishes a sufficient answer to the question,—What is the Scholar?

But philosophical knowledge, such as we are now seeking, is not satisfied with answering the question, What is?—philosophy asks also for the How, and, strictly speaking, asks for this only, as for that which is already implied in the What. All philosophical knowledge is, by its nature, not empiric, but genetic,—not merely apprehending existing being, but producing and constructing this being from the very root of its life. Thus, with respect to the Scholar, the determinate form of whose being we have now described, there still remains the question,—How does he become a Scholar?—and since his being and growth is an uninterrupted, living, constantly self-producing being,—How does he maintain the life of a Scholar?

I answer shortly,—by his inherent, characteristic, and all-engrossing love for the Idea. Consider it thus:—Every form of existence holds and upholds itself; and in living existences this self-support, and the consciousness of it, is self-love. In individual human beings the Eternal Divine Idea takes up its abode, as their spiritual nature; this indwelling Divine Idea encircles itself in them with unspeak-

able love; and then we say, adapting our language to common appearance, this man loves the Idea, and lives in the Idea,—when in truth it is the Idea itself which, in his place and in his person, lives and loves itself; and his person is but the sensible manifestation of this existence of the Idea, and has, in and for itself alone, neither significance nor life. This strictly framed definition or formula lays open the whole matter, and we may now proceed once more to adopt the language of appearance without fear of misapprehension. In the True Scholar the Idea has acquired a personal existence which has entirely superseded his own, and absorbed it in itself. He loves the Idea, not before all else, for he loves nothing else beside it,—he loves it alone;—it alone is the source of all his joys, of all his pleasures; it alone is the spring of all his thoughts, efforts, and deeds; for it alone does he live, and without it life would be to him odious and unmeaning. In both—in the Finished as well as in the Progressive Scholar—does the Idea reside, with this difference only,—that in the former it has attained all the clearness and firm consistency which was possible in that individual and under existing circumstances, and having now a settled abode within him, seeks to expatiate abroad, and strives to flow forth in living words and deeds;—while in the latter it is still active only within himself, striving after the development and strengthening of such an existence as it may attain under the circumstances in which he is placed. To both alike would their life be valueless, could they not fashion either others or themselves after the Idea.

This is the sole and unvarying life-principle of the Scholar,—of him to whom *we* give that name. All his deeds and efforts, under all possible conditions in which he can be supposed to exist, spring with absolute necessity from this principle. Hence, we have only to contemplate him in those relations which are requisite for our purpose, and we may calculate with certainty both his inward and outward life, and describe it beforehand. And in this way it is possible to deduce with scientific accuracy, from the essential Nature of the Scholar, its manifestations in the world of

freedom or apparent chance. This is our present task, and that the rule for its solution.

We shall turn first of all to the Students,—that is to say, to those who are justly entitled to the name of Progressive Scholars in the sense of that word already defined; and it is proper that we should first apply to them the principles which we have laid down. If they be not such as we have supposed them to be, then our words will be to them mere words, without sense, meaning or application. If they be such as we have supposed them to be, then they will in due time become mature and perfect Scholars; for that effort of the Idea to unfold itself which is so much higher than all the pursuits of sense is also infinitely more mighty, and with silent power breaks a way for itself through every obstacle. It will be well for the studious youth to know now what he shall one day become,—to contemplate in his youth a picture of his riper age. I shall therefore, after performing my first duty, proceed also to construct from the same principles the character of the Finished Scholar.

Clearness is gained by contrast; and therefore, wherever I show how the Scholar will manifest himself, I shall also declare how, for the same reasons, he will *not* manifest himself.

In both divisions of the subject, but particularly in the second, where I shall have to speak of the Finished Scholar, I shall guard myself carefully from making any satirical allusion to the present state of the literary world, any censure of it, or generally any reference to it; and I entreat my hearers once for all not to take any such suggestion. The philosopher peacefully constructs his theorem upon given principles, without deigning to turn his attention to the actual state of things, or needing the recollection of it to enable him to pursue his inquiry; just as the geometer constructs his scheme without troubling himself whether his purely abstract figures can be copied with our instruments. And it may be permitted, especially to the unprejudiced and studious youth, to remain in ignorance of the degeneracies and corruptions of the society into which he must one

day enter, until he shall have acquired power sufficient to stem the tide of its example.

This, gentlemen, is the entire plan of the lectures which I now propose to deliver, with the principles on which they shall be founded. To-day, I shall only add one or two observations to what I have already said.

In considerations like those of to-day, or those, necessarily similar in their nature, which are to follow, it is common for men to censure,—first, their severity,—very often with the good-natured supposition that the speaker was not aware that his strictness would be disagreeable to them,—that they have only frankly to tell him this, and he will then reconsider the matter, and soften down his principles. Thus we have said, that he who with his Learned Culture has not attained a knowledge of the Idea, or does not at least struggle to attain it, is properly speaking, *nothing*;—and farther on, we have said he is a *bungler*. This is in the manner of those severe sayings by which philosophers give so much offence. Leaving the present case, to deal directly with the general principle, I have to remind you that a thinker of this sort, without having firmness enough to refuse all respect to Truth, seeks to chaffer with her and cheapen something from her, in order by a favourable bargain to obtain some consideration for himself. But Truth, who is once for all what she is, and cannot change her nature in aught, proceeds on her way without turning aside; and there remains nothing for her, with respect to those who do not seek her simply because she is true, but to leave them standing there, just as if they had never accosted her.

Again, it is a common charge against discourses of this kind, that they cannot be understood. Thus I can suppose—not you, gentlemen,—but some Finished Scholar *according to appearance*, under whose eye, perhaps, these thoughts may come—approaching them, and, puzzled and doubtful, at last thoughtfully exclaiming:—The Idea—the Divine Idea,—that which lies at the bottom of all appearance,—what may this mean? I would reply to such an inquirer,—What then may this question mean?—Strictly speaking, it means in

most cases, nothing more than the following:—Under what other name, and by what other formula, do I already know this thing which thou expressest by a name so extraordinary, and to me so unheard of?—and to that again, in most cases, the only fitting answer would be,—Thou knowest not this thing at all, and during thy whole life hast understood nothing of it, neither under this nor under any other name; and if thou art to come to any knowledge of it, thou must even now begin anew to learn it, and then most fitly under that name by which it is first offered to thee.

In the following lectures the word *Idea*, which I have used to-day, will be in many respects better defined and explained, and, as I hope, ultimately brought to perfect clearness; but that is by no means the business of a single hour. We reserve this, as well as everything else to which we have to direct your attention, for the succeeding lectures.

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## LECTURE II.

CLOSER DEFINITION OF THE MEANING OF  
THE *DIVINE IDEA*.

THE following were the principles which we laid down in our last lecture as the grounds of our investigation into the Nature of the Scholar.

The Universe is not, in deed and truth, that which it seems to be to the uncultivated and natural sense of man; but it is something higher, which lies behind mere natural appearance. In its widest sense, this foundation of all appearance may be aptly named the Divine Idea of the world. A certain part of the meaning of this Divine Idea is accessible to, and conceivable by, the cultivated mind.

We said at the close of last lecture, that this as yet obscure conception of a Divine Idea, as the ultimate and absolute foundation of all appearance, should afterwards become quite clear and intelligible by means of its subsequent applications.

Nevertheless we find it desirable, in the first place, to define this conception more closely in the abstract, and to this purpose we shall devote the present lecture. To this end we lay down the following principles, which, so far as we are concerned, are the results of deep and methodical investigation and are perfectly demonstrable in themselves, but which we can here communicate to you only *historically*, calculating with confidence on your own natural sense of truth to confirm our principles even without perfect insight into their fundamental basis; and also on your observing that by

principles thus laid down the most important questions are answered and the most searching doubts solved.

We lay down, then, the following principles:—

1. Being, strictly and absolutely considered, is living and essentially active. There is no other Being than Life;—it cannot be dead, rigid, inert. What death, that constantly recurring phenomenon, really is, and how it is connected with the only true Being—with Life,—we shall see more clearly afterwards.

2. The only Life which exists entirely in itself, from itself, and by itself, is the Life of God, or of the Absolute;—which two words mean one and the same thing; so that when we say the Life *of* the Absolute, we use only a form of expression, since in truth the Absolute is Life, and Life is the Absolute.

3. This Divine Life lies entirely hidden in itself;—it has its residence within itself, and abides there completely realized in, and accessible only to, itself. It is—all Being, and beside it there is no Being. It is therefore wholly without change or variation.

4. Now this Divine Life discloses itself, appears, becomes visible, manifests itself as such—as the Divine Life: and this its Manifestation, presence, or outward existence, is the World. Strictly speaking, it manifests itself as it essentially and really is, and cannot manifest itself otherwise; and hence there is no groundless and arbitrary medium interposed between its true and essential nature and its outward Manifestation, in consequence of which it is only in part revealed and in part remains concealed; but its Manifestation, *i.e.* the World, is fashioned and unchangeably determined by two conditions only; namely, by the essential nature of the Divine Life itself, and by the unvarying and absolute laws of its revelation or Manifestation abstractly considered. God reveals himself as God can reveal himself: His whole, in itself essentially inconceivable, Being comes forth entire and undivided, in so far as it can come forth in any mere Manifestation.

5. The Divine Life in itself is absolute self-comprehending unity, without change or variableness, as we said above. In its Manifestation, for a reason which is quite conceivable although not here set forth, it becomes a self-developing existence, eternally unfolding itself, and ever advancing towards higher realization in an endless stream of time. In the first place, it continues in this Manifestation, as we said, to be life. Life cannot be manifested in death, for these two are altogether opposed to each other; and hence, as Absolute Being alone is life, so the only true Manifestation of that Being is living existence, and death has neither an absolute, nor, in the highest sense of the word, has it even a relative existence. This living and visible Manifestation we call the human race. The human race is thus the only true finite existence. As Being—Absolute Being—constitutes the Divine Life, and is wholly exhausted therein, so does Existence in Time, or the Manifestation of that Divine Life, constitute the whole united life of mankind, and is thoroughly and entirely exhausted therein. Thus, in its Manifestation the Divine Life becomes a continually progressive existence, unfolding in perpetual growth according to the degree of inward activity and power which belongs to it. Hence,—and the consequence is an important one,—hence the Manifestation of Life in Time, unlike the Divine Life, is limited at every point of its existence,—*i. e.* it is in part not living, not yet interpenetrated by life, but in so far—dead. These limitations it shall gradually break through, lay aside, and transform into life, in its onward progress.

In this view of the limitations which surround Existence in Time, we have, when it is thoroughly laid hold of, the conception of the objective and material world, or what we call Nature. This is not living and capable of infinite growth like Reason; but dead,—a rigid, self-inclosed existence. It is this which, arresting and hemming in the Time-Life, by this hindrance alone spreads over a longer or shorter period of time that which would otherwise burst forth at once, a perfect and complete life. Further, in the development of spiritual existence, Nature itself is gradually

interpenetrated by life; and it is thus both the obstacle to, and the sphere of, that activity and outward manifestation of power in which human life eternally unfolds itself.

This, and absolutely nothing more than this, is Nature in the most extended meaning of the word; and even man himself, in so far as his existence is limited in comparison with the original and Divine Life, is nothing more than this. Since the perpetual advancement of this second life,—not original, but derived and human,—and also its finitude and limitation in order that such advancement may be so much as possible,—both proceed from the self-manifestation of the Absolute, so Nature also has its foundation in God,—not indeed as something that is and ought to be for its own sake alone, but only as the means and condition of another being,—of the Living Being in man,—and as something which shall be gradually and unceasingly superseded and displaced by the perpetual advancement of this being. Hence we must not be blinded or led astray by a philosophy assuming the name of *natural*,\* which pretends to excel all former philosophy by striving to elevate Nature into Absolute Being, and into the place of God. In all ages, the theoretical errors as well as the moral corruptions of humanity have arisen from falsely bestowing the name of life on that which in itself possesses neither absolute nor even finite being, and seeking for life and its enjoyment in that which in itself is dead. Very far therefore from being a step towards truth, that philosophy is but a return to old and already most widely spread error.

6. All truth contained in the principles which we have now laid down may be perceived by man, who himself is the Manifestation of the Original and Divine Life, *in its general aspect*, as we for example, have now perceived it,—either through rational conviction, or only from being led to it by an obscure feeling or sense of truth, or from finding it probable because it furnishes a complete solution of the most important problems. Man may perceive it; that is, the

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\* Schelling's "Natur-Philosophie" is here referred to.

Manifestation may fall back on its Original, and picture it forth in reflection with absolute certainty as to the fact; but it can by no means analyze and comprehend it fully, for the Manifestation ever remains only a Manifestation, and can never go beyond itself and return to Absolute Being.

7. We have said that man may perceive this in so far as regards the fact, but he cannot perceive the reason and origin of the fact. *How* and *why* from the Divine Life, this and no other Time-Life arises and constantly flows forth, can be understood by man only on condition of fully comprehending all the parts of this latter, and interpreting them all, one by the other, mutually and completely, so as to reduce them once more to a single idea, and that idea equivalent to the one Divine Life. But this forth-flowing Time-Life is infinite, and hence the comprehension of its parts can never be completed: besides, the comprehender is himself a portion of it, and at every conceivable point of time he himself stands chained in the finite and limited, which he can never entirely throw off without ceasing to be Manifestation,—without being himself transformed into the Divine Life.

8. From this it seems to follow, that the Time-Life can be comprehended by thought only *as a whole*, and according to its general nature,—*i. e.* as we have endeavoured to comprehend it above,—and then as a Manifestation of the one Original and Divine Life;—but that *its details* must be immediately felt and experienced in their individual import, and can only by and through this Experience be imaged forth in thought and consciousness. And such is actually the case in a certain respect and with a certain portion of human life. Throughout all time, and in every individual part of it, there remains in human life something which does not entirely reveal itself in Idea, and which therefore cannot be anticipated or superseded by any Idea, but which must be directly felt if it is ever to attain a place in consciousness;—and this is called the domain of pure empiricism or Experience. The above-mentioned philosophy errs

in this,—that it pretends to have resolved human life entirely into Idea, and thus wholly superseded Experience; instead of which, it defeats its own purpose, and in attempting to explain life completely, loses sight of it altogether.

9. I said that such was the case with the Time-Life *in a certain respect and with a certain portion of it*. For in another respect and with another portion of it, the case is quite otherwise,—and that on the following ground, which I shall here only indicate in popular phraseology, but which is well worthy of deeper investigation.

The Time-Life does not enter into Time in individual parts only, but also in entire homogeneous masses; and it is these masses, again, which divide themselves into the individual parts of actual life. There is not only *Time*, but there are *times*, and succession of times, epoch after epoch, and age succeeding age. Thus, for example, to the deeper thought of man, the entire Earthly Life of the human race, as it now exists, is such a homogeneous mass, projected at once into Time, and ever present there, whole and undivided,—only as regards *sensuous* appearance spread out into world-history. When these homogeneous masses have appeared in Time, the general laws and rules by which they are governed may be comprehended, and, in their relation to the whole course of these masses, anticipated and understood; while the obstacles over which these masses must take their way—that is, the hindrances and interruptions of life—are only accessible to immediate Experience.

10. These cognizable laws of homogeneous masses of Life, which may be perceived and understood prior to their actual consequences, must necessarily appear as laws of Life itself, as it ought to be, and as it should strive to become, founded on the self-supporting and independent principle of this Time-Life, which must here appear as Freedom:—hence, *as laws for the free action and conduct of the living being*. If we go back to the source of this legislation, we shall find that it lies in the Divine Life itself, which could not reveal itself in Time otherwise than under this form of a

law; and, indeed, as is implied in the preceding ideas, no-wise as a law ruling with blind power and extorting obedience by force, such as we assume in passive and inanimate nature,—but as the law of a Life which is conscious of its own independence, and cannot be deprived of it, without at the same time tearing up the very root of its being; hence, as we said above, as a Divine Law of Freedom, or Moral Law.

Further, as we have already seen, this life according to the law of the original Divine Life, is the only True Life and ground of all other;—all things else besides this Life are but hindrances and obstructions thereto, possessing existence only that by them the True Life may be unfolded and manifested in its strength:—hence, all things else have no existence for their own sakes, but only as means for the development of the True Life. Reason can comprehend the connexion between means and end only by supposing a mind in which the end has been determined. A thoroughly moral Human Life has its source in God: by analogy with our own reason, we conceive of God as proposing to himself the moral Life of man as the sole purpose for which He has manifested himself and called into existence every other thing; not that it *is* absolutely thus as we conceive of it, and that God really *thinks* like man, and that Being itself is in him distinguished from the conception of Being,—but *we* think thus only because we are unable otherwise to comprehend the relation between the Divine and the Human Life. And in this absolutely necessary mode of thought, Human Life *as it ought to be* becomes the idea and fundamental conception of God in the creation of a world,—the purpose and the plan which God intended to fulfil by the creation of the world.

And thus it is sufficiently explained for our present purpose how the Divine Idea lies at the foundation of the visible world, and how, and how far, this Idea, hidden from the common eye, may become conceivable and attainable by cultivated thought, and necessarily appear to it as that which man by his free activity *ought* to manifest in the world.

Let us not forthwith restrict our conception of this *ought*,—this free act of man, to the familiar categorical imperative, and to the narrow and paltry applications of it which are given in our common systems of Morality,—such applications as must necessarily be made by such a science. Almost invariably, and that for causes well founded in the laws of philosophical abstraction through which systems of Morality are produced, it has been usual to dwell at greatest length on the mere *form* of Morality,—to inculcate simply and solely obedience to the commandment;—and even when our moralists have proceeded to its *substance*, still their chief aim seems to have been rather to induce men to cease from doing evil, than to persuade them to do good. Indeed, in any *system* of human duties, it is necessary to maintain such a generality of expression that the rules may be equally applicable to all men, and for this reason to point out more clearly what man ought not to do, than what he ought to do. This, too, is the Divine Idea,—but only in its remote and borrowed shape—not in its fresh originality. The original Divine Idea of any particular point of time remains for the most part unexpressed, until the God-inspired man appears and declares it. What the Divine Man does, that is divine. In general, the original and pure Divine Idea—that which he who is immediately inspired of God should do and actually does—is (with reference to the visible world) creative, producing the new, the unheard-of, the original. The impulse of mere natural existence leads us to abide in the old, and even when the Divine Idea is associated with it, it aims at the maintenance of whatever has hitherto seemed good, or at most to petty improvements upon it; but where the Divine Idea attains an existence pure from the admixture of natural impulse, there it builds new worlds upon the ruins of the old. All things new, great, and beautiful, which have appeared in the world since its beginning, and those which shall appear until its end, have appeared and shall appear through the Divine Idea, partially expressed in the chosen ones of our race.

And thus, as the Life of Man is the only immediate implement and organ of the Divine Idea in the visible world, so is it also the first and immediate object of its activity. The progressive Culture of the human race is the object of the Divine Idea, and of those in whom that Idea dwells. This last view makes it possible for us to separate the Divine Idea into its various modes of action, or to conceive of the one indivisible Idea as several.

*First*,—In the actual world, the Life of Man, which is in truth essentially one and indivisible, is divided into the life of many proximate individuals, each of whom possesses freedom and independence. This division of the one Living Existence is an arrangement of nature, and hence is a hindrance or obstruction to the True Life,—and exists only in order that through it, and in conflict with it, that unity of Life which is demanded by the Divine Idea may *freely* fashion itself. Human Life has been divided by nature into many parts, in order that it may *form itself* to unity, and that all the separate individuals who compose it may through Life itself blend themselves together into oneness of mind. In the original state of nature, the various wills of these individuals, and the different powers which they call into play, mutually oppose and hinder each other. It is not so in the Divine Idea, and it shall not continue so in the visible world. The first interposing power (not founded in nature, but subsequently introduced into the world by a new creation) on which this strife of individual powers must break and expend itself until it shall entirely disappear in a general morality, is the founding of States, and of just relations between them; in short, all those institutions by which individual powers, single or united, have each their proper sphere assigned to them, to which they are confined, but in which at the same time they are secured against all foreign aggression. This institution lay in the Divine Idea; it was introduced into the world by inspired men in their efforts for the realization of the Divine Idea; by these efforts it will be maintained in the world, and constantly improved until it attain perfection.

*Secondly*,—This Race of Man, thus raising itself through internal strife to internal unity, is surrounded by an inert and passive Nature, by which its free life is constantly hindered, threatened, and confined. So it must be, in order that this Life may attain such unity by its own free effort; and thus, according to the Divine Idea, must this strength and independence of the sensual life, progressively and gradually unfold itself. To that end it is necessary that the powers of Nature be subjected to human purpose, and (in order that this subjection may be possible) that man should be acquainted with the laws by which these powers act, and be able to calculate beforehand the course of their operations. Moreover, Nature is not designed merely to be useful and profitable to man, but also to become his fitting companion, bearing the impress of his higher dignity, and reflecting it in radiant characters on every side. This dominion over Nature lies in the Divine Idea, and is ceaselessly extended by the power of that Idea through the agency of all in whom it dwells.

*Lastly*,—Man is not placed in the world of sense alone, but the essential root of his being is, as we have seen, in God. Hurried along by sense and its impulses, the knowledge of this Life in God may readily be concealed from him, and then, however noble may be his nature, he lives in strife and disunion with himself, in discord and unhappiness, without true dignity and enjoyment of Life. Only when the consciousness of the true source of his existence first rises upon him, and he joyfully resigns himself to it till his being is steeped in the thought, do peace, joy, and blessedness flow in upon his soul. And it lies in the Divine Idea that all men must come to this gladdening consciousness,—that the outward and aimless Finite Life may thus be pervaded by the Infinite and so enjoyed; and to this end all who have been filled with the Divine Idea have laboured and shall still labour, that this consciousness in its purest possible form may be spread throughout the race of man.

The modes of activity which we have indicated,—**LEGISLATION**,—**SCIENCE** (knowledge of nature—power over na-

ture)—**RELIGION**,—are those in which the Divine Idea most commonly reveals and manifests itself through man in the world of sense. It is obvious that each of these chief branches has also its separate parts, in each of which, individually, the Idea may be revealed. Add to these the **KNOWLEDGE** of the Divine Idea,—knowledge that there is such a Divine Idea, as well as knowledge of its import, either in whole or in some of its parts,—and further, the **ART** or **SKILL** actually to make manifest in the world the Idea which is thus clearly seen and understood,—both of which, however,—**Knowledge** and **Art**—can be acquired only through the immediate impulse of the Divine Idea,—and then we have the *five* great modes in which the Idea reveals itself in man.

That mode of culture by which, in the view of any age, a man may attain to the possession of this Idea or these Ideas, we have named the *Learned Culture* of that age; and those who, by this culture, do actually attain the desired possession, we have named the *Scholars* of the age;—and from what we have said to-day you will be able more easily to recognise the truth of our position, to refer back to it the different branches of knowledge recognised among men, or to deduce them from it; and thus test our principle by its applications.

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## LECTURE III.

OF THE PROGRESSIVE SCHOLAR GENERALLY; AND IN  
PARTICULAR OF GENIUS AND INDUSTRY.

IT is the Divine Idea itself which, by its own inherent power, creates for itself an independent and personal life in man, constantly maintains itself in this life, and by means of it moulds the outward world in its own image. The natural man cannot, by his own strength, raise himself to the *supernatural*; he must be raised thereto by the power of the *supernatural*. This self-forming and self-supporting life of the Idea in man manifests itself as Love;—strictly speaking, as Love of the Idea for itself; but, in the language of common appearance, as Love of man for the Idea. This was set forth in our first lecture.

So it is with Love in general;—and it is not otherwise, in particular, with the love of the knowledge of the Idea, which knowledge the Scholar is called upon to acquire. The love of the Idea absolutely for itself, and particularly for its essential light, shows itself in those men whom it has inspired, and of whose being it has fully possessed itself, as *knowledge* of the Idea;—in the Finished Scholar, with a well-defined and perfect clearness,—in the Progressive Scholar, as a striving towards such a degree of clearness as it can attain under the circumstances in which he is placed. Following out the plan laid down in the opening lecture, we shall speak, in the first place, of the Progressive Scholar.

The Idea strives, in the first place, to assume a definite form within him, and to establish for itself a fixed place

amid the tide of manifold images which flows in ceaseless change over his soul. In this effort he is seized with a presentiment of a truth still unknown to him, of which he has as yet no clear conception; he feels that every new acquisition which he makes still falls short of the full and perfect truth, without being able to state distinctly in what it is deficient, or how the fullness of knowledge which is to take its place can be attained or brought about. This effort of the Idea within him becomes henceforward his essential life,—the highest and deepest impulse of his being,—superseding his hitherto sensuous and egoistical impulse, which was directed only towards the maintenance of his personal existence and physical well-being,—subjecting this latter to itself, and thereby for ever extinguishing it as the one and fundamental impulse of his nature. Actual personal want does still, as hitherto, demand its satisfaction; but that satisfaction does not continue, as it has hitherto continued, even when its immediate demands have been supplied, to be the engrossing thought, the ever-present object of contemplation, the motive to all conduct and action of the thinking being. As the sensuous nature has hitherto asserted its rights, so does emancipated thought, armed with new power, in its own strength and without outward compulsion or ulterior design, return from the strange land into which it has been led captive, to its own proper home, and betake itself to the path which leads towards that much wished-for *Unknown*, whose light streams upon it from afar. Towards that unknown it is unceasingly attracted; in meditating upon it, in striving after it, it employs its best spiritual power.

This impulse towards an obscure, imperfectly-discerned spiritual object, is commonly named Genius;—and it is so named on good grounds. It is a *supernatural* instinct in man, attracting him to a *supernatural* object;—thus indicating his relationship to the spiritual world and his original home in that world. Whether we suppose that this impulse, which, absolutely considered, should prompt to the pursuit of the Divine Idea in its primitive unity and indivi-

sibility, does originally, and at the first appearance of any individual in the world of sense, so shape itself that this individual can lay hold of the Idea only at some one particular point of contact, and only from that point penetrate gradually to the other parts of the spiritual universe;—or whether we hold that this peculiar point of contact for the individual is determined during the first development of the individual power on the manifold materials which surround it, and always occurs in that material which chance presents at the precise moment when the power is sufficiently developed;—which of these opinions soever we adopt, still, so far as its outward manifestation is concerned, the impulse which shows itself in man and urges him onward, will always exhibit itself as an impulse towards some particular side of the one indivisible Idea; or, as we may express it, after the investigations of our last lecture, without fear of being misunderstood,—as an impulse towards one particular idea in the sphere of all possible ideas; or if we give to this impulse the name of Genius, then Genius will always appear as a *specific* Genius, for philosophy, poetry, natural science, legislation, or the like,—never clothed with an *absolute* character, as Genius in the abstract. According to the first opinion, this specific Genius possesses its distinguishing character as an innate peculiarity; according to the second, it is originally a universal Genius, which is determined to a particular province only by the accident of culture. The decision of this controversy lies beyond the limits of our present task.

In whatever way it may be decided, two things are evident:—*in general*, the necessity of previous spiritual culture, and of preliminary instruction in, and acquaintance with, ideas and knowledge, so that Genius, if present, may disclose itself; and, *in particular* the necessity of bringing within the reach of every man, ideas of many different kinds, so that either the inborn *specific* Genius may come into contact with its appropriate material, or the originally *universal* Genius may freely choose one particular object from among the many. Even in this preliminary spiritual cul-

ture, future Genius reveals itself; for its earliest impulse is directed towards Knowledge only as Knowledge,—merely for the sake of knowing;—and thus manifests itself solely as a desire to know.

But even when this impulse has visibly manifested itself either in the active investigation of some attractive problem or in happy anticipations of its solution, still persevering industry, uninterrupted labour, are imperatively requisite. The question has often been raised, whether Genius or Industry be more essential in science. I answer, both must be united:—the one is but little worth without the other. Genius is nothing more than the effort of the Idea to assume a definite form. The Idea, however, has in itself neither body nor substance, but only shapes for itself an embodiment out of the scientific materials which environ it in Time, of which Industry is the sole purveyor. On the other hand, Industry can do nothing more than provide the elements of this embodiment;—to unite them organically, and to breath into them a living spirit, is not the work of Industry, but belongs only to the Idea revealing itself as Genius. To impress its image on the surrounding world is the object for which the living Idea dwelling in the True Scholar seeks for itself an embodiment. It is to become the highest life-principle, the innermost soul of the world around it;—it must therefore assume the same forms which are borne by the surrounding world, establish itself in these forms as its own proper dwelling-place, and with a free authority regulate the movements of all their individual parts according to the natural purposes of each, even as a healthy man can set in motion his own limbs. As for him with whom the indwelling Genius proceeds but half-way in its embodiment, and stops there,—whether it be because the paths of Learned Culture are inaccessible to him, or because, from idleness or presumptuous self-conceit, he disdains to avail himself of them,—between him and his age, and consequently between him and every possible age and the whole human race in every point of its progress, an impassable gulf is fixed, and the means of mutual influence are cut

off. Whatever may now dwell within him,—or, more strictly speaking, whatever he might have acquired in the course of his progressive culture,—he is unable to explain clearly either to himself or others, or to make it the deliberate rule of his actions and thus realize it in the world. He wants the two necessary elements of the true life of the Idea,—clearness and freedom. *Clearness*;—his fundamental principle is not thoroughly transparent to his own mind, he cannot follow it securely throughout all its modifications, from its innermost source where it is poured down immediately from the Divinity upon his soul, to all those points at which it has to manifest and embody itself in the visible world, and through the different forms which, under different conditions, it must assume. *Freedom*; which springs from clearness, and can never exist without it;—for he cannot perceive at a glance, and in each phase of reality which presents itself, the form which the Idea must there assume, and the proper means to the attainment of that object;—nor has he those means at his free disposal. He is commonly called a *visionary*,—and he is rightly so called. On the contrary, he in whom the Idea perfectly reveals itself, looks out upon and thoroughly penetrates all reality by the light of the Idea. Through the Idea itself he understands all its related objects,—how they have become what they are, what in them is complete, what is still wanting, and how the want must be supplied; and he has, besides, the means of supplying that want completely in his power. The embodiment of the Idea is then for the first time completed in him, and he is a matured Scholar;—the point where the Scholar passes into the free Artist is the point of perfection for the Scholar. Hence it is evident that even when Genius has disclosed itself, and visibly becomes a self-forming life of the Idea, untiring Industry is necessary to its perfect growth. To show that at the point where the Scholar reaches perfection the creative existence of the Artist begins; that this, too, requires Industry, that it is infinite;—lies not within our present inquiry; we only allude to it in passing.

But what did I say?—that even after the manifestation

of Genius, Industry is requisite?—as if I would call forth Industry by my prescription, my advice, my demonstration of its necessity, and thus expected to rouse to exertion those in whom it is wanting! Rather let us say, that where Genius is really present, Industry spontaneously appears, grows with a steady growth, and ceaselessly impels the advancing Scholar towards perfection;—where, on the contrary, Industry is not to be found, it is not Genius nor the impulse of the Idea which has shown itself, but, in place of it, only some mean and unworthy motive.

The Idea is not the ornament of the individual (for, strictly speaking, there is no such thing as individuality in the Idea), but it seeks to flow forth in the whole human race, to animate it with new life, and to mould it after its own image. This is the distinctive character of the Idea; and whatever is without this character is not the Idea. Wherever, therefore, it attains an existence, it irresistibly strives after this universal activity, not through the life of the individual, but through its own essential life. It thus impels every one in whom it has an abode, even against the will and wish of his sensuous, personal nature, and as though he were a passive instrument,—impels him forward to this universal activity, to the skill which is demanded in its exercise, and to the Industry which is necessary for the acquisition of that skill. Without need of outward incentive, it never ceases from spontaneous activity and self-development until it has attained such a living and efficient form as is possible for it under the conditions by which it is surrounded. Wherever a man, after having availed himself of the existing and accessible means for the acquirement of Learned Culture—(for the second case, where those means do not exist, or are inaccessible, does not belong to our present subject)—wherever, I say, in the first case, a man remains inactive, satisfied with the persuasion that he is in possession of something resembling the Idea or Genius,—then in him there is neither Idea or Genius, but only a vain ostentatious disposition, which assumes a singular and fantastic costume in order to attract notice. Such a disposition

shows itself at once in self-gratulatory contemplation of its own parts and endowments, dwelling on these in complacent indolence, commonly accompanied by contemptuous disparagement of the personal qualities and gifts of others;—while, on the contrary, he who is constantly urged on by the Idea has no time left to think of his own personality;—lost with all his powers in the object he has in view, he never weighs his own capacities of grasping it against those of other men. Genius, where it is present, sees its object only—never sees itself;—as the sound eye fixes itself upon something beyond it, but never looks round upon its own brightness. In such an one the Idea does certainly not abide. What is it, then, that animates him,—that moves him to those eager and restless efforts which we behold? It is mere pride and self-conceit, and the desperate purpose, despite of natural disqualification, to assume a character which does not belong to him;—these animate, impel, and spur him on, and stand to him in the room of Genius. And what is it which he produces, which appears to the common eye (itself neither clear nor pure, and in particular incapable of appreciating the sole criteria of all true Ideals—clearness, freedom, depth, artistic form) as if it were the Idea?—what is it? Either something which he has himself imagined or which has occurred to him by accident,—which, indeed, he does not understand, but which he hopes, nevertheless, may appear new, striking, paradoxical, and therefore blaze forth far and wide;—with this he commits himself to the chance of fortune, trusting that in the sequel he himself or some one else may discover a meaning therein. Or else he has borrowed it from others,—cunningly distorting, disarranging, and unsettling it, so that its original form cannot easily be recognised; and by way of precaution depreciating the source whence it came, as utterly barren and unprofitable, lest the unprejudiced observer might be led to inquire whether he has not possibly obtained from thence that which he calls his own.

In one word,—self-contemplation, self-admiration, and self-flattery, although the last may remain unexpressed, and

even carefully shrouded from the eye of every beholder,—these, and the indolence and disdain of the treasures already gathered together in the storehouses of learning which spring from these, are sure signs of the absence of true Genius; whilst forgetfulness of self in the object pursued, entire devotion to that object, and inability to entertain any thought of self in its presence, are the inseparable accompaniments of true Genius. It follows that true Genius in every stage of its growth, but particularly during its early development, is marked by amiable modesty and retiring bashfulness. Genius knows least of all about itself; it is there, and works and rules with silent power, long before it comes to consciousness of its own nature. Whoever is constantly looking back upon himself to see how it stands with him, of what powers he can boast, and who is himself the first discoverer of these,—in him truly there is nothing great.

Should there then be here among you any opening Genius, far be it from me to wound its native modesty and diffidence by any general invitation to you to examine yourselves, and see whether or not you are in possession of the Idea,—I would much rather earnestly dissuade you from such self-examination. And that this advice may not seem to you the suggestion of mere pedantic school-wisdom, and perhaps of extravagant caution, but may approve itself to your minds as arising from absolute necessity, I would add that this question can neither be answered by yourselves, nor can you obtain any sure answer to it from any one else;—that therefore truth is not elicited by such a pre-meditated self-examination, but, on the contrary, the youth is taught a self-contemplation and conceited brooding over his own nature, through which the man becomes at length an intellectual and moral ruin. There are many signs by which we may know that the Genius which possibly lies concealed in a Student has not yet declared itself,—and we shall afterwards find occasion in the sequel to point out the most remarkable of these;—but there is only one decisive criterion by which we may determine whether Genius has exis-

ted or has never existed in him; and that one decisive criterion can be applied only after the result has become apparent. Whoever has really become a perfect Scholar and Artist, in the sense in which we have used these words,—grasping the world in his clear, penetrating Idea, and able to impress that Idea upon the world at every point—he has had Genius, he has been inspired by the Idea; and this may now confidently be said of him. He who, notwithstanding the most diligent study, has come to years of maturity without having raised himself to the Idea—he has been without Genius, without communion with the Idea; and this may henceforth be said of him. But of him who is still upon the way, neither of these judgments can be pronounced.

This disposition of things, which is as wise as it is necessary, leaves but one course open to the youthful student who cannot know with certainty whether or not Genius dwells within him;—this, namely, that he continue to act as though there were latent within him that which must at last come to light; that he subject himself to all conditions, and place himself in all circumstances in which, if present, it may come to light; that, with untiring Industry and true devotion of his whole mind, he avail himself of all the means which Learned Culture offers to him. In the worst case,—if at the termination of his studies he find that out of the mass of learning which he has accumulated not one spark of the Idea has beamed upon him, there yet remains for him this consciousness at least,—which is more indispensable to man than even Genius itself, and without which the possessor of the greatest Genius is far less worthy than he,—the consciousness that if he has not risen higher, no blame can attach to him,—that the point at which he has stopped short is the place which God has assigned to him, whose law he will joyfully obey. No one need pride himself upon Genius, for it is the free gift of God; but of honest Industry and true devotion to his destiny any man may well be proud; indeed this thorough Integrity of Purpose is itself the Divine Idea in its most common form, and no really honest mind is without communion with God.

Farther:—the knowledge which he has acquired by means of this sincere effort after something higher, will render him always a suitable instrument in the hands of the more perfect Scholar,—of him who has attained possession of the Idea. To him he will unhesitatingly submit without grudge or jealousy,—without any unsatisfied struggle after an elevation for which he was not formed; his guidance he will follow with a true loyalty which shall have become to him a second nature, and thus he will obtain a sure consciousness of having fulfilled his vocation, as the last and highest destiny to which, in any sphere of life, man can attain.

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## LECTURE IV.

## OF INTEGRITY IN STUDY.

HE who is to become a True Scholar, so that in him the Divine Idea of the world may attain to such a measure of clearness and influence over the surrounding world as is possible in his circumstances, must be laid hold of by the Idea itself through its own inherent power, and by it be urged forward unceasingly towards the wished-for end.

In our portraiture of the Nature of the True Scholar, we are now engaged with the Progressive Scholar, or the Student.

If the Student is really inspired by the Idea,—or, what is the same thing, if he possesses Genius and true talent, he is already far above all our counsels; Genius will fulfil its vocation in him without our aid, and even without his own concurrence:—of this we have spoken sufficiently in our last lecture.

But, as we have likewise seen in the same lecture, the Progressive Scholar can never determine for himself whether or not he possesses Genius in our sense of the term, nor can any one else determine this for him:—hence there is nothing left for him but with sincere and perfect Integrity so to act as if there lay within him Genius which must ultimately come to light. True Genius, when present, manifests itself precisely in the same way as does this Integrity in Study; in appearance, both assume the same form, and cannot be distinguished the one from the other.

Turning away from the tests of Genius which, in the Progressive Scholar at least, are inscrutable, we have now only

to exhaust the indications of Integrity in Study, and we shall then have completed the portraiture of the true follower of learning. The honest Scholar is to us the only True Scholar: the two ideas flow into each other.

Integrity in the abstract, as we have also remarked before, is itself a Divine Idea; it is the Divine Idea in its most general form, embracing all men. Hence, like the Idea itself it acts by its own inherent power;—it forms itself, as we said before of Genius, without aid from personal feeling,—nay, even annihilating self-love as far as possible,—into an independent life in man, irresistibly urging him forward and pervading all his thoughts and actions. His actions, I say; for the idea of Integrity is an immediately practical idea, determining the outward, visible, free doings of man;—whereas the influence of Genius is, in the first place, internal,—affecting spiritual insight. He who truly possesses Genius *must be* successful in his studies: to him light and knowledge will spring up on all sides from the objects of his contemplation. He who possesses Integrity in Study, of him this success cannot be so surely predicted; but should it not follow, he will at least be blameless, for he will neglect nothing within his power which may enable him to attain it; and even if he be not at last a sharer in the triumph, he shall at all events have deserved to be so.

Integrity, as a living and governing principle, rises above the person of him who is animated by it, and regards this person as standing under a definite law,—as existing only for a certain purpose, and as a means to a higher end. Man shall *be* and *do* something; his temporal life shall leave behind it in the spiritual world an imperishable and eternal result,—a particular result arising from the life of each individual, belonging to him alone and demanded of him alone. It is thus that the true-minded man looks upon all personal Life in Time, and particularly on that life which lies nearest to him,—namely, his own. He in whom this Integrity has become a living idea cannot conceive of human life in any other way than this;—from this principle he sets forth, to it he constantly returns, and by it he

regulates all his other modes of thought. Only in so far as he obeys this law and fulfils this purpose, which he recognises as his being's end and aim, is he satisfied with himself: everything in him which is not directed to this high end,—which is not evidently a means to its attainment, he despises, hates, desires to have swept away. He looks upon his individual person as a thought of the Deity; and thus his vocation—the design of his being—is to him as a purpose of God himself. This, and nothing else, is the *idea* of Integrity, whether he who is ruled by it calls it by this *name* or by another.

Success cannot indeed be certainly predicted of mere Integrity as such, either in study or in any other purpose which it may propose to itself; but in all its pursuits it will surely display the independent power of the Idea pressing steadily forward to its mark; and of the true-minded man it may confidently be said, that in Integrity itself, his defence and support, he will find a noble reward. In advancing on the path of rectitude, it will become continually less needful for him to admonish, to arouse himself to the struggle against recurring evil desires; for the true feeling, the legitimate mode of thought, will spontaneously reveal itself to him, and become his ruling principle,—his second nature. Whatever thou doest, do it with Integrity: if thou studiest, let it guide thy studies; and then, as to whether thou shalt prosper in what thou doest,—leave that to God;—thou hast most surely left it to Him, when thou goest to work with true and honest purpose: with the attainment of that Integrity thou shalt also attain unbroken peace, inward cheerfulness, and an unstained conscience;—and in so far thou shalt assuredly prosper.

We have said that the honest man *in general* looks upon his free personal life as unalterably determined by the eternal thought of God;—the honest student *in particular* looks upon himself as designed by the thought of God to this end, that the Divine Idea of the constitution of this universe may enter his soul, shine in him with steady lustre, and through him maintain a definite influence on the surround-

ing world. Thus does he conceive of his vocation; for in this lies the essential Nature of the Scholar:—so surely as he has entered upon his studies with Integrity, *i.e.* with the persuasion that God has given a purpose to his life, and that he must direct all his free actions towards the fulfilment of that purpose,—so surely has he made the supposition that it is the Divine Will that he should become a Scholar. It matters not whether we have chosen this condition for ourselves with freedom and foresight, or others have chosen it for us, placed us in the way of preparation for it, and closed every other condition of life against us. How could any one, at the early age at which this choice of a condition usually occurs, and in most cases must occur, have attained the mature wisdom by which to decide for himself whether or not he is possessed of the as yet untried and undeveloped capacity for knowledge? When we come to exercise our own understanding, the choice of a condition is already made,—it has been made without our aid, because we were incapable at the time of rendering any aid in the matter; and now we cannot turn back,—a necessity precisely similar to the unalterable conditions under which our freedom is placed by the Divine Will. If an error should occur in the choice thus made for us by others, the fault is not ours; we could not decide whether or not an error had been committed, and could not venture to presuppose one; if it has occurred, then it is our business, so far as in us lies, to correct it. In any case, it is the Divine Will that every one, in the station where he has been placed by necessity, should do all things which properly belong to that station. *We* have met together to *study*; hence it is assuredly the Divine Will that we consider ourselves as Students, and apply to ourselves all that is comprehended in that idea.

This thought, with its indestructible certainty, enters and fills the soul of every honest Student:—this, namely—“I, this sent, this expressly commissioned individual, as I may now call myself, am actually here, have entered into existence for this cause and no other,—that the eternal counsel of God in this universe may through me be seen of men in

another, hitherto unknown light,—may be made clearly manifest, and shine forth with inextinguishable lustre over the world; and this phase of the Divine Thought, thus bound up with my personality, is the only true living being within me; all else, though looked upon even by myself as belonging to my being, is dream, shadow, nothing;—this alone is imperishable and eternal within me; all else shall again disappear in the void from which it has seemingly, but never really come forth.” This thought fills his whole soul: whether or not it is itself clearly conceived and expressed, everything else which is there clearly conceived, expressed, wished, or willed, is referred back to it as to its first condition, can only be explained by it, and only considered possible on the supposition of its truth.

Through this fundamental principle of all his thoughts, he himself, and Knowledge, the object of his activity, become to him, before all other things, honourable and holy. *He himself becomes honourable and holy.* Not, by any means, that he dwells with self-complacent pride on the superiority of his vocation—to share in some degree the counsel of God and reveal it to the world—over other less distinguished callings, invidiously weighing them against each other, and thus esteeming himself as of more value than other men. If one form of human destiny appears to him superior to another, it is not because it offers a better field for personal distinction, but because in it the Divine Idea reveals itself with greater clearness. Man has no peculiar value beyond that of faithfully fulfilling his vocation, whatever that may be; and of this all can partake, irrespective of the different natures of their callings. Moreover, the Progressive Scholar does not even know whether he shall ultimately attain the proper end of his studies, the possession of the Idea; nor, therefore, if that noble vocation be really his;—he is only bound to suppose the possibility of this. The perfect Scholar—of whom we do not now speak—when he has the completed result in his possession, can then indeed with certainty recognise his vocation; but even in him the cravings of the Idea for more extended manifestation still continue, and

shall continue while life endures, so that he can never have time to muse over the superiority of his vocation, even were such musings not utterly vain in themselves, All pride is founded on what we think *we are*,—*are* in attained and perfect being; and thus pride is in itself vain and contradictory,—for that which is our true being,—that to which endless growth belongs,—is precisely that to which we have not yet attained. Our true and underived being in the Divine Idea always manifests itself as a desire of progress, and hence as dissatisfaction with our present state; and thus the Idea makes us truly modest, and bows us down to the dust before its majesty. By his pride itself, the proud man shows that, more than any one else, he has need of humility; for while he thinks of himself that he is something, he shows by his pride that he is really nothing.

Hence, in the thought to which we gave utterance, the Student is holy and honourable to himself above everything else,—not in respect of what he *is*, but of what he *ought to be*, and what he evermore must strive *to become*. The peculiar self-abasement of a man consists in this,—when he makes himself an instrument of a temporary and perishable purpose, and deigns to spend care and labour on something else than the Imperishable and Eternal. In this view, every man should be honourable and holy to himself,—and so, too, should the Scholar.

To what end, then, O Student, dost thou give to Knowledge this attention, which, be it great or small, still costs thee some effort,—wherefore concentrate thy thoughts here, when thou wouldst rather let them rove abroad,—wherefore deny thyself so many enjoyments, for which, nevertheless, the appetite is not wanting in thee? Dost thou answer,—“That I may not some day come to want;—that I may acquire a sufficient maintenance, a respectable competency, whereby I may satisfy myself with good things;—that my fellow-citizens may respect me, and that I may more easily move them to the fulfilment of my purposes”? I ask,—Who then is this *thou*, in whose future nursing and comfort thou art so keenly interested, and for whom thou dost now toil so

hard and sacrifice so much? It is as yet quite uncertain whether it ever reach this hoped-for land of self-gratification:—but suppose it should do so, and even enjoy the pampering thou hast provided for it during a series of years, what will be the end of it all at last? All this nursing will have an end; the pampered body will sink and crumble into a heap of ashes; and for this wilt thou begin the monotonous, mechanical, often irksome business of life, and even add to its inherent bitterness by deliberating beforehand on the burden which it lays on thee? In such circumstances, I at least would rather begin at the end of the romance, and go down this day to the grave, into which sooner or later I must descend. Or dost thou answer thus, more praiseworthy in appearance at least, but not more profoundly,—“I will thereby become useful to my fellow-men and promote their welfare”?—then I ask, What end will thy usefulness serve? In a few years, of all whom thou desirest to serve, and whom I freely grant thou mayest serve, not one shall remain,—not one shall have the least need of thy services any more: thou hast spent thy labour on perishable things;—they disappear, and thou disappearest with them, and a time comes when every trace of thy existence shall be utterly effaced. Not so the true Student, who has brought Integrity with him to his task. “I am,” he may say; “but as surely as I am, is my existence a thought of God; for He alone is the fountain of all being, and beside Him there is no being. Whatever I am, in and by this thought, I am before all Time, and do so remain independent of all time and change. This thought will I strive to know,—to its fulfilment I will apply all my powers;—then shall they be employed on what is eternal, and their result shall endure for ever. I am Eternal, and it is below the dignity of the Eternal to waste itself on things that perish.”

*By the same principle does Knowledge, the object of his activity, become honourable to the Student.* At his entrance into the world of science, he meets with many things which seem to him strange and unaccountable, insignificant or unattractive;—he cannot conceive the grounds of their neces-

sity, nor their influence on the great whole of Knowledge, which he is as yet unable to embrace in one view. How shall the beginner, who must first gather together the different parts,—how shall he see and understand them in the light of the whole, to which he has not yet attained? Whilst one man thoughtlessly neglects and despises whatever is unintelligible to him, and so remains ignorant; whilst another learns it mechanically, with blind faith, or in the hope that it may one day prove useful to him in some business of life;—the True Scholar worthily and nobly welcomes it into the general idea of Knowledge which he already possesses. All which comes before him belongs in every case to the circle of things out of which the Divine Idea is to appear to him, and to the material in which the Eternal Life within him shall reveal itself and assume a definite form. If Knowledge appears to those who want both Genius and Integrity, only as a means to the attainment of certain worldly ends, she reveals herself to him who with honest heart consecrates himself to her service, not only in her highest branches which touch closely upon things divine, but down even to her meanest elements, as something originating in, and determined by, the Eternal Thought of God himself,—originated there expressly for, and in relation to, him,—and destined to be perfected by its action upon him, and, through him, upon the whole Eternal Universe.

And so does his own person ever become holier to him through the holiness of Knowledge, and Knowledge again holier through the holiness of his person. His whole life, however unimportant it may outwardly seem, has acquired an inward meaning,—a new significance. Whatever may or may not flow from it, it is still a god-like life. And in order to become a partaker in this life, neither the Student of science nor the follower of any other human pursuit needs peculiar talents, but only a living and active Integrity of Purpose, to which the thought of our high vocation and of our allegiance to an Eternal Law, with all that flows from these, will be spontaneously revealed.

## LECTURE V.

HOW THE INTEGRITY OF THE STUDENT MANIFESTS  
ITSELF.

THE lectures which I now resume have been begun under many unfavourable circumstances. In the first place, I have had to contemplate my subject from a point of view much higher than the common one,—from an elevation to which every Student may not have been prepared to rise. A newly-installed teacher in a University cannot be well acquainted with the extent to which scientific culture has hitherto been introduced into the public course; and yet it is naturally expected that he should employ the same means towards such a culture which have already been long in use. But could I have known, even to certainty, that the public as a whole were not sufficiently prepared for such views, yet I must have treated my subject precisely in the way in which I have treated it, or else have never touched it at all. No man should linger about the surface of a thought, and repeat in another form what has been said an hundred times before: he who can do no more than this, had better be silent altogether; but he who can do otherwise, will never hesitate to do so. Further, the individual parts of what is in itself a systematic whole, have been necessarily broken up by intervals of weeks; and propriety forbade me, in these lectures, strictly to observe the practice which I have generally adopted in all purely philosophical instruction,—*i. e.* before every new lecture to recapitulate the substance of the previous one in its connexion with the

subject at large, and thus conduct the hearer once more over all that has gone before, and enable him again to grasp the spirit of the whole. Lastly, in these lectures my discourse is not, as in my other lectures, entirely free, descending to the familiar tones of conversation; but is deliberately composed, and delivered as it is written down. This too, I conceive, is demanded by propriety,—that I should give these lectures all the outward polish which is possible in the only available time which I can spare from my other duties to devote to them. Public lectures are the free gifts of an academical teacher; and he who is not ignoble would wish to make his gifts the best which he has it in his power to bestow.

The two last-mentioned circumstances are unavoidable, and nothing remains for you but to change them into favourable conditions for yourselves. The first is already obviated, for such of you as attend my private course, by my last lecture upon the distinction between the philosophical and historical points of view; and I therefore consider you to be sufficiently prepared by that lecture for the reception of the views we shall take of our present subject. To-day I shall, in the first place, survey the whole of that subject in the form to which you have been accustomed in the other course, and in that form exhibit and repeat it to you.

Any subject whatever which engages the attention of man, may be considered in a double aspect, and, as it were, with a double organ of sense; either *historically*, by mere outward perception alone; or *philosophically*, by inward spiritual vision;—and in this double aspect may the object of our present inquiries—the Nature of the Scholar—be surveyed. The historical view lays hold of existing opinions about the object, selects from among them the most common and prevalent, regards these as truth, but thus obtains mere illusion and not truth. The philosophical view regards things as they are in themselves,—*i.e.* in the world of pure thought, of which world God is the essential and fundamental principle,—and thus as God

himself must have thought of them, could we attribute thought to him. Hence the inquiry,—What is the Nature of the Scholar?—as a philosophical question, means the following:—How must God conceive of the Nature of the Scholar, were he to conceive of it? In this spirit we have taken up the question, and in this spirit we have given it the following answer:—In the first place, God has conceived of the whole world, not only *as it now is*, but also *as it shall become* by its own spontaneous growth; moreover, *what it now is* lies in the original Divine Thought as the germ of an endless development,—and that a development proceeding from the *highest* that exists in it, namely, from the rational beings, by means of their own freedom. If, then, these rational beings are to realize, by their own free act, that Divine Thought of the world *as it ought to be*, they must before all things comprehend and know this Thought. Now, this comprehension and knowledge of the original Divine Thought is unattainable by them, except on condition of a second Divine Thought;—this, namely,—that they who are to be thus gifted should comprehend the Thought. But those who are so distinguished in the Divine world-creative Thought, that they should in part comprehend that original Divine Thought, are therein conceived of as Scholars; and, on the other hand, Scholars are possible and actually exist, where they do exist, through the Divine Thought; and in that Divine Thought they are those who in part comprehend God in his original Thought of the world;—Scholars, namely, in so far as they have elevated themselves to that Divine Thought by the various means to the attainment of the highest spiritual culture which exist in every age through the Divine Thought itself.

That Divine Thought of man as a Scholar must now itself take possession of him, and become his innermost soul, the true essential life dwelling in his life. This can happen in two ways, either *directly* or *indirectly*. If it lay hold of the man *directly*, it will form itself in him, spontaneously and without outward aid, into such a knowledge of the Divine Plan of the universe as can find a place in

that individual; all his thoughts and impulses will of themselves take the most direct way to this end; whatever he does, prompted by this thought, is good and right, and must assuredly prosper, for it is an immediately *divine* act. This phenomenon we call Genius. In individual cases it can never be determined whether a man is, or is not, the subject of this immediate influence of the Divine Thought.

*Or*, the second and generally applicable case is when the Divine Thought of man as a Scholar lays hold of, inspires, and animates him *indirectly*. He finds himself necessitated to study by his position, which being determined without his assistance, he must regard as the purpose of God with him. He enters upon this vocation, in consequence of the thought that it is the purpose of God in him and for him, with Integrity; for so we call the faith that God has a purpose in our being. By thus embracing his vocation not merely because *it is his*, but because *it is made his solely by the Divine Thought and purpose*, does his person as well as knowledge, which is his calling, become to him, before all other things, honourable and holy. It was this last-mentioned thought of which we treated particularly in our previous lecture, and which we purpose to follow out to-day.

This thought of the divinity and holiness of his vocation is the soul of his life, the impulse which produces all that goes forth from him, the æther in which everything around him is bathed. His conduct and doings in the outward world must then harmonise with this thought. He needs no conscious exertion of his individual will to bring his actions into harmony with this Divine Thought; he needs not to exhort, urge, or compel himself to this harmony, for he cannot possibly act otherwise: were he to endeavour to act in opposition to it, then he would need to persuade, to urge, to compel himself to that course, but without success.

Keep this steadfastly in view while we now pass from the *idea* of the true-minded Scholar, to its outward *manifestation*. Our Morality,—if it be Morality which we now propound to you,—our Morality does not enact laws; like all philosophy,

it confines itself to nature and necessity, and only describes what does and does not flow from these. Could this Morality permit itself an external wish, and hope for its realization, it would be to strike the hard and barren rock which confines the fountain of good, so that its waters might spontaneously gush forth in their original purity to enrich the inward juices of the tree; but it would never desire with idle art to engraft thereon foreign fruits which cannot grow from such a stock. Hence I shall not even touch upon many things which might seem appropriate in this place; and upon many others which I do touch, I shall speak with moderation,—not as if I did not know that these things have other aspects under which they must be spoken of with greater severity, but because I shall here judge the Actual only by the holiness of the Ideal, which must on no account be dragged down to certain depths of degradation. Let who will be teacher of external Morality, we shall not here come into contact with the vulgar who find their motives to action in impulses from without.

We have already said that the acceptance of his vocation by the Student *as a Divine Thought*, makes his own person holy and honourable to him. This view of his person will spontaneously manifest itself in his outward life, without direct thought and will upon his part, as sacred purity and freedom from all constraint;—not expressly recognised as such by himself, but because no other mode of life falls within his range of thought.

To describe his life in one word:—*he shuns the contact of the vulgar and ignoble*. Where these meet him, he draws back, like the well-known sensitive plant which shrinks from the touch of our finger. Where aught vulgar or ignoble is present, he is not to be found;—it has forced him from it, before it came near to him.

*What is vulgar and ignoble?* So asks not he;—his inward sense prompts, in every case, an immediate answer. We put the question only that we may describe his higher life and delight ourselves in contemplating the picture.

Everything is vulgar and ignoble which degrades the

fancy and blunts the taste for the Holy. Tell me what direction thy thoughts take,—not when thou with tightened hand constrainest them to a purpose,—but when in thy hours of recreation thou allowest them freely to rove abroad; tell me what direction they *then* take, where they naturally turn as to their most loved home, in what thou thyself in the innermost depths of thy soul findest thy chief enjoyment;—and then I will tell thee what are thy tastes. Are they directed towards the Godlike, and to those things in nature and art wherein the Godlike most directly reveals itself in imposing majesty?—then is the Godlike not dreadful to thee but friendly; thy tastes lead thee to it,—it is thy most loved enjoyment. Do they, when released from the constraint with which thou hast directed them towards a serious pursuit, eagerly turn to brood over sensual pleasures, and find relaxation in the pursuit of these?—then hast thou a vulgar taste, and thou must invite animalism into the innermost recesses of thy soul before it can seem well with thee there. Not so the noble Student. His thoughts, when exhausted by exertion and toil, return in moments of relaxation to the Holy, the Great, the Sublime,—there to find repose, refreshment, and new energy for yet higher efforts. In nature as well as in the Arts, in Poetry and in Music, he seeks for the Sublime, and that in its great and imposing style. In Poetry for example, and in Oratory, he delights in the lofty voices of the ancient world; and, among the moderns, in that only which is produced and interpenetrated by the spirit of the ancients. Amusements in which the form of art is thrown around unmeaning emptiness, or even productions which appeal to the senses alone, and strive to please man by awakening and exciting his animal nature,—these have no charms for him. It is not necessary for him to consider beforehand how hurtful they might prove to him;—they do not please him, and he can acquire no liking for them.

The man of mature age may indeed turn his thoughts to such perversions, that he may discover in themselves the evidence of their perversion, and so laugh at them: he is

secure from their contagion. Not so the inexperienced youth; a secret voice calls him back from them altogether. The man of ripe years, who is no longer occupied in forming his Ideal, but now seeks to impress it on the actual world,—he has to deal with perversion, and must pursue it through all its doublings and turnings, into its most secret haunts; and he cannot do this without contemplating it. Our hatred of the vulgar becomes weakened and blunted by time, by the experience that the foolishness of the world suffers no abatement, and that almost the only certain advantage which can be gained from it is a laugh at its expense. But the youth cannot thus contemplate life,—he must not thus contemplate it. Every period of life has its peculiar calling. Good-natured laughter at vulgarity belongs to ripened age; the attitude of youth towards it ought to be that of stern aversion,—and no one will be able in after years to look on it, and to laugh at it, and yet remain truly free and pure from its taint, who does not begin in youth by avoiding and hating it. Jestings is not suited for youth,—they know little of man who think so; where youth is wasted in sport, it will never attain to earnestness and true existence. The portion of youth in life is the Earnest and the Sublime;—only after such a youth does maturity attain to the Beautiful, and with it to sportful enjoyment of the Vulgar.

Further, everything is vulgar and ignoble which weakens spiritual power. I shall instance idleness;—to mention drunkenness or sensuality would be below the dignity of our subject. To live without active occupation,—to cast a dull and unmeaning gaze around us, will soon make our minds dull and unmeaning. This propensity to non-existence, to spiritual torpor, becomes a habit, a second nature; it surprises us in our studies or while listening to our teacher, creates a chasm in what would otherwise be a strictly connected whole, interposes itself here and there between ideas which we should have bound together, 'so that we cannot comprehend even those which are most easy and intelligible. How this propensity should seize upon

youth, may well remain unaccountable even to men of the deepest penetration and judgment; and in most cases it would be no delusion to seek its cause in some secret infirmity or vice. Youth is the age of newly-developed power; everywhere there are still impulses and principles destined to burst forth into new creations;—the peculiar character of youth is restless and uninterrupted activity; left to itself, it can never be without occupation. To see *it* slothful is the sight of winter in the time of spring, the blight and withering of a newly-opened flower. Were it naturally possible that this idleness should attempt to gain dominion over the true-minded and virtuous Student, he would never for a moment endure it. In the Eternal Thought of God his spiritual power has its source; it is thus his most precious treasure, and he will not suffer it to fall into impotent rigidity before it has fulfilled its task. He watches unceasingly over himself, and never allows himself to rest in slothful inaction. It is only for a short period that this exertion of the will is needed; afterwards, its result continues of itself, for it is happily as easy,—or even more easy because it is more natural,—for man to accustom himself to industry than to idleness, and after a time passed in sustained activity it even becomes impossible for him to live without employment.

Lastly, everything is vulgar and ignoble which robs man of respect for himself, of faith in himself, and of the power of reckoning with confidence upon himself and his purposes. Nothing is more destructive of character than for man to lose all faith in his own resolutions, because he has so often determined, and again determined, to do that which nevertheless he has never done. Then he feels it necessary to flee from himself; he can no longer turn inward to his own thoughts, lest he be covered with shame before them; he shuns no society so much as his own, and deliberately gives himself up to dissipation and self-forgetfulness. Not so the upright Student: he keeps his purpose; and whatever he has resolved to do, that he does, were it only because he has resolved to do it. For the same reason,—that he must be

guided by his own purpose and his own insight,—he will not become a slave to the opinion of others, or even to the general opinion. It is doubtless of all things most ignoble, when man,—out of too great complacency, which at bottom is cowardice and want of spirit, or out of indolence, which prevents him from thinking for himself and drawing the principles of his conduct from his own mind,—gives himself up to others, and relies upon them rather than upon himself. Such an one has indeed no *self* within him, and believes in no *self* within him, but goes as a suppliant to others, and entreats of them, one after another, to lend him their personality. How can such an one regard himself as honourable and holy, when he neither knows nor acknowledges his own being?

I have said that the true-minded Student will not make himself a slave to common opinion; nevertheless he will accommodate himself to established customs where these are in themselves indifferent, simply because he honours himself. The educated youth grows up amid these customs; were he to cast them off, he must of necessity deliberately resolve to do so, and attract notice and attention to himself by his singularities and his offences against decorum. How should he whose time is occupied with weightier matters find leisure to ponder such a subject? Is the matter so important, and is there no other way in which he can distinguish himself, that he must take refuge in a petty peculiarity? “No!” answers the noble-minded Student; “I am here to comprehend weightier things than outward manners, and I will not have it appear that I am too awkward to understand these. I will not by such littleness cause myself and my class to be despised and hated by the uncharitable, or good-naturedly laughed at by those of better disposition; my fellow-citizens of other classes, or of my own, my teachers, my superiors, shall have it in their power to honour and respect me as a man, in every relation of human life.”

And thus in all its relations does the life of the studious youth, who respects himself, flow on—blameless and lovely.

## LECTURE VI.

## OF ACADEMICAL FREEDOM.

THE point which we had attained at the close of last lecture in our portraiture of the Student to whom his own person had become holy through the view of his vocation as a Divine Thought, was the consideration of his outward manners. With this subject is connected an idea, frequently broached but seldom duly weighed,—the idea of the Academic Freedom of the Student. Much, indeed, of what has been said regarding this subject lies below the dignity of these lectures; and, only in the sequel will we be able to find a way of elevating it to our own standard. Hence I not only cheerfully admit that the discussion of this idea, which I hope to accomplish to-day, is a mere episode in my general plan; I must even entreat you so to consider it. But to pass over altogether a subject to which one is led, almost unconsciously, in a review of the moral behaviour of the Student, I hold to be all the less legitimate that it is commonly avoided, and quite properly avoided, since it may so easily degenerate into polemics or satire, from both of which we are secured by the tone of these lectures.

*What is Academic Freedom?* The answer to this question is our task for to-day. As every object may be looked upon from a double point of view,—partly historical, partly philosophical,—so may the subject of our present inquiry. Let us, in the first place survey it from the historical point of view,—i. e. let us try to discover what *they* meant by it who first allowed and introduced Academic Freedom.

Academies have always been considered as higher schools,

in contrast with the lower preparatory schools, or *schools* properly so called;—hence the *student* at the academy as distinguished from the *pupil* at the school. The freedom of the former could thus only be understood to be emancipation from some constraint to which the latter was subject. The pupil, for example, was compelled to appear at his class in a particular kind of clothing, which in those days indicated the dignity of the *future* Scholar; he dared not neglect his fixed hours of study; and he had many other duties imposed upon him, which were then regarded as a sort of sacred service preparatory to the future spiritual office to which the Student was usually destined,—as for instance, choir-singing. In all these respects he was subject to strict and constant inspection;—the transgressor was often ignominiously punished; and indeed the teacher himself was both overseer and judge. Meanwhile Universities arose; and the outward, unlearned world would naturally be inclined to place them under similar regulations to those adopted in the only educational institutions with which it was familiar,—*i. e.* such as it saw in the schools. But this did not ensue,—and it was impossible that it should ensue. The founders of the first Universities were Scholars of distinguished talent and energy; they had fought their way through the surrounding darkness of their age to whatever insight they possessed; they were wholly devoted to their scientific pursuits, and lived in them alone; they were encompassed by a brilliant reputation; in the circles of the great they were esteemed, honoured, consulted as oracles. They could never condescend to assume the position of overseers and pedagogues towards their hearers. Hence it was, that they held in contempt the teachers of the lower schools, from whose level they had raised themselves by their own ability; and for that reason they would neither practise, nor allow themselves to be distinguished by, those things which characterized the former. Their call assembled around them hundreds and thousands from all countries of Europe; the number of their hearers increased both their importance and their wealth; and it was not to be

expected that they should expose to annoyance those who brought such benefits to them. Besides, how was it possible that young men, with whom they had but a passing acquaintance among hundreds of their fellows,—who in a few months, a year, or at most a few years, would return to distant homes,—should interest them closely, or engage their affections?—Neither the moral demeanour nor the scientific progress of their hearers was of any consequence to them; and in these days a well-known Latin adage which speaks of “taking gold and sending home,” very naturally arose. Academic Freedom had arisen, as emancipation from the constraints of school, and from all supervision on the part of the teacher over the morality, industry, or scientific progress of the Student, who was to him a hearer and nothing more.

This is one side of the picture. It may easily be imagined, and, where no very high standard of morality existed, it might very naturally occur, that these founders of the early universities did so think of this matter, and that a portion of this mode of thought has come down to us through past centuries. Let us now look at the other side.

What, then, would be the natural and reasonable *effect* of this idea of Academical Freedom on the minds of the Students? Could they have thought themselves highly honoured by this indifference on the part of their teacher to their moral dignity and scientific improvement?—could they have demanded this indifference as a sacred right? I cannot believe it,—for such indifference amounts to disregard and contempt of the Student, and it is surely most offensive to tell him to his face by such conduct—“It is nothing to me what becomes of you.”—Or would it have been natural for them to conclude, from the carelessness of others about their moral demeanour and regular application to study, that therefore they themselves were entitled to neglect these things if they chose?—would they have acted reasonably had they regarded their Academic Freedom as only a right to be immoral and indolent? I cannot believe it. Much more reasonable would it have been, had they determined, because of this want of foreign superintendence, to

exercise a stricter surveillance over themselves; if out of this freedom from outward constraint had arisen a clearer perception of their duty to urge themselves onward so much the more powerfully, to watch over themselves so much the more incessantly, and to look upon their Academic Freedom as liberty to do all that is right and becoming *by their own free determination*.

In short, the Academic Freedom of the Student, taken historically, according to its actual introduction into the world, exhibits in its origin, in its progress, and in what of it still exists, an unjust and indecent contempt for the whole class of Students, as a most insignificant class; and the Student who considers himself honoured by this Freedom, and lays claim to it as a right, has fallen into a most extraordinary delusion;—he is certainly ill informed, and has never seriously reflected on the subject. It may indeed become the well-disposed man of riper years, who is always a lover of life and youth, to turn aside from the awkwardness, the rudeness, and the many errors into which unbridled energy is apt to fall, goodnatureably to laugh at these, and to think that wisdom will come with years; but the youth who feels himself honoured by this judgment, and even demands it as his due, cannot be supposed to possess a very delicate sense of honour.

Let us now consider this subject—the Academic Freedom of the Student—in its philosophical sense; i.e. *as it ought to be*; as, under certain conditions, it may be; and, what follows from thence, how the actually existing Academic Freedom will be accepted by the Student who understands and honours his vocation. We shall open a way to the attainment of insight into this matter through the following principles:—

1. The external freedom of the Citizen is limited, in every direction and on all possible sides, by Law; and the more perfect the Law the greater is the limitation,—and so it ought to be, for this is the proper office of Law. Hence, there is no sphere remaining in which the *inward* freedom and morality of the Citizen can be *outwardly* exhibited and

demonstrated,—and there ought to be no such sphere. All that is to be done is commanded, under penalties; all that is not to be done is forbidden, likewise under penalties. Every inward temptation to neglect what is commanded, or to do what is forbidden, is counterbalanced in the conscience of the Citizen by the firm conviction, that should he give way to the temptation, he must in consequence suffer a certain amount of evil. Let it not be said,—“There is no existing legislation so all-comprehensive, nor is the sagacity and vigilance of any tribunal so infallible, that every offence is sure to meet its punishment.” I know this; but as I said before, it *ought to be* thus, and this is what we should regularly and constantly approximate to. Legislation cannot calculate on the morality of men; for its object—the freedom and security of all within their respective spheres—cannot be left to depend on so uncertain a thing. For the just man there is indeed no *law* under any possible legislation; he will commit no evil even although it were not forbidden, and whatsoever is good and right, that he will do without reference to the command of authority; he is never tempted to crime, and therefore the idea of its attendant punishment never enters his mind. He is conscious of his virtue, and in this consciousness he has his reward within himself. But *externally* there is no distinction between him and the unjust man who is withheld from the commission of wrong and impelled to the performance of duty only by the threatenings of the law:—the former cannot do anything more or leave undone anything more than the latter, but only does or leaves undone the same things from a different motive, which is not outwardly apparent.

2. Under this legislation, the Scholar and the unlearned person stand, and ought to stand, on common ground,—as *Citizens*. Both can raise themselves above the law in the same way,—by integrity of purpose;—but this is not calculated upon in either of them, and in neither can this integrity become apparent in the sphere of external legislation. And since the Scholar is further a member of a certain class in the State, and practises in it a certain calling,

he lies also under the compulsory obligations belonging to that class and calling;—and here once more it cannot be apparent whether he fulfils his duties in this sphere from integrity of purpose or from fear of punishment; nor does it in any way concern the community by what motive he is actuated so that his duties are fulfilled. Lastly, in those regions which have either not yet been reached by an imperfect legislation, or which cannot be reached at all by an external legislation, he is still accompanied by the fear of disgrace;—and here again it cannot be seen whether he does his duty in consequence of this fear or from inward integrity of purpose.

3. But, besides these, there are yet other relations of the Scholar, with which external legislation cannot interfere and in which it cannot watch over the fulfilment of his duty,—where the Scholar must be a law to himself and hold himself to its fulfilment. In the Divine Idea he carries in himself the form of the future Age which one day must clothe itself with reality; and he must show an example and lay down a law to coming generations, for which he will seek in vain either in present or in past times. In every age that Idea clothes itself in a new form, and seeks to shape the surrounding world in its image, and thus do continually arise new relations of the world to the Idea, and a new mode of opposition of the former to the latter. It is the business of the Scholar so to interpose in this strife as to reconcile the activity with the purity of his Idea, its influence with its dignity. His Idea must not lie concealed within him; it must go forth and lay hold upon the world, and he is urged to this activity by the deepest impulses of his being. But the world is incapable of receiving this Idea in its purity; on the contrary, it strives to drag down the Idea to the level of its own vulgar thought. Could he forego aught of this purity, his task would be an easy one; but he is filled with reverence for the Idea, and he can give up no part of its perfection. Hence he has to set before him the difficult task of reconciling these purposes. No law,—but why do I speak of *laws*?—no *example* of the

fore-world or of his own time can reveal to him the means of this union,—for so surely as the Idea has assumed a new form in him has his case never before occurred. Even reflection, of itself, cannot give him this point of union; for although, by reflection, the Idea itself in all its purity is revealed as the first point of the union, yet much more is needed before the second point—the mental condition of the surrounding world, and what may safely be expected from it—can be clearly and fully comprehended in the same thought. Well may those who have wrought most mightily upon their age have closed their career with the inward confession that their reliance on the spirit of their time had ever proved fallacious, that they never supposed it to be so perverse and imbecile as it afterwards proved, and that while they accurately estimated one of its aberrations and avoided it, another, hitherto unperceived, revealed itself. To succeed at all at any time, there is needed, in addition to reflection, a certain *tact*, which can only be acquired by early exercise and habit.

Farther, it is clear that in this matter—in doing everything possible to reconcile the opposition between the inward purity of the Idea and its external activity—the Scholar can be guided only by his own determination, can have no other judge but himself, and no motive external to himself. In this no stranger can judge him—in this no stranger can even wholly understand him, nor divine the deep purpose of his actions. In this region, so far is respect for the judgment of others from aiding his intention, that on the contrary he must here cast aside foreign opinion altogether, and look upon it as if it were not. He must be guided and upheld by his own purpose alone;—and truly he needs a mighty and immovable purpose to keep his ground against the temptations which arise even from his noblest inclinations. What is more noble than the impulse to action, to sway the minds of men, and to compel their thoughts to the Holy and Divine?—and yet this impulse may become a temptation to represent the Holy in a common and familiar garb for the sake of popularity, and so to

desecrate it. What is more noble than the deepest reverence for the Holy, and disdain and abnegation of everything vulgar and opposed to it?—and yet this very reverence might tempt some one to reject his age altogether,—to cast it from him and avoid intercourse with it. A mighty and good will is needed to resist the first of these temptations, and the mightiest of all to overcome the second.

It is evident from these considerations, that, for his peculiar vocation, the Scholar needs shrewd practical wisdom, a profound morality, strict watchfulness over himself, and a fine delicacy of feeling. It follows, that at an early age he ought to be placed in a position where it is possible and necessary for him to acquire this practical wisdom and delicacy of feeling, and that this cultivation of mind and character should be a peculiar element in the education of the future Scholar. Every Citizen, without exception, may cultivate these qualities, and must have it in his power to do so; legislation must leave this possibility open to him,—it is compelled to do so by its very nature. But it does not concern the legislature or the commonwealth whether the Citizen does or does not elevate himself to this vocation, because his calling will still remain within the range of external jurisdiction. But as for the Scholar, it is of importance to the Commonwealth, and to the whole Human Race, that he should both raise himself to the purest morality and acquire sound practical wisdom, since he is destined one day to enter a sphere where he absolutely leaves behind him all external judgment. The legislation *for him*, therefore, should not merely allow him the possibility of moral cultivation like every other Citizen, but, so far as in it lies, it should place him under the outward necessity of acquiring this cultivation.

And how can it do this? Evidently only by leaving him to his own judgment as to what is becoming, seemly, and appropriate, and to his own superintendence of himself. Is he to create for himself an independent sense of what is proper and becoming? How can he do so if the law accom-

panies him everywhere, and everywhere declares what he is to do and what not to do? Let the law prohibit those whom she can retain under her yoke from indulgence in everything which she wishes them to renounce; but, as for him who must one day leave her jurisdiction, let her trust him betimes as a noble and free man. The man of refined morality does not wait until the law discovers a thing to be unseemly and directs its prohibition against it,—it would be ignominy for him to need such direction;—he anticipates the decree, and relinquishes that in which the vulgar around him indulge without scruple, simply because it is unbecoming his higher nature. Give the Student room to place himself in this class by his own effort alone. Is he to unfold in himself a profound and powerful morality, a tender delicacy of sentiment, a deep sense of honour? How can he do this surrounded by threats of punishment? Let the law rather speak to him thus:—"So far as I am concerned, thou mayest leave the path of right and follow after evil; no other harm shall overtake thee but to be despised and scorned,—despised even by thyself when thou turnest thine eye inwards. If thou wilt venture on this peril, venture on it without fear." Is the Human Race one day to confide to him its most important interests, and in his dealings with those interests is he to have confidence in himself? How can men trust him when they have never proved him?—how can he trust himself when he has never proved his own strength? He who has not yet been faithful in small things cannot be entrusted with great things; and he who has not been able to stand a trial before himself cannot without the basest dishonour accept an important trust. On these grounds we rest the claims of Academic Freedom,—of an extensive yet well-considered Academic Freedom.

In a Perfect State, the outward constitution of Universities would, in my opinion, be the following:—In the first place, the Students would be separated from other classes of the community pursuing other vocations, so that these classes might not, by the possible abuse of Academic Freedom, be harassed or injured, tempted to similar irregulari-

ties, or misled into a hatred of the law while living under its rule by daily contact with a class free from its restraints. The Students at these Universities would enjoy a high degree of freedom;—instructions on Morality and Duty, and impressive pictures of a True Life, would indeed be laid before them; they would be surrounded by good examples, and their teachers would not only be profound Scholars, but the *élite* of the best men in the nation;—of compulsory laws, however, there would be very few. Let them freely choose either good or evil: the time of study is but the time of trial; the time for the decision of their fate comes afterwards;—and our arrangement would have this advantage, that unworthiness, where it existed, would be clearly recognised as such and could no longer be concealed.

The present actual constitution of Universities is indeed by no means of this kind. It is doubtful whether Academic Freedom was ever looked upon from the point of view from which we have described it, particularly whether it was ever so looked upon by those who gave the Universities their constitution. Academic Freedom has *actually* arisen in the way described in a former part of this lecture,—*i. e.* from disrespect towards the Student-class: and we may leave it undetermined by what influence the remnants of this system are now maintained; for even were it admitted that the same disrespect for the class, which still exists although in a less degree, and perhaps want of opportunity to get rid of these relics of another age, were its only supports, yet this is of no moment to the true-minded Student, who judges of things not by their outward form but by their inward spirit. Whatever others may think of Academic Freedom, he, for his part, takes it in its true sense:—as a means by which he may learn to direct himself when outward precept leaves him,—watch over himself when no one else watches over him,—urge himself forward where there is no longer any outward impulse,—and thus train and strengthen himself for his future high vocation.

## LECTURE VII.

## OF THE FINISHED SCHOLAR IN GENERAL.

THE true-minded Scholar looks upon his vocation—to become a partaker of the Divine thought of the universe—as the purpose of God in him; and therefore both his person and his calling become to him, before all other things, honourable and holy; and this holiness shows itself in all his outward manifestations. Such is the point at which we have now arrived.

We have hitherto spoken of the Progressive Scholar—the Student; and we have seen how the sense of the dignity conferred upon his person by this exalted vocation expresses itself in his life. How his conviction of the holiness of Knowledge pervades and influences his studies we have already noticed in one of the earlier lectures, and it is not necessary to add anything to what we have said upon this point.

And it is the less necessary since this reverence for Knowledge which is felt by the Student manifests itself chiefly in the appropriate estimation and consecration of his *person* and is therein exhausted; while it is quite otherwise in the Finished Scholar. In the Progressive Scholar, that which he strives after—the Idea—has yet to acquire a form and an independent life:—these it does not yet possess. As yet the Student does neither immediately possess, nor is he thoroughly penetrated by, the Idea; he reverences it only at a distance, and can comprehend it only by means of his person, as the standard to which

that person ought to raise itself, the spirit by which it ought to be swayed. He can as yet do nothing directly in its service; he can only live for it indirectly, by consecrating and devoting his person to its use as its appointed instrument; preserving himself pure in sense and spirit because all impurity would mar and disqualify him for that function; by giving himself up entirely to its influence and pursuing and executing with unwearied industry everything which may become a means or opportunity to the Idea of unfolding itself within him. It is otherwise with the Finished Scholar. As surely as he is such, the Idea has already commenced its proper and independent life within him; his *personal life* has now actually passed into *the Life of the Idea*, and is therein absorbed;—an absorption of self in the Idea which was only striven after by the Student. As surely as he is a perfect Scholar, so surely is there now no longer in him any thought of self, but his whole thought is henceforth absorbed in the thought of the Idea. And thus the distinction which we originally made between the holiness of his *person* and the holiness of his *vocation* now becomes a point of transition from the contemplation of the Progressive to that of the Finished Scholar,—the portraiture of whom it is now my purpose to place beside that of the Progressive Scholar.

Hitherto we have considered the Progressive Scholar chiefly in the character of a Student at a University; and these two Ideas have been almost constantly associated together in our previous lectures. Now, for the first time, when we have to accompany the Student from the Academy into Life, we must call to mind that the studies and character of the Progressive Scholar are not necessarily completed with his residence at the University; nay, further on, we shall even perceive a ground upon which we may say that, properly speaking, his studies have their true beginning only after his academic course has closed. This much, however, remains true, as the sure result of what has been already said,—that the youth who during his residence at

the University is not *at least* inspired with respect for the holiness of Knowledge, and does not *at least* learn to honour his own person to such an extent as not to render it unworthy of his high vocation, will never *afterwards* attain to any true sense of the dignity of Knowledge; and whatever part he may be called to play in life, he will take to it as a common handicraft and with the sentiment of an hireling who has no other motive to his labour than the pay he is to receive for it. To say anything more of such an one lies beyond the boundaries of our present subject.

But the Student who is penetrated with the conviction that the essential purpose of his studies will be defeated unless the Idea acquire an intrinsic form and independent life within him, and that in the highest perfection,—*he* will by no means lay aside his studies and scientific labours when he leaves the University. Even if he be compelled by outward necessity to enter upon a secular employment, he will devote to Knowledge all the time and ability he can spare from that employment, and will neglect no opportunity which presents itself of attaining a higher culture. The exercise of his faculties in the pursuit of learning will be profitable to him even in the transaction of his ordinary business. And amid the brilliant distinctions of office, and even in mature age, he will restlessly strive and labour to master the Idea, never resigning the hope of becoming greater than he now is, so long as strength permits him to indulge it. Without this untiring effort, much true Genius would be wholly lost, for scientific talent usually unfolds itself more slowly, the higher and purer its essential nature, and its clear development waits for mature years and manly strength.

The Student who is penetrated with deep respect for the holiness of the Scholar's vocation, will be guided by that respect in his choice of a civic profession; and, *particularly*, in the province of learning, if he do not feel the deepest conviction of his ability to fulfil its highest duties, he will choose a subordinate occupation, restrained from assumption by his reverence for the dignity of Knowledge. But a sub-

ordinate Scholar-occupation is one in which the ends to be attained have been prescribed by some other intellect possessed with a knowledge of the Idea, and in which the capacities which have been acquired through study, pursued for the attainment of the Idea, are employed only as means to fulfil those purposes which have thus been prescribed from without. His person is thus not degraded into a passive instrument; he is for ever secured against that by the general view he takes of human life and its significance;—he serves God alone in spirit and in sense; and, under the guidance of his superiors, whom he leaves to answer for the direction which they give to his actions and their results, he promotes God's purposes with men, which must embrace all forms of human activity. Thus does he proceed in his choice of a secular employment as surely as he has been inspired in his youth with respect for the dignity of the peculiar vocation of the Scholar. To undertake such an employment without consciousness of possessing the needful power and cultivation is to profane it, and manifests a want both of delicacy and of principle. And it is impossible that he should fall into error on this point; for if he has passed through his academic course in a creditable manner, then he has certainly acquired, in some degree, a perception of what is worthy, and has obtained a standard by which he can take his own intellectual dimensions. If a conscientious course of study at a University secured no other advantage than that of presenting to youth a picture of the dignified calling of the Scholar as a model for life, and of repelling from this sphere those who are not endowed with the requisite ability, such a course would, on account of this advantage alone, be of the utmost importance to the Student.

We have thus generally described the nature of a subordinate Scholar-occupation. It does not demand in him who pursues it, the immediate possession of the Idea, but only that knowledge which is acquired in striving after such possession. It is to be understood that in this again there are higher and lower grades, according as the occupation requires a wider or narrower range of knowledge,—and that,

in this respect too, the conscientious man will not undertake anything which exceeds his powers. It is unnecessary to describe these subordinate Scholar-occupations in detail. The higher and peculiar calling of the Scholar may be described so as to exhaust all its particular forms, and it is then easy to draw this consequence:—"All those pursuits which are usually followed by educated men, but which do not find a place in this all-comprehensive delineation of the higher calling of the Scholar, but are excluded from it, are subordinate Scholar-occupations." We have therefore only now to lay before you this perfect delineation.

In our first lecture we have already definitely characterized the life of him in whom Learned Culture has fulfilled its end:—his life is itself the life of the Divine Idea in the world, changing and reconstructing it from its very foundation. In the same place we have said that this life may manifest itself in two forms;—either in actual external Being and Action, or only in Idea; which two distinct modes of manifestation together constitute the peculiar vocation of the Scholar. The first class comprehends all those who, by their own strength, and according to their own idea, assume the *guidance* of human affairs, leading them on to ever-new perfection in constant harmony with each succeeding age; who, originally, as the highest free leaders of men, direct their social relations, and the relation of the whole to passive nature;—not those only who stand in the higher places of the earth, as kings, or the immediate councillors of kings, but all without exception who possess the right and calling, either by themselves or in concert with others, to think, judge, and resolve independently concerning the original disposal of these affairs. The second class embraces the *Scholars*, properly and pre-eminently so called, whose vocation it is to maintain among men the *knowledge* of the Divine Idea, to elevate it unceasingly to greater clearness and precision, and thus to transmit it from generation to generation, ever growing brighter in the freshness and glory of renewed youth. The first class act directly upon the world,—they are the immediate point of contact between God and

reality;—the last are the mediators between the pure spirituality of thought in the God-head, and the material energy and influence which that thought acquires through the instrumentality of the first class; they are the trainers of the first class,—the enduring pledge to the human race that the first class shall never fail from among men. No one can belong to the first class without having already belonged to the second,—without always continuing to belong to it.

The second class of Scholars is again separated into subdivisions, according to the manner in which they communicate to others their conceptions of the Idea. Either their immediate object is, by direct and free personal communication of their ideal conceptions, to cultivate in future Scholars a capacity for the reception of the Idea, so that they may afterwards lay hold of it and comprehend it for themselves:—and then they are educators of Scholars, *Teachers* in the higher or lower schools;—or, they propound their conceptions of the Idea, in a complete and finished form, to those who have already cultivated the capacity to comprehend it. This is at present done by books,—and they are thus—*Authors*.

The classes which we have now enumerated, whose several occupations are not necessarily portioned out to different individuals, but may quite readily be united in one and the same person, comprise all true and proper Scholars, and exhaust the whole vocation of those in whom Learned Culture has fulfilled its end. Every other function, whatever name it may bear, which the *Educated Man*\* (who may be distinguished by this title from the True Scholar) is called upon to fulfil, is a subordinate Scholar-occupation. The Educated Man continues in it, only because he has not by his studies been able to attain to the rank of the True Scholar, but nevertheless finds here a useful purpose to which those capacities and knowledge which he has acquired may be applied. It is by no means the object of

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\* Germ. "*Studirte*," one who has studied,—contrasted with "*Studirende*," one who studies. We have no single equivalent for "*Studirte*" in English.—Tr.

Learned Culture to train subalterns, and no one should study with a view to the office of a subaltern; for then it may happen that he shall not attain even to that rank. Only because it was certain that a majority of Students would fall short of their proposed destination, have subordinate occupations been set apart for them. The subaltern receives the direction of his activity from a foreign intellect; he must exercise judgment in the choice of his *means*, but in respect of the *end* only the most punctual obedience. The acknowledged sacredness of the peculiar vocation of the Scholar restrains every honest 'Educated Man' who is not conscious of the possession of the Idea, from undertaking it, and constrains him to content himself with a subordinate office:—this and nothing more have we to say of him, for his business is no true Scholar-employment. We leave him to the sure guidance of that general Integrity and faithfulness to Duty which already during his studies have become the innermost principle of his life.

Such an one, by *renunciation* of the peculiar calling of the Scholar, shows that he looks upon it as sacred; he also, who with honesty and a good conscience *accepts* this calling in any of its forms, shows by his actions and by his whole life that he looks upon it as sacred. How this recognition of the Holy specially manifests itself in each particular department of the Scholar's vocation, as these have now been set forth,—of this we shall speak in succession in the subsequent lectures. To-day we shall confine ourselves to showing how it manifests and reveals itself *in general*—*i.e.* to that form of its manifestation which is common to all the departments of the Scholar's vocation.

The true-minded Scholar will not admit of any life and activity within him except the immediate life and activity of the Divine Idea. This unchangeable principle pervades and determines all his inward thoughts;—it also pervades and determines all his outward actions. With respect to the first,—as he suffers no emotion within him that is not the direct emotion and life of the Divine Idea which has taken possession of him, so is his whole life accompanied

by the indestructible consciousness that it is at one with the Divine Life,—that in him and by him God's work shall be achieved and His Will accomplished; he therefore reposes on that Will with unspeakable love, and with the immovable conviction that it is right and good. Thus does his thought become holy, enlightened, and religious; blessedness arises within him,—and in it, changeless joy, peace, and power,—as these may in like manner be acquired and enjoyed by the unlearned, and even the lowliest among men, through true devotion to God and honest performance of duty viewed as the Will of God. Hence these are no exclusive property of the Scholar, but are noticed here only with the view that he too may become a partaker in this religious aspect of life, and become so by the way which we have pointed out.

This principle pervades the conduct of the True Scholar. He has no other purpose in action but to express his Idea, and embody the truth which he recognises in word or work. No personal regard, either for himself or others, can impel him to do that which is not demanded by this purpose,—no such regard can cause him to neglect anything which is required by this purpose. His person, and all personality in the world, have long since vanished from before him, and entirely disappeared in his effort after the realization of the Idea. The Idea *alone* impels him; where it does not move him, he rests and remains inactive. He does nothing with precipitation, hurried forward by disquietude and restlessness; these may well be symptoms of unfolding power, but they are never to be found in conjunction with true, developed, mature and manly strength. Until the Idea stands before him clear and breathing, finished and perfect even to word or deed, nothing moves him to action; the Idea rules him entirely, governs all his powers, and exhausts all his life and effort. To its manifestation he devotes his whole personal being without reserve or intermission, for he looks upon his life as only the instrument of the Idea.

Would that I could make myself intelligible to you,—would that I could persuade you,—touching this one point

which we now approach on every side!—Whatever man may do, so long as he does it from himself as a finite being, by himself, and through his own counsel,—it is vain, and will sink to nothing. Only when a foreign power takes possession of him, and urges him forward, and lives within him in room of his own energy, does true and real existence first take up its abode in his life. This foreign power is ever the power of God. To look up to it for counsel,—implicitly to follow its guidance,—is the only true wisdom in every employment of human life, and therefore most of all in the highest occupation of which man can partake,—the vocation of the True Scholar.

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## LECTURE VIII.

## OF THE SCHOLAR AS RULER.

HE in whom Learned Culture has actually accomplished its end,—the attainment and possession of the Idea,—shows, by the manner in which he regards and practises the calling of the Scholar, that his vocation is to him, before all other things, honourable and holy. The Idea, in its relation to the progressive improvement of the world, may be expressed—either, *first*, in actual life and conduct; or, *secondly*, in ideas only. It is expressed in the first mode by those who, as the highest free leaders of men, originally guide and order their affairs:—their relations with each other, or the legal condition,—and their relation to passive nature, or the dominion of reason over the irrational world;—who possess the right and calling, either by themselves or in concert with others, to think, judge, and resolve independently concerning the actual arrangement of these relations. We have to speak to-day of the worthy conception and practice of this vocation. As we have already taken precautions against misunderstanding by a strict definition of our meaning, we shall, for brevity's sake, term those who practise this calling—*Rulers*.

The business of the Ruler has been described in our early lectures,—and so definitely, that no further analysis is necessary for our present purpose. We have only to show what capacities and talents must be possessed by the true Ruler,—by what estimate of his calling, and what mode of practising it, he proves that he looks upon it as sacred.

He who undertakes to guide his Age and order its consti-

tution, must be exalted above it,—must not merely possess an historical knowledge of it, but must thoroughly understand and comprehend it. The Ruler possesses, in the first place, a living and comprehensive Idea of that relation of human life which he undertakes to superintend ;—he knows what is its essential nature, meaning, and purpose. Further, he perfectly understands the changing and adventitious forms which it may assume in reality without prejudice to its essential nature. He knows the particular form which it has assumed at the present time, and through what new forms it must be led nearer and nearer to its unattainable Ideal. No part of its present form is, in his view, necessary and unchangeable, but is only an incidental point in a progression by which it is constantly rising towards higher perfection. He knows the Whole of which that form is a part, and of which every improvement of it must still remain a part ; and he never loses sight of this Whole in contemplating the improvement of individual parts. This knowledge gives to his inventive faculty the means of accomplishing the improvements he may devise ; the same knowledge secures him from the mistake of disorganizing the Whole by supposed improvements of individual parts. His eye always combines the part with the Whole, and the idea of the latter with its actual manifestation in reality.

He who can not look upon human affairs with this unfettered vision is never a Ruler, whatever station he may occupy,—nor can he ever become one. Even his mode of thought, his faith in the unchangeableness of the present, places him in a state of subordination, makes him an instrument of him who created that arrangement of things in the permanence of which he believes. This frequently happens ; and thus all times have not actual Rulers. Great spirits of the fore-world often rule over succeeding Ages long after their death, by means of men who in themselves are nothing, but are only continuations and prolongations of other lives. Very often too this is no misfortune ; but those who desire to penetrate human life with deeper insight ought to know that these are not true Rulers, and that

under them the Age does not move forward, but rests,—perhaps to gain strength for new creations.

The Ruler, I said, thoroughly comprehends that relation of human life which he undertakes to superintend ; he knows the essential character and idea of all its component parts, and he looks upon it as the absolute will of God with man. It is not to him a means to the attainment of any end whatever, nor in particular to the production of human happiness ; but he looks upon it as in itself an end,—as the absolute mode, order, and form in which the human race should live.

Thus, in the first place, is his occupation ennobled and dignified in proportion to the nobility of his mode of thought. To direct his whole thoughts and efforts,—to devote his whole life to the accomplishment of such a purpose as this :—that mortal men may fall out as little as possible with each other in the short span of time during which they have to live together, that they may have somewhat to eat and drink, and wherewithal to clothe themselves, until they make way for another generation, which again shall eat, and drink, and clothe itself,—this business would appear to a noble mind a vocation most unworthy of its nature. The Ruler, after our idea of him, is secure against this view of his calling. Through the idea of human life by which he is animated, the Race among whom he practises his vocation is likewise ennobled. He who has constantly to keep in view the infirmities and weaknesses of men, who has to watch their daily course, and who has frequent opportunities of observing their general meanness and corruption, and who sees nothing more than these, cannot be much disposed to honour or to love them ; and indeed those powerful spirits who have filled the most prominent places among men, but have not been penetrated by true religious feeling, have at no time been known to bestow much honour or respect upon their Race. The Ruler, after our idea of him, in his estimate of mankind looks beyond that which they are *in the actual world*, to that which they are *in the Divine Idea*—to that

which therefore they may be, ought to be, and one day assuredly will be; and he is thus filled with reverence for a Race called to so high a destiny. Love is not required of him; nay, if you think deeper of it, it is even a kind of arrogance for a Ruler to presume to *love* the whole Human Race, or even his own nation,—to assure it of his love, and, as it were, make it dependent on his kindness. A Ruler such as we have described is free from such presumption: his reverence for humanity, as the image and protected child of God, does more than overpower it.

He looks upon his vocation as the Divine Will with regard to the Human Race; he looks upon its practice as the Divine Will with regard to himself—the present individual; he recognises in himself one of the first and immediate servants of God,—one of the material organs through which God enters into communion with reality. Not that this thought excites him to vain self-exaltation;—he who is penetrated by the Idea has in it lost his personality, and he has no longer remaining any feeling of self, except that of employing his personal existence truly and conscientiously in his high vocation. He knows that it is not of himself that he has this intuition of the Idea and the power which accompanies it, but that he has received them; he knows that he can add nothing to what has been given him except its honest and conscientious use; he knows that the humblest of men can do this in the same degree as he himself can do it, and that the latter has the same value in the sight of God which he himself should have in the same station. All outward rank and elevation above other men which have been given not to his person but to his dignity, and which are but conditions of the possession of this dignity,—these will not dazzle him who seeks to deserve higher and more substantial distinctions. In a word:—he looks upon his calling, not as a friendly service which he renders to the world, but as his absolute personal duty and obligation, by the performance of which alone he obtains, maintains, and repays his personal existence, and without which he would pass away into nothing.

This view of his calling as the Divine Will in him, supports and justifies him before himself in an important difficulty, which must very often occur to him who conscientiously follows this vocation, and makes his step firm, determined, and unwavering. In no circumstances indeed should the individual, *considered strictly as an individual*, be sacrificed to the Whole; however unimportant the individual, however great the Whole and the interest of the Whole which is at stake. But the parts of the Whole must often be placed in peril on account of the Whole;—peril by which, and not by the Ruler, its victims are selected from among individual men. How could a Ruler who recognises no other destiny for the Human Race but happiness here below, and looks upon himself only as the kind guardian of that happiness,—how could he answer before his conscience for the danger and possible sacrifice of any individual victim, since that individual must have had as good a claim to happiness as any other? How could such a Ruler, for example, answer before his conscience for determining upon a just war,—a war undertaken for the support of the national independence threatened either immediately or prospectively?—for the victims who should fall in such a war, and for the manifold evils thereby inflicted on humanity? The Ruler who sees a Divine Purpose in his vocation stands firm and immovable before all these doubts, overtaken by no unmanly weakness. Is the war just?—then it is Will of God that there should be war; and it is God's will with him that he resolve upon it. Whatever may fall a sacrifice to it, it is still the Divine Will that chooses the sacrifice. God has the most perfect right over all human life and human happiness, for both have proceeded from him and both return to him; and in his creation nothing can be lost.—So also in the business of legislation. There must be a general law, and this law must be administered absolutely without exception. The universality of the law cannot be given up for the sake of one individual who thinks his case so peculiar that he is aggrieved by the strict enforcement of the law, even although his allegation may have some truth in it. Let him

bring the small injustice which is done to himself as an offering to the general support of justice among men.

The Divine Idea, ruling in the Ruler, and through him moulding the condition of his age and nation, now becomes his sole and peculiar Life;—which indeed is the case with the Idea under any form in which it may enter the soul of man;—he cannot have, nor permit, nor endure, any Life within him except this Life. He comprehends this Life with clear consciousness as the immediate life and energy of God within him, as the fulfilment of the Divine Will in and by his person. It is unnecessary to repeat the proofs which we have already adduced in general, that through this consciousness his thought is sanctified, transfigured, and bathed in the Divinity. Every man needs Religion, —every man may acquire it,—and with it every man may obtain Blessedness;—most of all, as we have seen above, does the Ruler need it. Unless he clothe his calling in the light of Religion, he can never pursue it with a good conscience. Without this, nothing remains for him but either thoughtlessness and a mere mechanical fulfilment of his vocation, without giving account to himself of its reasonableness or justice; or if not thoughtlessness,—then want of principle, obduracy, insensibility, hatred and contempt of the Human Race.

The Idea, thus moulded on the Divine Life, lives in his life instead of his own personality. It alone moves him,—nothing else in its room. His personality has long since disappeared in the Idea,—how then can any motive now arise from it? He lives in *honour*, transfused in God to work His Eternal Will,—how then can *fame*, the judgment of mortal and perishable men, have any significance for him? Devoted to the Idea with his whole being,—how can he ever seek to pamper or to spare himself? His person,—all personality,—has disappeared in the Divine Idea of universal order. That order is his ever-present thought; only through it does he conceive of individual men: hence neither friend nor foe, neither favourite nor adversary, finds a place before him;

but all alike, and he himself with them, are lost for ever in the thought of the independence and equality of all.

The Idea alone moves him,—and where it does not move him, there he has no life, but remains quiescent and inactive. He will never rouse himself to energy and labour merely that something may come to pass, or that he may gain a reputation for activity; for his desire is not merely that something may come to pass, but that the will of the Idea may be accomplished. Until it speaks, he too is silent;—he has no voice but for it. He does not respect old things because they are old;—but as little does he desire novelty for its own sake. He looks for what is *better* and more perfect than the present; until this rises before him clearly and distinctly,—so long as change would lead only to difference, not improvement,—he remains inactive, and concedes to the old the privilege it derives from ancient possession.

In this way does the Idea possess and pervade him without intermission or reserve, and there remains nothing either of his person or his life that does not burn a perpetual offering before its altar. And thus is he the most direct manifestation of God in the world.

That there is a God, is made evident by a very little serious reflection upon the outward world. We must end at last by resting all existence which demands an extrinsic foundation, upon a Being the fountain of whose life is within Himself; by allying the fugitive phenomena which colour the stream of time with ever-changing hues to an eternal and unchanging essence. But in the life of Divine Men the Godhead is manifest in the flesh, reveals itself to immediate vision, and is perceptible even to outward sense. In their life the unchangeableness of God manifests itself in the firmness and intrepidity of human will which no power can force from its destined path. In it the essential light of the Divinity manifests itself in human comprehension of all finite things in the One which endures for ever. In it the energy of God reveals itself, not in directly surrounding the Human Race with happiness—which is not its object—but in ordering, elevating, and ennobling it. A Godlike

life is the most decisive proof which man can give of the being of a God.

It is the business of all mankind to see that the conviction of the Divine Existence, without which the very essence of their own being passes away into nothing, shall never perish and disappear from among them;—above all, it is the business of the Rulers as the highest disposers of human affairs. It is not their part to bring forward the *theoretical* proof from human reason, or to regulate the mode in which this proof shall be adduced by the second class of Scholars; but the *practical* proof, in their own lives, and that in the highest degree, devolves peculiarly upon them. If firm and intrepid will,—if clear and all-comprehending vision,—if a spirit of order and nobility speak to us in their conduct, then in their works do we see God face to face, and need no other proof:—GOD IS, we will say,—for they are, and He in them.

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## LECTURE IX.

## OF THE SCHOLAR AS TEACHER.

BESIDES those possessors of the Idea, whose business it is, by guiding and ordering the affairs of men, to introduce the Idea immediately into life, there is yet another class—those, namely, who are peculiarly and by preëminence called Scholars, who manifest the Idea directly in spiritual conceptions, and whose calling it is to maintain among men the conviction that there is, in truth, a Divine Idea accessible to human thought, to raise this Idea unceasingly to greater clearness and precision, and thus to transmit it from generation to generation fresh and radiant in ever-renewed youth.

This latter Vocation again divides itself into two very different callings, according to the primary object contemplated by them, and the mode of its attainment. Either the minds of men are to be trained and cultivated to a capacity for receiving the Idea; or the Idea itself is to be produced in a definite form for those who are already prepared for its reception. The *first* calling has particular men for its primary and immediate objects;—in it the only use which is made of the Idea is as a means of training and cultivating these men so that they may become capable of comprehending the Idea by their own independent effort. It follows that, in this calling, regard must be had solely to the men who are to be cultivated, the degree of their cultivation, and their capacity of being cultivated; and that an influence is valuable here only in so far as it may be efficiently applied to those individuals upon whom it is di-

rected. The *second* has for its object the Idea itself, and the fashioning of the Idea into distinct conceptions, and has no reference whatever to any subjective disposition or capacity of men; its business is prosecuted with no view to any but those who are capable of comprehending the Idea in the form thus given to it; the work itself settles and determines who shall receive it, and it is only addressed to those who can comprehend it. The first object will be best and most fitly attained by the verbal discourses of the Teacher: the second by literary writings.

Both these callings belong to the vocation of the Scholar in its proper and highest sense, and not to the subordinate Scholar-occupations, which devolve upon a man only because he has not attained the proper end of his studies. He who prosecutes his studies conscientiously, and so acquires a conviction of the importance of the vocation of the Scholar, but yet does not feel within himself a clear consciousness of the capacity to fulfil it, shows that he recognises its sacred character by not undertaking it;—he who does undertake it, manifests the same conviction by exercising it worthily. In the next lecture we shall speak of the true Author; to-day we shall discourse of the upright Teacher of future Scholars.

The Teachers and Educators of those who devote themselves to the occupation of the Scholar may be divided into two classes:—they are Teachers either in the lower Schools of learning, or in the higher or Universities. Not without deliberation do I class the Teachers in the lower Schools among true and not subaltern Scholars, and therefore demand of them that they attain possession of the Idea, and be penetrated by it,—if not with perfect light, yet with living warmth. He who is destined to study will, even while a boy, surround himself invisibly with the Idea and with its sanctity, and bathe his whole being in its influence. Nothing from which any ideal result may one day unfold itself will be pursued by him as a piece of vulgar handicraft, or used as a means to the attainment of a partial object. Happily the objects which are peculiar to these Schools are

of such a nature as to elevate him who pursues them thoroughly and conscientiously, and through him those who are committed to his care, above vulgar modes of thought;—did but the outward circumstances of the Teacher answer to his dignity, and his independence and station in society correspond with his most honourable calling. The *objects* of school-instruction, I said. In a fundamental study of Language, pursued, as it must be, amid old modes of speech, far removed from our habits of thought, a deeper insight into ideas is gained; and from the works of the Ancients, by means of which this study is pursued, an excellent and ennobling spirit speaks to the youthful mind. For this reason, the Teacher in these lower Schools should be a partaker of the Idea, because it is his task imperceptibly to familiarize the youth with the high and noble before he is able to distinguish these from the vulgar,—to accustom him to these, and to estrange him from the low and ignoble. Thus guarded in his early years, and thus prepared for higher progress, the youth enters the University. Here, for the first time, can he be clearly taught, and led to comprehend and acknowledge—that which I have endeavoured to utter to you in these lectures,—that our whole race has its only true existence in the Divine Thought,—that its only worth consists in its harmony with this Divine Thought,—and that the class of Scholars has therein an existence only to the end that they may comprehend this Divine Thought and imprint it on the world. At the University the Student first receives a clear idea of the nature and dignity of that vocation to which his life has been devoted beforehand. He *must* obtain that clear idea here:—the Teacher in the lower Schools may look forward to another education for his pupils, and he counts upon that; but the Academic Teacher has no higher instruction to calculate upon, except that which the Progressive Scholar may bestow upon himself,—to the capacity for which, however, the Teacher must train him so that he may have it in his power to become his own instructor;—once released from the lecture-room he is committed to himself and to the world. Herein, therefore, lies

the characteristic difference between the lower and the higher Schools,—that at the lower School the youth has only a presentiment of his vocation, while at the University he clearly comprehends and recognises it;—and from this distinction the specific duties of the Teacher in the respective institutions may easily be deduced.

The Academic Teacher, of whom chiefly we have to speak, ought to train the Student who has already been made acquainted with the nature and dignity of his calling, to the capacity of receiving the Idea, and the power of developing it from his own consciousness, and giving it a form peculiar to himself:—he should do *all* this *if he can*. But in every case, and *unconditionally*, he must fill the Student with respect and veneration for the proper calling of the Scholar. The first object of all study,—to lay hold of the Idea from a new and peculiar point of view, is by no means to be given up either by the Student himself, or by the Teacher on his behalf; but it is nevertheless possible that it may not be attained, and both must reconcile themselves beforehand to this possibility. Should this first object of study remain unaccomplished, the Student may still become a useful, worthy, and upright man. But the second object of study,—that he acquire a reverence for the Idea during his efforts to attain it,—that on account of this reverence he forbear from undertaking anything for which he does not know himself to be qualified,—that he consecrate himself to the service of the Idea, at least by permanently cherishing this reverence for what is unattainable by him, and contributing to the extent of his ability to maintain such a reverence among men;—this object is never to be relinquished; for were *it* not attained, then, through the very fact of his having studied, would his dignity as a man be lost, and he would sink the deeper in consequence of the height to which he ought to have risen. The attainment by the Student of the first object of study is, to the Academic Teacher, a *conditional* duty,—conditioned by the possibility of its fulfilment. The attainment of the second he *must* ever look upon and acknowledge as his *unconditional* duty, which he

must never deliberately relinquish. It may indeed happen that he cannot accomplish even this, but he must never admit a doubt of its ultimate attainment.

What, then, can the Academic Teacher do for the attainment of this second object? I answer, he can do nothing for it exclusively; he can do nothing else than that which he must do for the first and higher object by itself. In pursuing and attaining the second, he is advancing to the attainment of the first. Would he inculcate upon his pupils reverence for Knowledge?—they will not believe him if he do not himself exhibit in his whole life the deep reverence which he recommends to them. Would he thoroughly impress them with this reverence?—let him teach it, not in words only, but in deeds; let him be himself the living example, the abiding illustration, of the principles which he desires them to accept as the guides of their life. He has described to them the Nature of the Scholar's vocation as a manifestation of the Divine Idea,—he has told them that this Idea entirely pervades the True Scholar, and establishes its peculiar life, in place of his own, within him;—perhaps he has even told them by what precise way he himself, for his part, has to fulfil the purposes of Knowledge, and in what his peculiar calling, as an Academic Teacher, consists. Let him show himself before them in his proper and essential character,—as devoted to his vocation,—as a perpetual offering before its altar,—and they will learn to comprehend that Knowledge is a sacred thing.

The *duties* of the Academic Teacher are not indeed changed by this aspect of his vocation; for, as we have said, he can do nothing for the attainment of the latter object but what he must have done for the former and higher, by itself;—but his own view of his calling becomes thereby more confirmed and immovable. Although it should not immediately become visible and evident to him that he has attained his peculiar object,—of leading those who are entrusted to his care from mere passive dependence to spontaneous activity, from the dead letter to the living spirit;—yet will he not suppose that he has laboured in vain. To

Academic Study must succeed that peculiar and essential study to which the first is but a preparative. He can never know that he has not roused a powerful determination to this study,—that he has not thrown into the soul some sparks which, though now unapparent, will blaze forth at the proper time. Even in the worst possible event,—that he has not accomplished even so much as this,—his activity has still another object; and if he has done something for it, his labour has not been utterly lost. If he has, at least, upheld, and in some breasts quickened or renewed, the faith that there is *something* worthy of the reverence of men; that by industry and faithfulness men may elevate themselves to the contemplation of this object of reverence, and in this contemplation become strong and blessed; if some have only had their occupation made holier in their eyes, so that they may approach it with somewhat less levity than before; if he can venture to hope that some have left his hall, if not precisely with more light, yet with more modesty than they entered it;—then he has not laboured wholly in vain.

We said, that the Academic Teacher becomes an example of reverence for Knowledge, by showing himself to be thoroughly and entirely penetrated by and devoted to his calling,—an instrument consecrated to its service.

What does this calling demand? Is the Academic Teacher to prepare men for the reception of the Idea?—then he must himself know the Idea, have attained it, and be possessed by it; otherwise how could he recognise in others the capacity for receiving that to which he himself is a stranger? He must first have cultivated this capacity in himself, and have a distinct and clear consciousness of possessing it; for it can be recognised only by him who truly and immediately possesses it, and the art of acquiring it can be understood only by him who has personally acquired it. He can cultivate this capacity in men only by means of the Idea itself, by presenting it to them, and accustoming them to it, in all its varied forms and applications. The nature of the Idea is peculiar to itself, and differs wholly from all that is merely mechanical in knowledge;—only by its reception

can man cultivate the power of receiving it. By the mechanical communication of knowledge man may become versed in such mechanism, but can never be raised to the Idea. It is an obligation from which the Academic Teacher cannot be released, that he shall have comprehended the Idea with perfect clearness *as Idea*; that, in the Idea, he shall have also comprehended the particular branch of Knowledge which he cultivates, and through the Idea have understood the true nature, meaning, and purpose of this branch of Knowledge;—and even his particular science is on no account to be taught merely for its own sake, but because it is a form or aspect of the one Idea; and in order that this form may be tested by the Student, and he be tested by it. If, at the conclusion of his university training it were found that even then the Student could not be made to comprehend the true nature of study, then study would altogether disappear from the world;—there would be study no longer, but the number of handicrafts would be increased. He who is not conscious of a living and clear comprehension of the Idea, and is at the same time an upright and honourable man, will forbear to assume the vocation of the Academic Teacher. He will thus show his respect for that vocation the nature of which he must have learned in the course of his studies.

The vocation of the Academic Teacher requires him to communicate the Idea,—not as the Author does, abstractly, and in the one perfect conception under which it presents itself to his own mind,—but he must mould, express, and clothe it in an infinite variety of forms, so that he may bring it home, under some one or other of those adventitious vestures, to those by whose present state of culture he must be guided in the exercise of his calling. He must thus possess the Idea, not as a mere abstraction, but in great vitality, power, and flexibility. Above all, he must possess that which we have already described as the creative or artist-talent of the Scholar; namely, a perfect readiness and capacity to recognise, under any circumstances, the first germ of the Idea as it begins to unfold itself;—in each individual

case to discover the most suitable means of aiding it to the attainment of perfect life, and in all cases to associate it with a kindred form. The Author may possess only one form for his Idea,—if that form be perfect, he has fulfilled his duty;—the Academic Teacher must possess an infinite multiplicity of forms,—it is not his business to discover the most perfect form, but to find that which is most suitable to particular circumstances. A good Academic Teacher must be capable of being also an excellent Author if he choose; but it does not follow that, on the other hand, a good Author should also be a good Academic Teacher. Yet this skill and versatility exist in different degrees, and he is not to be entirely excluded from the Academic calling who does not possess them in the highest degree.

From this skill which is required of the Academic Teacher in the embodiment of the Idea, there arises another demand upon him,—this, namely, that his mode of communication shall be always new, and bear upon it the mark of fresh and present life. Only living and present thought can enter other minds and quicken other thought: a dead, worn-out form, let it have been ever so living at a former time, must be called back to life by the power of others as well as its own;—the Author has a right to require this from his readers, but the Academic Teacher, who in this matter is not an Author, has no right to demand it.

The upright and conscientious man, as surely as he accepts this calling, and so long as he continues to practise it, gives himself up entirely to its fulfilment; willing, thinking, desiring nothing else than to be that which, according to his own conviction, he ought to be; and thus he shows openly his reverence for Knowledge.

For Knowledge, I say, as such, and *because it is* Knowledge,—for Knowledge in the abstract,—as the Divine Idea one and homogeneous through all the different forms and modes in which it is revealed. It is quite possible that a Scholar who has devoted his life to a particular department of knowledge may entertain a prepossession in favour of that department and be apt to esteem it above all others,—

either because he has accustomed himself to it, or because he thinks that his more distinguished calling may reflect some of its lustre upon himself. Whatever ability such an one may bring to the cultivation of his own department, he will never present to the unprejudiced spectator the picture of one who reveres Knowledge for its own sake, and will never persuade the acute observer that he does so, whilst he shows less respect for other departments of knowledge which are as essential as his own. It will only thereby become evident that he has never conceived of Knowledge as one perfect whole,—that he does not think of his own department as a portion of this whole,—hence that he does not love his own department *as Knowledge*, but only as a handicraft; which love for a handicraft may indeed be praiseworthy enough elsewhere, but in the domain of Knowledge excludes him entirely from any right to the name of a Scholar. He who, although labouring in a limited province, has become a partaker of Knowledge as a whole, and accepts his own calling as but a part thereof, may perhaps have little even historical acquaintance with other provinces, but he has a general conception of the nature of all others, and will constantly exhibit an equal reverence for all.

Let this love of his vocation and of Knowledge be the sole guide of his life, visible to all men;—let him be moved by nothing else; regarding no personal interest either of himself or of others. Here as elsewhere, I shall say nothing of the common and vulgar desires which may *not* enter the circle of him who has approached and handled the sacred things of Knowledge. I shall not suppose it possible, for instance, that a Priest of Knowledge, who seeks to consecrate other Priests to her service, should refrain from saying to them something which they do not hear willingly, in order that they may continue to hear *him* willingly. Yet I may perhaps be permitted to mention one error not quite so ignoble and vulgar, and to hold up its opposite to your view. In every word uttered by the Academic Teacher in the exercise of his calling, let it be Knowledge that speaks,—let it be his longings to extend her dominions,—let it be

his deep love for his hearers, not as *his* hearers, but as the future ministers of Knowledge:—Knowledge, and these living desires to extend her dominion, let these speak, not the Teacher. An effort to speak for the mere sake of speaking,—to speak finely for the sake of fine speaking, and that others may know of it,—the disease of word-making,—sounding words, in which nevertheless no idea is audible,—is consistent with no man's dignity, and least of all with that of the Academic Teacher, who represents the dignity of Knowledge to future generations.

Let him resign himself entirely to this love of his vocation and of Knowledge. The peculiar nature of his occupation consists in this,—that Knowledge, and especially that side of Knowledge from which he conceives of the whole, shall continually burst forth from him in new and fairer forms. Let this fresh spiritual youth never grow old within him; let no form become fixed and rigid; let each sunrise bring him new love for his vocation, new joy in its exercise, and wider views of its significance. The Divine Idea is fixed and determined in his mind,—all its individual parts are likewise determined. The particular form of its expression for a particular Age may also be determined; but the living movement of its communication is infinite as the growth of the Human Race. Let no one continue in this calling in whom the mode of this communication, although it may *have been* the most perfect of his Age, begins to grow old and formal,—none in whom the fountain of youth does not still flow on with unimpaired vigour. Let him faithfully trust himself to its current so long as it will bear him forward: when it leaves him, then let him be content to retire from this ever-shifting scene of onward being;—let him separate the dead from the living.

It was a necessary part of the plan which I marked out to you, to treat of the dignity of the Academic Teacher. I hope that in doing so I have exhibited the same strictness with which I have spoken of the other subjects which have fallen under our notice,—without allowing myself to be seduced into any lenity towards it by the consideration that I

myself practise the calling of which I have spoken, and that I have practised it even in speaking of it. Whence I have derived this firmness,—on what feeling it rests,—you may inquire at another time; it is sufficient for you now to understand clearly, that Truth, in every possible application of it, still remains true.

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## LECTURE X.

## OF THE SCHOLAR AS AUTHOR.

To complete our survey of the vocation of the Scholar, we have to-day only to consider that department of it which belongs to the *Author*.

I have hitherto contented myself with clearly setting forth the *True Idea* of the special subjects of our inquiry, without turning aside to cast a single glance at the *actual* state of things in the present age. It is almost impossible to proceed in this way with the subject which I am to discuss to-day. The *Idea* of the Author is almost unknown in our age, and something most unworthy usurps its name. This is the peculiar disgrace of the age,—the true source of all its other scientific evils. The inglorious has become glorious, and is encouraged, honoured, and rewarded.

According to the almost universally received opinion, it is a merit and an honour for a man to have printed something merely because he has printed it, and without any regard to what it is which he has printed, and what may be its result. They, too, lay claim to the highest rank in the republic of letters who announce the fact that somebody has printed something and what that something is; or, as the phrase goes, who “*review*” the works of others. It is almost inexplicable how such an absurd opinion could have arisen and taken root when we consider the subject in its true light.

Thus stands the matter: In the latter half of the past century *Reading* took the place of some other amusements which had gone out of fashion. This new luxury demanded,

from time to time, new fancy goods; for it is of course quite impossible that one should read over again what one has read already, or those things which our forefathers have read before us; just as it would be altogether unbecoming to appear frequently in fashionable society in the same costume, or to dress according to the notions of one's grandfather. The new want gave birth to a new trade, striving to nourish and enrich itself by purveying the wares now in demand,—namely, *Bookselling*. The success of those who first undertook this trade encouraged others to engage in it, until, in our own days, it has come to this, that this mode of obtaining a livelihood is greatly overstocked and the quantity of these goods produced is much too large in proportion to the consumers. The book-merchant, like the dealer in any other commodity, orders his goods from the manufacturer, solely with the view of bringing them to the market;—at times also he buys uncommissioned goods which have been manufactured only on speculation; and the Author who writes for the sake of writing is this manufacturer. It is impossible to conceive why the book-manufacturer should take precedence of any other manufacturer; he ought rather to feel that he is far inferior to any other manufacturer, inasmuch as the luxury to which he ministers is more pernicious than any other. That he find a merchant for his wares may indeed be useful and profitable to him, but how it should be an honour is not readily discoverable. Of course, on the judgment of the publisher, which is only a judgment on the saleableness or unsaleableness of the goods, no value can be set.

Amid this bustle and pressure of the literary trade, a happy thought struck some one;—this, namely, out of all the books which were printed, to make one periodical book, so that the reader of this book might be spared the trouble of reading any other. It was fortunate that this last purpose was not completely successful, and that everybody did not take to reading this book exclusively, since then no others would have been purchased, and consequently no others printed; so that this book too, being constantly de-

pendent upon other books for the possibility of its own existence, must likewise have remained unprinted.

He who undertook such a work, which is commonly called a *Literary Journal*, *Literary Gazette*, &c. &c., had the advantage of seeing his work increase by the charitable contributions of many anonymous individuals, and of thus earning honour and profit by the labour of others. To veil his own poverty of ideas, he pretended to pass judgment on the authors whom he quoted,—a shallow pretence to the thinker who looks below the surface. For either the book is—as most books are at present—a bad book, printed only that there might be one more book in the world; and in this case it ought never to have been written, and is a nullity, and consequently the judgment upon it is a nullity also;—*or*, the book is a true *Literary Work*, such as we shall presently describe; and then it is the result of a whole powerful life devoted to Art or Science, and so would require another whole life as powerful as the first to be employed in its judgment. On such a work it is not altogether possible to pass a final judgment in a couple of sheets, within three or six months after its appearance. How can there be any honour in contributing to such collections? True genius, on the contrary, will rather employ itself on a connected work, originated and planned out by itself, than allow the current of its thoughts to be interrupted by every accident of the day until that interruption is again broken by some new occurrence. The disposition continually to watch the thoughts of others, and on these thoughts, please God, to hang our own attempts at thinking,—is a certain sign of immaturity, and of a weak and dependent mind. Or does the honour consist in this,—that the conductors of such works should consider us capable of filling the office of judge and actually make it over to us? In reality their opinion goes no deeper than that of a common unlettered printer,—of the saleableness or unsaleableness of the goods, and of the outward reputation which may thereby accrue to their critical establishment.

I am aware that what I have now said may seem very

paradoxical. All of us who are connected in any way with Knowledge, which in this connexion may be termed Literature, grow up in the notion that literary industry is a blessing,—an advantage,—an honourable distinction of our cultivated and philosophical age; and but few have power to see through its supposed advantages and resolve them into their essential nothingness. The only apparent reason which can be adduced in defence of such perverted industry is, in my opinion, this:—that thereby an extensive literary public is kept alive, roused to attention, and, as it were, held together; so that, should anything of real value and importance be brought before it, this public shall be found already existing, and not have to be first called together. But I answer, that, in the first place, the means appear much too extensive for the end contemplated,—it seems too great a sacrifice that many generations should spend their time upon *nothing*, in order that some future generation may be enabled to occupy itself with *something*;—and further, it is by no means true that a public is only kept alive by this perverse activity; it is at the same time perverted, vitiated, and ruined for the appreciation of anything truly valuable. Much that is excellent has made its appearance in our age,—I shall instance only the Kantian Philosophy,—but this very activity of the literary market has destroyed, perverted, and degraded it, so that its spirit has fled, and now only a ghost of it stalks about which no one can venerate.

The Literary History of our own day shows the real thinker how writing for writing's sake may be honoured and applauded. A few Authors only excepted, our Literary Men have in their own writings borne worse testimony against themselves than any one else could have given against them; and no even moderately well-disposed person would be inclined to consider the writers of our day so shallow, perverse, and spiritless, as the majority show themselves in their works. The only way to retain any respect for the age, any desire to influence it, is this,—to assume that those who proclaim their opinions aloud are inferior men, and that

only among those who keep silence some may be found who are capable of teaching better things.

Thus, when I speak of the Literary *Vocation*, it is not the Literary *Trade* of the age which I mean, but something quite other than that.

I have already set forth the Idea of the Author when distinguishing it from that of the Oral Teacher of Progressive Scholars. Both have to express and communicate the Idea in language: the latter, for particular individuals by whose capacity for receiving it he must be guided; the former, without regard to any individual and in the most perfect form which can be given to it in his age.

The Author must embody the Idea,—he must therefore be a partaker of the Idea. All Literary Works are either works of *Art* or of *Science*. Whatever may be the subject of a work of the first class, it is evident that since it has no direct significance of its own, and thus *teaches* the reader nothing, it can only awaken the Idea itself within him and furnish it with a fitting embodiment; otherwise it would be but an empty play of words and have no real meaning. Whatever may be the subject of a scientific work, the Author of such a work must not conceive of Knowledge in a mere historical fashion, and only as received from others;—he must for himself have spiritually penetrated to the Idea of Knowledge on some one of its sides, and produce it in a self-creative, new, and hitherto unknown form. If he be but a link in the chain of historical tradition, and can do no more than hand down to others the knowledge which he himself has received, and only in the form in which it already exists in some work whence he has obtained it,—then let him leave others in peace to draw from this fountain whence he also has drawn. What need is there of his officious intermeddling? To do over again that which has been done already, is to do nothing; and no man who possesses common honesty and conscientiousness will allow himself to indulge in such idleness. Can the Age, then, furnish him with no occupation which is suited to his powers, that he must thus employ himself in doing what he ought not to do? It

is not necessary that he should write an entirely *new* work in any branch of Knowledge, but only a *better* work than any hitherto existing. He who cannot do this should absolutely not write;—it is a crime—a want of honesty to do so, which at the most can only be excused by his thoughtlessness and utter want of any true understanding of the vocation which he assumes.

He must express the Idea in language, in a generally intelligible manner, in a perfect form. The Idea must therefore have become in him so clear, living, and independent, that it already clothes itself to him in words; and, penetrating to the innermost spirit of his language, frames from thence a vesture for itself by its own inherent power. The Idea itself must speak, not the Author. His will, his individuality, his peculiar method and art, must disappear from his page, so that only the method and art of his Idea may live the highest life which it can attain in his language and in his time. As he is free from the obligation under which the Oral Teacher lies,—to accommodate himself to the capacities of others,—so he has not this apology to plead before himself. He has no specific reader in view,—he himself must mould his reader and lay down to him the law which he must obey. There may be printed productions addressed only to a certain age and a certain circle,—we shall see afterwards under what conditions such writings may be necessary; but these do not belong to the class of essentially *Literary Works* of which we now speak, but are printed discourses,—printed because the circle to which they are addressed cannot be brought together.

In order that in this way the Idea may in his person become master of his language, it is necessary that he shall first have acquired a mastery over that language. The Idea does not rule the language directly, but only through him as possessor of the language. This indispensable mastery of the Author over his language is only acquired by preparatory exercises, long continued and persevered in, which are studies for future works but have no essential value in themselves,—which the conscientious Scholar writes indeed,

but will never allow to be printed. It requires, I say, long and persevering exercise; but, happily, these conditions mutually promote each other;—as the Idea becomes more vivid language spontaneously appears, and as facility of expression is increased the Idea flows forth in greater clearness.

These are the first and most necessary conditions of all true Authorship. The Idea itself,—that of expressing his Idea in true and appropriate language,—is that which lives, and alone lives in him within whom the presentiment has arisen that he may one day send forth a Literary Work;—it is this which animates him in his preparations and studies for that work, as well as in the future completion of his design.

By this Idea he is inspired with a dignified and sacred conception of the Literary calling. The work of the Oral Teacher is, in its immediate application, only a work for the time, modified by the degree of culture possessed by those who are entrusted to his care. Only in so far as he can venture to suppose that he is moulding future Teachers worthy of their calling, who, in their turn, will train others for the same task, and so on without end, can he regard himself as working for Eternity. But the work of the Author is *in itself* a work for Eternity. Even should future ages transcend the Knowledge which is revealed in his work, still in that work he has not recorded his knowledge alone, but also the fixed and settled character of a certain age in its relation to Knowledge; and this will preserve its interest so long as the human race endures. Independent of all vicissitude and change, his pages speak in every age to all men who are able to realize his thought; and thus continue their inspiring, elevating, and ennobling work, even to the end of time.

The Idea, in this its acknowledged sacredness, moves him,—and it alone moves him. He does not believe that he has attained anything until he has attained all,—until his work stands before him in the purity and perfectness which he has striven to attain. Devoid of love for his own person,

faithfully devoted to the Idea by which he is constantly guided, he recognises with certain glance, and in its true character, every trace of his former nature which remains in his expression of the Idea, and unceasingly strives to free himself from it. So long as he is not conscious of this absolute freedom and purity, he has not attained his end, but still works on. In such an age as we have already described, in which the communication of Knowledge has greatly increased, and has even fallen into the hands of some who are better fitted for any other occupation than for this, it may be necessary for him to give some preliminary account of his labours;—other modes of communication, too, that of the Teacher for instance, may present themselves to him; but he will never put forth these occasional writings for anything else than what they are,—preliminary announcements adapted to a certain age and certain circumstances; he will never regard them as finished works, destined for immortality.

The Idea alone urges him forward;—nothing else. All personal regards have disappeared from his view. I do not speak of *his own* person,—of his having entirely forgotten himself in his vocation;—this has been already sufficiently set forth. The personality of others has no more weight with him than his own when opposed to the truth and the Idea. I do not mention that he will not encroach upon the rights of other Scholars or Authors in their civic or personal relations: that is altogether below his dignity who has to do only with realities;—it is also below the dignity of these discourses to make mention of that. But this I will remark, that he will not allow himself to be restrained, by forbearance towards any person whatever, from demolishing error and establishing truth in its place. The worst insult that can be offered, even to a half-educated man, is to suppose that he can be offended by the exposure of an error which he has entertained or the proclamation of a truth which has escaped his notice. From this bold and open profession of truth, as he perceives it, without regard to any man, he will suffer nothing to lead him astray, not even the politely

expressed contempt of the so-called fashionable world, which can conceive of the Literary Vocation only by analogy with its own social circles, and would impose the etiquette of the Court upon the conduct of the Scholar.

Here I close these Lectures. If a thought of mine have entered into any now present, and shall abide there as a guide to higher truth, perhaps it may sometimes awaken the memory of these lectures and of me,—and only in this way do I desire to live in your recollection.



THE VOCATION OF MAN.

1866



## P R E F A C E .

WHATEVER in the more recent Philosophy is useful beyond the limits of the schools will form the contents of this work, set forth in that order in which it would naturally present itself to unscientific thought. The more profound arguments by which the subtle objections and extravagances of over-refined minds are to be met, whatever is but the foundation of other Positive Science,—and lastly, whatever belongs to Pedagogy in its widest sense, that is, to the deliberate and arbitrary Education of the Human Race,—shall remain beyond the limits of our task. These objections are not made by the natural understanding;—Positive Science it leaves to Scholars by profession; and the Education of the Human Race, in so far as that depends upon human effort, to its appointed Teachers and Statesmen.

This book is therefore not intended for philosophers by profession, who will find nothing in it that has not been already set forth in other writings of the same author. It ought to be intelligible to all readers who are able to understand a book at all. To those who wish only to repeat, in somewhat varied order, certain phrases which they have already learned by rote, and who mistake this business of the memory for understanding, it will doubtless be found unintelligible.

It ought to attract and animate the reader, and to elevate him from the world of sense into a region of transcendental thought;—

at least the author is conscious that he has not entered upon his task without such inspiration. Often, indeed, the fire with which we commence an undertaking disappears during the toil of execution; and thus, at the conclusion of a work, we are in danger of doing ourselves injustice upon this point. In short, whether the author has succeeded in attaining his object or not, can be determined only by the effect which the work shall produce on the readers to whom it is addressed, and in this the author has no voice.

I must, however, remind my reader that the "I" who speaks in this book is not the author himself; but it is his earnest wish that the reader should himself assume this character, and that he should not rest contented with a mere historical apprehension of what is here said, but that during reading he should really and truly hold converse with himself, deliberate, draw conclusions and form resolutions, like his imaginary representative, and thus, by his own labour and reflection, develope and build up within himself that mode of thought the mere picture of which is presented to him in the book.

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## BOOK I.

### DOUBT.

I BELIEVE that I am now acquainted with no inconsiderable part of the world that surrounds me, and I have certainly employed sufficient labour and care in the acquisition of this knowledge. I have put faith only in the concurrent testimony of my senses, only in repeated and unvarying experience;—what I have beheld, I have touched—what I have touched, I have analyzed;—I have repeated my observations again and again; I have compared the various phenomena with each other; and only when I could understand their mutual connexion, when I could explain and deduce the one from the other, when I could calculate the result beforehand, and the observation of the result had proved the accuracy of my calculations, have I been satisfied. Therefore I am now as well assured of the accuracy of this part of my knowledge as of my own existence; I walk with a firm step in these understood spheres of my world, and do actually every moment venture welfare and life itself on the certainty of my convictions.

But—what am I myself, and what is my vocation ?

Superfluous question ! It is long since I have been completely instructed upon these points, and it would take much time to repeat all that I have heard, learned, and believed concerning them.

And in what way then have I attained this knowledge, which I have this dim remembrance of acquiring? Have I, impelled by a burning desire of knowledge, toiled on through uncertainty, doubt and contradiction?—have I, when any belief was presented to me, withheld my assent until I had examined and reëxamined, sifted and compared it,—until an inward voice proclaimed to me, irresistibly and without the possibility of doubt,—“Thus it is—thus only—as surely as thou livest and art!”—No! I remember no such state of mind. Those instructions were bestowed on me before I sought them, the answers were given before I had put the questions. I heard, for I could not avoid doing so, and what was taught me remained in my memory just as chance had disposed it;—without examination and without interest I allowed everything to take its place in my mind.

How then could I persuade myself that I possessed any real knowledge upon these matters? If I know that only of which I am convinced, which I have myself discovered, myself experienced, then I cannot truly say that I possess even the slightest knowledge of my vocation;—I know only what others assert they know about it, and all that I am really sure of is,—that I have heard this or that said upon the subject.

Thus, while I have inquired for myself, with the most anxious care, into comparatively trivial matters, I have relied wholly on the care and fidelity of others in things of the weightiest importance. I have attributed to others an interest in the highest affairs of humanity, an earnestness and an exactitude, which I have by no means discovered in myself. I have esteemed them indescribably higher than myself.

Whatever truth they really possess, whence can they have obtained it but through their own reflection? And why may not I, by means of the same reflection, discover the like truth for myself, since I too have a being as well as they?

How much have I hitherto undervalued and slighted myself!

It shall be no longer thus. From this moment I will enter on my rights and assume the dignity that belongs to me. Let all foreign aids be cast aside! I will examine for myself. If any secret wishes concerning the result of my inquiries, any partial leaning towards certain conclusions, stir within me, I forget and renounce them; and I will accord them no influence over the direction of my thoughts. I will perform my task with firmness and integrity;—I will honestly accept the result whatever it may be. What I find to be truth, let it sound as it may, shall be welcome to me. I will *know*. With the same certainty with which I am assured that this ground will support me when I tread on it, that this fire will burn me if I approach too near it, will I know what I am, and what I shall be. And should it prove impossible for me to know this, then I will know this much at least, that I cannot know it. Even to this conclusion of my inquiry will I submit, should it approve itself to me as the truth. I hasten to the fulfilment of my task.

I seize on Nature in her rapid and unresting flight, detain her for an instant, hold the present moment steadily in view, and reflect—upon this Nature by means of which my thinking powers have hitherto been developed and trained to those researches that belong to her domain.

I am surrounded by objects which I am compelled to regard as separate, independent, self-subsisting wholes. I behold plants, trees, animals. I ascribe to each individual certain properties and attributes by which I distinguish it from others; to this plant, such a form; to another, another; to this tree, leaves of such a shape; to another, others differing from them.

Every object has its appointed number of attributes, neither more nor less. To every question, whether it is this or that, there is, for any one who is thoroughly acquainted it, a decisive Yes possible, or a decisive No,—so that there is an end of all doubt or hesitation on the subject. Everything that exists *is* something, or it *is not* this something;—is coloured, or is not coloured;—has a certain colour, or has it not;—may be tasted, or may not;—is tangible, or is not;—and so on, *ad infinitum*.

Every object possesses each of these attributes in a definite degree. Let a measure be given for any particular attribute which is capable of being applied to the object; then we may discover the exact extent of that attribute, which it neither exceeds nor falls short of. I measure the height of this tree; it is defined, and it is not a single line

higher or lower than it is. I consider the green of its leaves ; it is a definite green, not the smallest shade darker or lighter, fresher or more faded than it is ; although I may have neither measure nor expression for these qualities. I turn my eye to this plant ; it is at a definite stage of growth between its budding and its maturity, not in the smallest degree nearer or more remote from either than it is. *Everything that exists is determined throughout ; it is what it is, and nothing else.*

Not that I am unable to conceive of an object as floating unattached between opposite determinations. I do certainly conceive of indefinite objects ; for more than half of my thoughts consist of such conceptions. I think of a tree *in general*. Has this tree fruit or not, leaves or not ; if it has, what is their number ?—to what order of trees does it belong ?—how large is it ?—and so on. All these questions remain unanswered, and my thought is undetermined in these respects ; for I did not propose to myself the thought of any particular tree, but of a tree generally. But I deny actual existence to such a tree in thus leaving it undefined. Everything that actually exists has its determinate number of all the possible attributes of actual existence, and each of these in a determinate measure, as surely as it actually exists, although I may admit my inability thoroughly to exhaust all the properties of any one object, or to apply to them any standard of measurement.

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But Nature pursues her course of ceaseless change, and while I yet speak of the moment which I sought to detain before me, it is gone, and all is changed ; and in like manner, before I had fixed my observation upon it, all was otherwise. It had not always been as it was when I observed it :—it had *become* so.

Why then, and from what cause, had it become so ? Why had Nature, amid the infinite variety of possible forms, assumed in this moment precisely these and no others ?

For this reason, that they were preceded by those pre-

cisely which did precede them, and by no others; and because the present could arise out of those and out of no other possible conditions. Had anything in the preceding moment been in the smallest degree different from what it was, then in the present moment something would have been different from what it is. And from what cause were all things in that preceding moment precisely such as they were? For this reason, that in the moment preceding that, they were such as they were then. And this moment again was dependent on its predecessor, and that on another, and so on without limit. In like manner will Nature, in the succeeding moment, be necessarily determined to the particular forms which it will then assume—for this reason, that in the present moment it is determined exactly as it is; and were anything in the present moment in the smallest degree different from what it is, then in the succeeding moment something would necessarily be different from what it will be. And in the moment following that, all things will be precisely as they will be, because in the immediately previous moment they will be as they will be; and so will its successor proceed forth from it, and another from that, and so on for ever.

Nature proceeds throughout the whole infinite series of her possible determinations without outward incentive; and the succession of these changes is not arbitrary, but follows strict and unalterable laws. Whatever exists in Nature, necessarily exists as it does exist, and it is absolutely impossible that it should be otherwise. I enter within an unbroken chain of phenomena, in which every link is determined by that which has preceded it, and in its turn determines the next; so that, were I able to trace backward the causes through which alone any given moment could have come into actual existence, and to follow out the consequences which must necessarily flow from it, I should then be able, at that moment, and by means of thought alone, to discover all possible conditions of the universe, both past and future;—past, by interpreting the given moment; future, by foreseeing its results. Every part contains the

whole, for *only* through the whole is each part what it is, but through the whole it is *necessarily* what it is.

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What is it then which I have thus arrived at? If I review my positions as a whole, I find their substance to be this:—that in every stage of progress an antecedent is necessarily supposed, from which and through which alone the present has arisen; in every condition a previous condition, in every existence another existence; and that from nothing, nothing whatever can proceed.

Let me pause here a little, and develope whatever is contained in this principle, until it become perfectly clear to me! For it may be that on my clear insight into this point may depend the success of my whole future inquiry.

Why, and from what cause, I had asked, are the determinate forms of objects precisely such as they are at this moment. I assumed without farther proof, and without the slightest inquiry, as an absolute, immediate, certain and unalterable truth, that they had a cause;—that not through themselves, but through something which lay beyond them, they had attained existence and reality. I found their existence insufficient to account for itself, and I was compelled to assume another existence beyond them, as a necessary condition of theirs. But why did I find the existence of these qualities and determinate forms insufficient for itself? why did I find it to be an incomplete existence? What was there in it which betrayed to me its insufficiency? This, without doubt:—that, in the first place, these qualities do not exist in and for themselves,—they are qualities of something else, attributes of a substance, forms of something formed; and the supposition of such a substance, of a something to support these attributes,—of a *substratum* for them, to use the phraseology of the Schools,—is a necessary condition of the conceivableness of such qualities. Further, before I can attribute a definite quality to such a *substratum*, I must suppose for it a condition of repose, and of cessation from change,—a pause in its existence. Were I

to regard it as in a state of transition, then there could be no definite determination, but merely an endless series of changes from one state to another. The state of determination in a thing is thus a state and expression of mere passivity; and a state of mere passivity is in itself an incomplete existence. Such passivity itself demands an activity to which it may be referred, by which it can be explained, and through which it first becomes conceivable;—or, as it is usually expressed,—*which contains within it the ground of this passivity.*

What I found myself compelled to suppose was thus by no means that the various and successive determinations of Nature themselves produce each other,—that the present determination annihilates itself, and, in the next moment, when it no longer exists, produces another, which is different from itself and not contained in it, to fill its place:—this is wholly inconceivable. The mere determination produces neither itself nor anything else.

What I found myself compelled to assume in order to account for the gradual origin and the changes of those determinations, was an *active power*, peculiar to the object, and constituting its essential nature.

And how, then, do I conceive of this power?—what is its nature, and the modes of its manifestation? This only,—that under these definite conditions it produces, by its own energy and for its own sake, this definite effect and no other;—and that it produces this certainly and infallibly.

This principle of activity, of independent and spontaneous development, dwells in itself alone, and in nothing beyond itself, as surely as it is power—power which is not impelled or set in motion, but which sets itself in motion. The cause of its having developed itself precisely in this manner and no other, lies partly in itself—because it is this particular power and no other; and partly in the circumstances under which it develops itself. Both these,—the inward determination of a power by itself, and its outward determination by circumstances,—must be united in order to produce a change. The latter, the circumstances, the

passive condition of things,—can of itself produce no change, for it has within it the opposite of all change,—inert existence. The former, the power,—is wholly determined, for only on this condition is it conceivable; but its determination is completed only through the circumstances under which it is developed. I can conceive of a power, it can have an existence for me, only in so far as I can perceive an effect proceeding from it; an inactive power,—which should yet be a *power* and not an inert *thing*,—is wholly inconceivable. Every effect, however, is determined; and—since the effect is but the expression, but another mode of the activity itself,—the active power is determined in its activity; and the ground of this determination lies partly in itself, because it cannot otherwise be conceived of as a particular and definite power;—partly out of itself, because its own determination can be conceived of only as conditioned by something else.

A flower has sprung out of the earth, and I infer from thence a formative power in Nature. Such a formative power exists for me only so far as this flower and others, plants generally, and animals exist for me:—I can describe this power only through its effects, and it is to me no more than the producing cause of such effects,—the generative principle of flowers, plants, animals, and organic forms in general. I will go further, and maintain that a flower, and this particular flower, could arise in this place only in so far as all other circumstances united to make it possible. But by the union of all these circumstances for its possibility, the actual existence of the flower is by no means explained; and for this I am still compelled to assume a special, spontaneous, and original power in Nature, and indeed a *flower-producing* power; for another power of Nature might, under the same circumstances, have produced something entirely different.—I have thus attained to the following view of the Universe.

When I contemplate all things as one whole, one Nature, there is but one power,—when I regard them as separate existences, there are many powers—which develope them-

selves according to their inward laws, and pass through all the possible forms of which they are capable ; and all objects in Nature are but those powers under certain determinate forms. The manifestations of each individual power of Nature are determined, become what they are, partly by its own essential character, and partly through the manifestations of all the other powers of Nature with which it is connected ; but it is connected with them all—for Nature is one connected whole. They are, therefore, unalterably determined ;—while its essential character remains what it is, and while it continues to manifest itself under these particular circumstances, its manifestations must necessarily be what they are ;—and it is absolutely impossible that they should be in the smallest degree different from what they are.

In every moment of her duration Nature is one connected whole ; in every moment each individual part must be what it is, because all the others are what they are ; and you could not remove a single grain of sand from its place, without thereby, although perhaps imperceptibly to you, changing something throughout all parts of the immeasurable whole. But every moment of this duration is determined by all past moments, and will determine all future moments ; and you cannot conceive even the position of a grain of sand other than it is in the Present, without being compelled to conceive the whole indefinite Past to have been other than what it has been, and the whole indefinite Future other than what it will be. Make the experiment, for instance, with this grain of quick-sand. Suppose it to lie some few paces further inland than it does :—then must the storm-wind that drove it in from the sea have been stronger than it actually was ;—then must the preceding state of the weather, by which this wind was occasioned and its degree of strength determined, have been different from what it actually was ; and the previous state by which this particular weather was determined,—and so on ; and thus you have, without stay or limit, a wholly different temperature of the air from that which really existed, and a dif-

ferent constitution of the bodies which possess an influence over this temperature, and over which, on the other hand, it exercises such an influence. On the fruitfulness or unfruitfulness of countries, and through that, or even directly, on the duration of human life,—this temperature exercises a most decided influence. How can you know,—since it is not permitted us to penetrate the arcana of Nature, and it is therefore allowable to speak of possibilities,—how can you know, that in such a state of weather as may have been necessary to carry this grain of sand a few paces further inland, some one of your forefathers might not have perished from hunger, or cold, or heat, before begetting that son from whom you are descended; and that thus you might never have been at all, and all that you have ever done, and all that you ever hope to do in this world, must have been obstructed, in order that a grain of sand might lie in a different place?

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I myself, with all that I call mine, am a link in this chain of the rigid necessity of Nature. There was a time—so others tell me who were then alive, and I am compelled by reasoning to admit such a time of which I have no immediate consciousness,—there was a time in which I was not, and a moment in which I began to be. I then only existed for others,—not yet for myself. Since then, my self, my self-consciousness, has gradually unfolded itself, and I have discovered in myself certain capacities and faculties, wants and natural desires. I am a definite creature, which came into being at a certain time.

I have not come into being by my own power. It would be the highest absurdity to suppose that I was before I came into existence, in order to bring myself into existence. I have, then, been called into being by another power beyond myself. And by what power but the universal power of Nature, since I too am a part of Nature? The time at which my existence began, and the attributes with which I came into being, were determined by this universal power

of Nature; and all the forms under which these inborn attributes have since manifested themselves, and will manifest themselves as long as I have a being, are determined by the same power. It was impossible that, instead of me, another should have come into existence;—it is impossible that this being, once here, should at any moment of its existence be other than what it is and will be.

That my successive states of being have been accompanied by consciousness, and that some of them, such as thoughts, resolutions, and the like, appear to be nothing but varied modes of consciousness, need not perplex my reasonings. It is the natural constitution of the plant to develop itself, of the animal to move, of man to think,—all after fixed laws. Why should I hesitate to acknowledge the last as the manifestation of an original power of Nature, as well as the first and second? Nothing could hinder me from doing so but mere wonder; thought being assuredly a far higher and more subtle operation of Nature than the formation of a plant or the proper motion of an animal. But how can I accord to such a feeling any influence whatever upon the calm conclusions of reason? I cannot indeed explain how the power of Nature can produce thought; but can I better explain its operation in the formation of a plant or in the motion of an animal? To attempt to deduce thought from any mere combination of matter is a perversity into which I shall not fall; but can I then explain from it even the formation of the simplest moss? Those original powers of Nature cannot be explained, for it is only by them that we can explain everything which is susceptible of explanation. Thought exists,—its existence is absolute and independent; just as the formative power of Nature exists absolutely and independently. It is in Nature; for the thinking being arises and develops himself according to the laws of Nature; therefore thought exists through Nature. There is in Nature an original thinking-power, as there is an original formative-power.

This original thinking-power of the Universe goes forth and develops itself in all possible modes of which it is

capable, as the other original forces of Nature go forth and assume all forms possible to them. I, like the plant, am a particular mode or manifestation of the formative-power; like the animal, a particular mode or manifestation of the power of motion; and besides these I am also a particular mode or manifestation of the thinking-power; and the union of these three original powers into one,—into one harmonious development,—is the distinguishing characteristic of my species, as it is the distinguishing characteristic of the plant species to be merely a mode or manifestation of the formative-power.

Figure, motion, thought, in me, are not dependent on each other and consequent on each other;—so that I think and thereby conceive of the forms and motions that surround me in such or such a manner because they are so, or on the other hand, that they are so because I so conceive of them,—but they are all simultaneous and harmonious developments of one and the same power, the manifestation of which necessarily assumes the form of a complete creature of my species, and which may thus be called the *man-forming* power. A thought arises within me absolutely, without dependence on anything else; the corresponding form likewise arises absolutely, and also the motion which corresponds to both. I am not what I am, because I think so, or will so; nor do I think and will it, because I am so; but I am, and I think, both absolutely;—both harmonize with each other by virtue of a higher power.

As surely as those original powers of Nature exist for themselves, and have their own internal laws and purposes, so surely must their outward manifestations, if they are left to themselves and not suppressed by any foreign force, endure for a certain period of time, and describe a certain circle of change. That which disappears even at the moment of its production is assuredly not the manifestation of one primordial power, but only a consequence of the combined operation of various powers. The plant, a particular mode or manifestation of the formative-power of Nature, when left to itself, proceeds from the first germination to the ripen-

ing of the seed. Man, a particular mode or manifestation of all the powers of Nature in their union, when left to himself, proceeds from birth to death in old age. Hence, the duration of the life of plants and of men, and the varied modes of this life.

This form, this proper motion, this thought, in harmony with each other,—this duration of all these essential qualities, amidst many non-essential changes, belong to me in so far as I am a being of my species. But the *man-forming* power of Nature had already displayed itself before I existed, under a multitude of outward conditions and circumstances. Such outward circumstances have determined the particular manner of its present activity, which has resulted in the production of precisely such an individual of my species as I am. The same circumstances can never return, unless the whole course of Nature should repeat itself, and two Natures arise instead of one; hence the same individuals, who have once existed, can never again come into actual being. Further, the *man-forming* power of Nature manifests itself, during the same time in which I exist, under all conditions and circumstances possible in that time. But no combination of such circumstances can perfectly resemble those through which I came into existence, unless the universe could divide itself into two perfectly similar but independent worlds. It is impossible that two perfectly similar individuals can come into actual existence at the same time. It is thus determined what I, this definite person, must be; and the general law by which I am what I am is discovered. I am that which the *man-forming* power of Nature—having been what it was, being what it is, and standing in this particular relation to the other opposing powers of Nature—*could become*; and,—there being no ground of limitation within itself,—since it *could* become, necessarily *must become*. I am that which I am, because in this particular position of the great system of Nature, only such a person, and absolutely no other, was possible;—and a spirit who could look through the innermost secrets of Nature, would, from knowing one single man, be able distinctly

to declare what men had formerly existed, and what men would exist at any future moment;—in one individual he would discern all actual and possible individuals. It is this my inter-connexion with the whole system of Nature which determines what I have been, what I am, and what I shall be; and the same spirit would be able, from any possible moment of my existence, to discover infallibly what I had previously been, and what I was afterwards to become. All that, at any time, I am and shall be, I am and shall be of absolute necessity; and it is impossible that I should be anything else.

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I am, indeed, conscious of myself as an independent, and, in many occurrences of my life, a free being; but this consciousness may easily be explained on the principles already laid down, and may be thoroughly reconciled with the conclusions which have been drawn. My immediate consciousness, my proper perception, cannot go beyond myself and the modes of my own being;—I have immediate knowledge of myself alone: whatever I may know more than this, I know only by inference, in the same way in which I have inferred the existence of original powers of Nature, which yet do not lie within the circle of my perceptions. I myself however,—that which I call *me*—my personality,—am not the *man-forming* power of Nature, but only one of its manifestations; and it is only of this manifestation that I am conscious, as myself, not of that power whose existence I only infer from the necessity of explaining my own. This manifestation, however, in its true nature, is really the product of an original and independent power, and must appear as such in consciousness. On this account I recognise myself generally as an independent being. For this reason I appear to myself *as free* in certain occurrences of my life, when these occurrences are the manifestations of the independent power which falls to my share as an individual; *as restrained and limited*, when, by any combination of outward circumstances, which may arise in time, but do not lie within the original limitations of my personality, I cannot

do what my individual power would naturally, if unobstructed, be capable of doing; *as compelled*, when this individual power, by the superiority of antagonistic powers, is constrained to manifest itself even in opposition to the laws of its own nature.

Bestow consciousness on a tree, and let it grow, spread out its branches, and bring forth leaves and buds, blossoms and fruits, after its kind, without hindrance or obstruction:—it will perceive no limitation to its existence in being only a tree, a tree of this particular species, and this particular individual of the species; it will feel itself perfectly *free*, because, in all those manifestations, it will do nothing but what its nature requires; and it will desire to do nothing else, because it can only desire what that nature requires. But let its growth be hindered by unfavourable weather, want of nourishment, or other causes, and it will feel itself *limited and restrained*, because an impulse which actually belongs to its nature is not satisfied. Bind its free waving boughs to a wall, force foreign branches on it by ingrafting, and it will feel itself *compelled* to one course of action; its branches will grow, but not in the direction they would have taken if left to themselves; it will produce fruits, but not those which belong to its original nature. In immediate consciousness, I appear to myself as free; by reflection on the whole of Nature, I discover that freedom is absolutely impossible; the former must be subordinate to the latter, for it can be explained only by means of it.

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What high satisfaction is attained through the system which my understanding has thus built up! What order, what firm connexion, what comprehensive supervision does it introduce into the whole fabric of my knowledge! Consciousness is here no longer that stranger in Nature, whose connexion with existence is so incomprehensible; it is native to it, and indeed one of its necessary manifestations. Nature rises gradually in the fixed series of her productions. In rude matter she is a simple existence; in organized mat-

ter she returns within herself to internal activity; in the plant, to produce form; in the animal, motion;—in man, as her highest masterpiece, she turns inward that she may perceive and contemplate herself,—in him she, as it were, doubles herself, and, from being mere existence, becomes existence and consciousness in one.

How I am and must be conscious of my own being and of its determinations, is, in this connexion, easily understood. My being and my knowledge have one common foundation,—my own nature. The being within me, even because it is my being, is conscious of itself. Quite as conceivable is my consciousness of corporeal objects existing beyond myself. The powers in whose manifestation my personality consists,—the formative—the self-moving—the thinking powers—are not these same powers as they exist in Nature at large, but only a certain definite portion of them; and that they are but such a portion, is because there are so many other existences beyond me. From the former, I can infer the latter; from the limitation, that which limits. Because I myself am not this or that, which yet belongs to the connected system of existence, it must exist beyond me;—thus reasons the thinking principle within me. Of my own limitation, I am immediately conscious, because it is a part of myself, and only by reason of it do I possess an actual existence; my consciousness of the source of this limitation,—of that which I myself am not,—is produced by the former, and arises out of it.

Away, then, with those pretended influences and operations of outward things upon me, by means of which they are supposed to pour in upon me a knowledge which is not in themselves and cannot flow forth from them. The ground upon which I assume the existence of something beyond myself, does not lie out of myself, but within me, in the limitation of my own personality. By means of this limitation, the thinking principle of Nature within me proceeds out of itself, and is able to survey itself as a whole, although, in each individual, from a different point of view.

In the same way there arises within me the idea of

other thinking beings like myself. I, or the thinking power of Nature within me, possess some thoughts which seem to have developed themselves within myself as a particular form of Nature; and others, which seem not to have so developed themselves. And so it is in reality. The former are my own, peculiar, individual contributions to the general circle of thought in Nature; the latter are deduced from them, as what must surely have a place in that circle; but being only inferences so far as I am concerned, must find that place, not in me, but in other thinking beings:—hence I conclude that there are other thinking beings besides myself. In short, Nature, becomes in me conscious of herself as a whole, but only by beginning with my own individual consciousness, and proceeding from thence to the consciousness of universal being by inference founded on the principle of causality;—that is, she is conscious of the conditions under which alone such a form, such a motion, such a thought as that in which my personality consists, is possible. The principle of causality is the point of transition, from the particular within myself, to the universal which lies beyond myself; and the distinguishing characteristic of those two kinds of knowledge is this, that the one is immediate perception, while the other is inference.

In each individual, Nature beholds herself from a particular point of view. I call myself—*I*, and thee—*thou*; thou callest thyself—*I*, and me—*thou*; I lie beyond thee, as thou beyond me. Of what is without me, I comprehend first those things which touch me most nearly; thou, those which touch thee most nearly;—from these points we each proceed onwards to the next proximate; but we describe very different paths, which may here and there intersect each other, but never run parallel. There is an infinite variety of possible individuals, and hence also an infinite variety of possible starting points of consciousness. This consciousness of all individuals taken together, constitutes the complete consciousness of the universe; and there is no other, for only in the individual is there definite completeness and reality.

The testimony of consciousness in each individual is alto-

gether sure and trustworthy, if it be indeed the consciousness here described; for this consciousness develops itself out of the whole prescribed course of Nature, and Nature cannot contradict herself. Wherever there is a conception, there must be a corresponding existence, for conceptions are only produced simultaneously with the production of the corresponding realities. To each individual his own particular consciousness is wholly determined, for it proceeds from his own nature:—no one can have other conceptions, or a greater or less degree of vitality in these conceptions, than he actually has. The substance of his conceptions is determined by the position which he assumes in the universe; their clearness and vitality, by the higher or lower degree of efficiency manifested by the power of humanity in his person. Give to Nature the determination of one single element of a person, let it seem to be ever so trivial,—the course of a muscle, the turn of a hair,—and, had she a universal consciousness and were able to reply to thee, she could tell thee all the thoughts which could belong to this person during the whole period of his conscious existence.

In this system also, the phenomenon of our consciousness which we call Will, becomes thoroughly intelligible. A volition is the immediate consciousness of the activity of any of the powers of Nature within us. The immediate consciousness of an effort of these powers which has not yet become a reality because it is hemmed in by opposing powers, is, in consciousness, inclination or desire;—the struggle of contending powers is irresolution;—the victory of one is the determination of the Will. If the power which strives after activity be only that which we have in common with the plant or the animal, there arises a division and degradation of our inward being; the desire is unworthy of our rank in the order of things, and, according to a common use of language, may be called a low one. If this striving power be the whole undivided force of humanity, then is the desire worthy of our nature, and it may be called a high one. The latter effort, considered absolutely, may be called a moral law. The activity of this latter is a virtuous Will, and the

course of action resulting from it is virtue. The triumph of the former not in harmony with the latter is vice; such a triumph *over* the latter, and despite its opposition, is crime.

The power which, on each individual occasion, proves triumphant, triumphs of necessity; its superiority is determined by the whole connexion of the universe; and hence by the same connexion is the vice or crime of each individual irrevocably determined. Give to Nature, once more, the course of a muscle, the turn of a hair, in any particular individual, and, had she the power of universal thought and could answer thee, she would be able to declare all the good and evil deeds of his life from the beginning to the end of it. But still virtue does not cease to be virtue, nor vice to be vice. The virtuous man is a noble product of nature; the vicious, an ignoble and contemptible one:—although both are necessary results of the connected system of the universe.

Repentance is the consciousness of the continued effort of humanity within me, even after it has been overcome, associated with the disagreeable sense of having been subdued; a disquieting but still precious pledge of our nobler nature. From this consciousness of the fundamental impulse of our nature, arises the sense which has been called ‘conscience,’ and its greater or less degree of strictness and susceptibility, down to the absolute want of it in many individuals. The ignoble man is incapable of repentance, for in him humanity has at no time sufficient strength to contend with the lower impulses. Reward and punishment are the natural consequences of virtue and vice for the production of new virtue and new vice. By frequent and important victories, our peculiar power is extended and strengthened; by inaction or frequent defeat, it becomes ever weaker and weaker. The ideas of guilt and accountability have no meaning but in external legislation. He only has incurred guilt, and must render an account of his crime, who compels society to employ artificial external force in order to restrain in him the activity of those impulses which are injurious to the general welfare.

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My inquiry is closed, and my desire of knowledge satisfied. I know what I am, and wherein the nature of my species consists. I am a manifestation, determined by the whole system of the universe, of a power of Nature which is determined by itself. To understand thoroughly my particular personal being in its deepest sources is impossible, for I cannot penetrate into the innermost recesses of Nature. But I am immediately conscious of this my personal existence. I know right well what I am at the present moment; I can for the most part remember what I have been formerly; and I shall learn what I shall be, when what is now future shall become present experience.

I cannot indeed make use of this discovery in the regulation of my actions, for I do not truly act at all, but Nature acts in me; and to make myself anything else than that for which Nature has intended me, is what I cannot even propose to myself, for I am not the author of my own being, but Nature has made me myself, and all that I am. I may repent, and rejoice, and form good resolutions;—although, strictly speaking, I cannot even do this, for all these things come to me of themselves, when it is appointed for them to come;—but most certainly I cannot, by all my repentance, and by all my resolutions, produce the smallest change in that which I must once for all inevitably become. I stand under the inexorable power of rigid Necessity:—should she have destined me to become a fool and a profligate, a fool and a profligate without doubt I shall become; should she have destined me to be wise and good, wise and good I shall doubtless be. There is neither blame nor merit to her nor to me. She stands under her own laws, I under hers. I see this, and feel that my tranquillity would be best ensured by subjecting my wishes also to that Necessity to which my being is wholly subject.

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But, oh these opposing wishes! For why should I any longer hide from myself the sadness, the horror, the amazement with which I was penetrated when I saw how my inquiry

must end? I had solemnly promised myself that my inclinations should have no influence in the direction of my thoughts; and I have not knowingly allowed them any such influence. But may I not at last confess that this result contradicts the profoundest aspirations, wishes, and wants of my being. And, despite of the accuracy and the decisive strictness of the proofs by which it seems to be supported, how can I truly believe in a theory of my being which strikes at the very root of that being, which so distinctly contradicts all the purposes for which alone I live, and without which I should loathe my existence?

Why must my heart mourn at, and be lacerated by, that which so perfectly satisfies my understanding? While nothing in Nature contradicts itself, is man alone a contradiction? Or perhaps not man in general, but only me and those who resemble me? Had I but been contented to remain amid the pleasant delusions that surrounded me, satisfied with the immediate consciousness of my existence, and never raised those questions concerning its foundation, the answer to which has caused me this misery! But if this answer be true, then *I must* of necessity have raised these questions: I indeed raised them not,—the thinking nature within me raised them. I was destined to this misery, and I weep in vain the lost innocence of soul which can never return to me again.

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But courage! Let all else be lost, so that this at least remains! Merely for the sake of my wishes, did they lie ever so deep or seem ever so sacred, I cannot renounce what rests on incontrovertible evidence. But perhaps I may have erred in my investigation;—perhaps I may have only partially comprehended and imperfectly considered the grounds upon which I had to proceed. I ought to retrace the inquiry again from the opposite end, in order that I may at least possess a correct starting point. What is it, then, that I find so repugnant, so painful, in the decision to which I have come? What is it, which I desired to find in its place?

Let me before 'all things make clear to myself what are these inclinations to which I appeal.

That I should be destined to be wise and good, or foolish and profligate, without power to change this destiny in aught,—in the former case having no merit, and in the latter incurring no guilt,—this it was that filled me with amazement and horror. The reference of my being, and of all the determinations of my being, to a cause lying *out of myself*,—the manifestations of which were again determined by other causes *out of itself*,—this it was from which I so violently recoiled. That freedom which was not my own, but that of a foreign power without me, and even in that, only a limited half-freedom,—this it was which did not satisfy me. I myself,—that of which I am conscious as my own being and person, but which in this system appears as only the manifestation of a higher existence,—this “I” would be independent,—would be something, not by another or through another, but of myself,—and, as such, would be the final root of all my own determinations. The rank which in this system is assumed by an original power of Nature I would myself assume; with this difference, that the modes of my manifestations shall not be determined by any foreign power. I desire to possess an inward and peculiar power of manifestation, infinitely manifold like those powers of Nature; and this power shall manifest itself in the particular way in which it does manifest itself, for no other reason than because it does so manifest itself; not, like these powers of Nature, because it is placed under such or such outward conditions.

What then, according to my wish, shall be the especial seat and centre of this peculiar inward power? Evidently not my body, for that I willingly allow to pass for a manifestation of the powers of Nature,—at least so far as its constitution is concerned, if not with regard to its farther determinations; not my sensuous inclinations, for these I regard as a relation of those powers to my consciousness. Hence it must be my thought and will. I would exercise my voluntary power freely, for the accomplishment of aims

which I shall have freely adopted ; and this will, as its ultimate ground which can be determined by no higher, shall move and mould, first my own body, and through it the surrounding world. My active powers shall be under the control of my will alone, and shall be set in motion by nothing else than by it. Thus it shall be. There shall be a Supreme Good in the spiritual world ; I shall have the power to seek this with freedom until I find it, to acknowledge it as such when found, and it shall be my fault if I do not find it. This Supreme Good I shall will to know, merely because I will it ; and if I will anything else instead of it, the fault shall be mine. My actions shall be the result of this will, and without it there shall absolutely no action of mine ensue, since there shall be no other power over my actions but this will. Then shall my powers, determined by, and subject to the dominion of, my will, invade the external world. I will be the lord of Nature, and she shall be my servant. I will influence her according to the measure of my capacity, but she shall have no influence on me.

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This, then, is the substance of my wishes and aspirations. But the system, which has satisfied my understanding, has wholly repudiated these. According to the one, I am wholly independent of Nature and of any law which I do not impose upon myself ; according to the other, I am but a strictly determined link in the chain of Nature. Whether such a freedom as I have desired be at all conceivable, and, if so, whether there be not grounds which, on complete and thorough investigation, may compel me to accept it as a reality and to ascribe it to myself, and whereby the result of my former conclusions might thus be refuted ;—this is now the question.

To be free, in the sense stated, means that I myself will make myself whatever I am to be. I must then,—and this is what is most surprising, and, at first sight, absurd in the idea,—I must already be, in a certain sense, that which I shall become, in order to be able to become so ; I must possess a two-fold being, of which the first shall contain the

*fundamental* determining principle of the second. If I interrogate my immediate self-consciousness on this matter, I find the following. I have the knowledge of various possible courses of action, from amongst which, as it appears to me, I may choose which I please. I run through the whole circle, enlarge it, examine the various courses, compare one with another, and consider. I at length decide upon one, determine my will in accordance with it, and this resolution of my will is followed by a corresponding action. Here then, certainly, I am beforehand, in the mere conception of a purpose, what subsequently, by means of this conception I am in will and in action. I am beforehand as a thinking, what I am afterwards as an active, being. I create myself:—my being by my thought, my thought by thought itself. One can conceive the determinate state of a manifestation of a mere power of Nature, of a plant for instance, as preceded by an indeterminate state, in which, if left to itself, it might have assumed any one of an infinite variety of possible determinations. These manifold possibilities are certainly possibilities *within it*, contained in its original constitution, but they are not possibilities *for it*, because it is incapable of such an idea, and cannot choose or of itself put an end to this state of indecision: there must be external grounds by which it may be determined to some one of those various possibilities to which it is unable to determine itself. This determination can have no previous existence within it, for it is capable of but one mode of determination, that which it has actually assumed. Hence it was, that I formerly felt myself compelled to maintain that the manifestation of every power must receive its final determination from without. Doubtless I then thought only of such powers as are incapable of consciousness, and manifest themselves merely in the outward world. To them that assertion may be applied without the slightest limitation;—but to intelligences the grounds of it are not applicable, and it was, therefore, rash to extend it to them.

Freedom, such as I have laid claim to, is conceivable only of intelligences: but to them, undoubtedly, it belongs. Un-

der this supposition, man, as well as nature, is perfectly comprehensible. My body, and my capacity of operating in the world of sense, are, as in the former system, manifestations of certain limited powers of Nature; and my natural inclinations are the relations of these manifestations to my consciousness. The mere knowledge of what exists independently of me arises under this supposition of freedom, precisely as in the former system; and up to this point, both agree. But according the former,—and here begins the opposition between these systems,—according to the former, my capacity of physical activity remains under the dominion of Nature, and is constantly set in motion by the same power which produced it, and thought has here nothing whatever to do but to look on; according to the latter, this capacity, once brought into existence, falls under the dominion of a power superior to Nature and wholly independent of her laws,—the power of determinate purpose and of will. Thought is no longer the mere faculty of observation;—it is the source of action itself. In the one case, my state of indecision is put an end to by forces, external and invisible to me, which limit my activity as well as my immediate consciousness of it—that is, my will—to one point, just as the indeterminate activity of the plant is limited;—in the other, it is I myself, independent, and free from the influence of all outward forces, who put an end to my state of indecision, and determine my own course, according to the knowledge I have freely attained of what is best.

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Which of these two opinions shall I adopt? Am I free and independent?—or am I nothing in myself, and merely the manifestation of a foreign power? It is clear to me that neither of the two doctrines is sufficiently supported. For the first, there is no other recommendation than its mere conceivableness; for the latter, I extend a principle, which is perfectly true in its own place, beyond its proper and natural application. If intelligence is merely the manifestation of a power of Nature, then I do quite right to extend this prin-

ciple to it; but, whether it is so or not, is the very question at issue; and this question I must solve by deduction from other premises, not by a one-sided answer assumed at the very commencement of the inquiry, from which I again deduce that only which I myself have previously placed in it. In short, it would seem that neither of the two opinions can be established by argument.

As little can this matter be determined by immediate consciousness. I can never become conscious either of the external powers, by which, in the system of universal necessity, I am determined; nor of my own power, by which, on the system of freedom, I determine myself. Thus whichever of the two opinions I may accept, I still accept it, not upon evidence, but merely by arbitrary choice.

The system of freedom satisfies my heart; the opposite system destroys and annihilates it. To stand, cold and unmoved, amid the current of events, a passive mirror of fugitive and passing phenomena,—this existence is insupportable to me; I scorn and detest it. I will love;—I will lose myself in sympathy;—I will know the joy and the grief of life. I myself am the highest object of this sympathy; and the only mode in which I can satisfy its requirements is by my actions. I will do all for the best;—I will rejoice when I have done right, I will grieve when I have done wrong; and even this sorrow shall be sweet to me, for it is a chord of sympathy,—a pledge of future amendment. In love only there is life;—without it is death and annihilation.

But coldly and insolently does the opposite system advance, and turn this love into a mockery. If I listen to it, I am not, and I cannot act. The object of my most intimate attachment is a phantom of the brain,—a gross and palpable delusion. Not I, but a foreign and to me wholly unknown power, acts in me; and it is a matter of indifference to me how this power unfolds itself. I stand abashed, with my warm affections and my virtuous will, and blush for what I know to be best and purest in my nature, for the sake of which alone I would exist, as for a ridiculous folly. What is holiest in me is given over as a prey to scorn.

Doubtless it was the love of this love, an interest in this interest, that impelled me, unconsciously, before I entered upon the inquiry which has thus perplexed and distracted me, to regard myself, without farther question, as free and independent; doubtless it was this interest which has led me to carry out, even to conviction, an opinion which has nothing in its favour but its intelligibility, and the impossibility of proving its opposite; it was this interest which has hitherto restrained me from seeking any farther explanation of myself and my capacities.

The opposite system, barren and heartless indeed, but exhaustless in its explanations, will explain even this desire for freedom, and this aversion to the contrary doctrine. It explains everything which I can cite from my own consciousness against it, and as often as I say 'thus and thus is the case,' it replies with the same cool complacency, "I say so too; and I tell you besides why it must *necessarily* be so." "When thou speakest of thy heart, thy love, thy interest in this and that," thus will it answer all my complaints, "thou standest merely at the point of immediate self-consciousness of thine own being, and this thou hast confessed already in asserting that thou thyself art the object of thy highest interest. Now it is already well known, and we have proved it above, that this *thou* for whom thou art so deeply interested, in so far as it is not the mere activity of thy individual inward nature, is at least an impulse of it;—every such impulse, as surely as it exists, returns on itself and impels itself to activity;—and we can thus understand how this impulse must manifest itself in consciousness, as love for, and interest in, free individual activity. Couldst thou exchange this narrow point of view in self-consciousness for the higher position in which thou mayest grasp the universe, which indeed thou hast promised thyself to take, then it would become clear to thee that what thou hast named thy love is not *thy* love, but a foreign love,—the interest which the original power of Nature manifesting itself in thee takes in maintaining its own peculiar existence. Do not then appeal again to thy love; for even if that could prove anything be-

sides, its supposition here is wholly irregular and unjustifiable. *Thou lovest not thyself*, for, strictly speaking, *thou art not*; it is Nature in thee which concerns herself for her own preservation. Thou hast admitted without dispute, that although in the plant there exists a peculiar impulse to grow and develope itself, the specific activity of this impulse yet depends upon forces lying beyond itself. Bestow consciousness upon the plant,—and it will regard this instinct of growth with interest and love. Convince it by reasoning that this instinct is unable of itself to accomplish anything whatever, but that the measure of its manifestation is always determined by something out of itself,—and it will speak precisely as thou hast spoken; it will behave in a manner that may be pardoned in a plant, but which by no means besecms thee, who art a higher product of Nature, and capable of comprehending the universe.”

What can I answer to this representation? Should I venture to place myself at its point of view, upon this boasted position from whence I may embrace the universe in my comprehension, doubtless I must blush and be silent. This, therefore, is the question,—whether I shall at once assume this position, or confine myself to the range of immediate self-consciousness; whether love shall be made subject to knowledge, or knowledge to love. The latter stands in bad esteem among intelligent people;—the former renders me indescribably miserable, by extinguishing my own personal being within me. I cannot do the latter without appearing inconsiderate and foolish in my own estimation;—I cannot do the former without deliberately annihilating my own existence.

I cannot remain in this state of indecision; on the solution of this question depends my whole peace and dignity. As impossible is it for me decide; I have absolutely no ground of decision in favour of the one opinion or the other.

Intolerable state of uncertainty and irresolution! Through the best and most courageous resolution of my life, I have been reduced to this! What power can deliver me from it?—what power can deliver me from myself?

## B O O K II.

## KNOWLEDGE.

CHAGRIN and anguish stung me to the heart. I cursed the returning day which called me back to an existence whose truth and significance were now involved in doubt. I awoke in the night from unquiet dreams. I sought anxiously for a ray of light that might lead me out of these mazes of uncertainty. I sought, but became only more deeply entangled in the labyrinth.

Once at the hour of midnight, a wondrous shape appeared before me, and addressed me :—

“Poor mortal,” I heard it say, “thou heapest error upon error, and fanciest thyself wise. Thou tremblest before the phantoms which thou hast thyself toiled to create. Dare to become truly wise. I bring thee no new revelation. What I can teach thee thou already knowest, and thou hast but to recall it to thy remembrance. I cannot deceive thee; for thou, thyself, wilt acknowledge me to be in the right; and shouldst thou still be deceived, thou wilt be deceived by thyself. Take courage;—listen to me, and answer my questions.”

I took courage. “He appeals to my own understanding. I will make the venture. He cannot force his own thoughts into my mind; the conclusion to which I shall come must be thought out by myself; the conviction which I shall accept must be of my own creating. Speak, wonderful Spirit!”

I exclaimed, "whatever thou art! Speak, and I will listen. Question me, and I will answer."

*The Spirit.* Thou believest that these objects here, and those there, are actually present before thee and out of thyself?

*I.* Certainly I do.

*Spirit.* And how dost thou know that they are actually present?

*I.* I see them; I would feel them were I to stretch forth my hand; I can hear the sounds they produce; they reveal themselves to me through all my senses.

*Spirit.* Indeed! Thou wilt perhaps by and by retract the assertion that thou seest, feelest, and hearest these objects. For the present I will speak as thou dost, as if thou didst really, by means of thy sight, touch, and hearing, perceive the real existence of objects. But observe, it is only *by means of* thy sight, touch, and other external senses. Or is it not so? Dost thou perceive otherwise than through thy senses? and has an object any existence for thee, otherwise than as thou seest it, hearest it, &c.?

*I.* By no means.

*Spirit.* Sensible objects, therefore, exist for thee, only in consequence of a particular determination of thy external senses: thy knowledge of them is but a result of thy knowledge of this determination of thy sight, touch, &c. Thy declaration—'there are objects out of myself,' depends upon this other—'I see, hear, feel, and so forth'?

*I.* This is my meaning.

*Spirit.* And how dost thou know then that thou seest, hearest, feelest?

*I.* I do not understand thee. Thy questions appear strange to me.

*Spirit.* I will make them more intelligible. Dost thou see thy sight, and feel thy touch, or hast thou yet a higher sense, through which thou perceivest thy external senses and their determinations?

*I.* By no means. I know immediately that I see and feel, and what I see and feel; I know this while it is, and

simply because it is, without the intervention of any other sense. It was on this account that thy question seemed strange to me, because it appeared to throw doubt on this immediate consciousness.

*Spirit.* That was not my intention : I desired only to induce thee to make this immediate consciousness clear to thyself. So thou hast an immediate consciousness of thy sight and touch ?

*I.* Yes.

*Spirit.* Of *thy* sight and touch, I said. Thou art, therefore, the subject seeing, feeling, &c.; and when thou art conscious of the seeing, feeling, &c., thou art conscious of a particular determination or modification of *thyself*.

*I.* Unquestionably.

*Spirit.* Thou hast a consciousness of thy seeing, feeling, &c., and thereby thou perceivest the object. Couldst thou not perceive it without this consciousness ? Canst thou not recognise an object by sight or hearing, without knowing that thou seest or hearest ?

*I.* By no means.

*Spirit.* The immediate consciousness of thyself, and of thy own determinations, is therefore the imperative condition of all other consciousness ; and thou knowest a thing, only in so far as thou knowest that thou knowest it : no element can enter into the latter cognition which is not contained in the former. Thou canst not know anything without knowing that thou knowest it ?

*I.* I think so.

*Spirit.* Therefore thou knowest of the existence of objects only by means of seeing, feeling them, &c. ; and thou knowest that thou seest and feelest, only by means of an immediate consciousness of this knowledge. What thou dost not perceive *immediately*, thou dost not perceive at all.

*I.* I see that it is so.

*Spirit.* In all perception, thou perceivest in the first place only thyself and thine own condition ; whatever is not contained in this perception, is not perceived at all ?

*I.* Thou repeatest what I have already admitted.

*Spirit.* I would not weary of repeating it in all its applications, if I thought that thou hadst not thoroughly comprehended it, and indelibly impressed it on thy mind. Canst thou say, I am conscious of external objects.

*I.* By no means, if I speak accurately; for the sight and touch by which I grasp these objects are not consciousness itself, but only that of which I am first and most immediately conscious. Strictly speaking, I can only say, that I am conscious of my seeing and touching of these objects.

*Spirit.* Do not forget, then, what thou hast now clearly understood. *In all perception thou perceivest only thine own condition.*

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I shall, however, continue to speak thy language, since it is most familiar to thee. Thou hast said that thou canst see, hear, and feel objects. How then,—that is, with what properties or attributes,—dost thou see or feel them?

*I.* I see that object red, this blue; when I touch them, I find this smooth, that rough—this cold, that warm.

*Spirit.* Thou knowest then what red, blue, smooth, rough, cold, and warm, really signify.

*I.* Undoubtedly I do.

*Spirit.* Wilt thou not describe it to me then?

*I.* It cannot be described. Look! Turn thine eye towards that object:—what thou becomest conscious of through thy sight, I call red. Touch the surface of this other object:—what thou feelest, I call smooth. In this way I have arrived at this knowledge, and there is no other way by which it can be acquired.

*Spirit.* But can we not, at least from some of these qualities known by immediate sensation, deduce a knowledge of others differing from them? If, for instance, any one had seen red, green, yellow, but never a blue colour; had tasted sour, sweet, salt, but never bitter,—would he not, by mere reflection and comparison, be able to discover what is meant by blue or bitter, without having ever seen or tasted anything of the kind?

*I.* Certainly not. What is matter of sensation can only

be felt, it is not discoverable by thought ; it is no deduction, but a direct and immediate perception.

*Spirit.* Strange ! Thou boastest of a knowledge respecting which thou art unable to tell how thou hast attained it. For see, thou maintainest that thou canst see one quality in an object, feel another, hear a third ; thou must, therefore, be able to distinguish sight from touch, and both from hearing ?

*I.* Without doubt.

*Spirit.* Thou maintainest further, that thou seest this object red, that blue ; and feelest this smooth, that rough. Thou must therefore be able to distinguish red from blue, smooth from rough ?

*I.* Without doubt.

*Spirit.* And thou maintainest that thou hast not discovered this difference by means of reflection and comparison of these sensations in thyself. But perhaps thou hast learnt, by comparing the red or blue colours, the smooth or rough surfaces of *objects out of thyself*, what thou shouldst feel *in thyself* as red or blue, smooth or rough ?

*I.* This is impossible ; for my perception of objects proceeds from my perception of my own internal condition, and is determined by it, but not the contrary. I first distinguish objects by distinguishing my own states of being. I can learn that this particular sensation is indicated by the wholly arbitrary sign, red ;—and those by the signs, blue, smooth, rough ; but I cannot *learn* that the sensations themselves are distinguished, nor how they are distinguished. That they are different, I know only by being conscious of myself, and being conscious of internal change. How they differ, I cannot describe ; but I know that they must differ as much as my self-consciousness differs ; and this difference of sensations is an immediate, and by no means an acquired, distinction.

*Spirit.* Which thou canst make independently of all knowledge of the objects themselves ?

*I.* Which I *must* make independently of such knowledge, for this knowledge is itself dependent on that distinction.

*Spirit.* Which is then given to thee immediately through mere self-consciousness?

*I.* In no other way.

*Spirit.* But shouldst thou not then content thyself with saying,—“I feel myself affected in the manner that I call red, blue, smooth, rough.”? Shouldst thou not place these sensations in thyself alone? and not transfer them to an object lying entirely out of thyself, and declare these modifications of thyself to be properties of this object?

Or, tell me, when thou believest that thou seest an object red, or feelest it smooth, dost thou really perceive anything more than that thou art affected in a certain manner?

*I.* From what has gone before, I have clearly seen that I do not, in fact, perceive more than what thou sayest; and this transference of what is in me to something out of myself, from which nevertheless I cannot refrain, now appears very strange to me.

My sensations are in myself, not in the object, for I am myself and not the object; I am conscious only of myself and of my own state, not of the state of the object. If there is a consciousness of the object, that consciousness is, certainly, neither sensation nor perception:—thus much is clear.

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*Spirit.* Thou formest thy conclusions somewhat precipitately. Let us consider this matter on all sides, so that I may be assured that thou wilt not again retract what thou hast now freely admitted.

Is there then in the object, as thou usually conceivest of it, anything more than its red colour, its smooth surface, and so on; in short, anything besides those characteristic marks which thou obtainest through immediate sensation?

*I.* I believe that there is: besides these attributes there is yet the thing itself to which they belong; the substratum which supports these attributes.

*Spirit.* But through what sense dost thou perceive this substratum of these attributes? Dost thou see it, feel it,

hear it; or is there perhaps a special sense for its perception?

*I.* No. I think that I see and feel it.

*Spirit.* Indeed! Let us examine this more closely. Art thou then ever conscious of thy sight in itself, or at all times only of determinate acts of sight?

*I.* I have always a determinate sensation of sight.

*Spirit.* And what is this determinate sensation of sight with respect to that object there?

*I.* That of red colour.

*Spirit.* And this red is something positive, a simple sensation, a specific state of thyself?

*I.* This I have understood.

*Spirit.* Thou shouldst therefore see the red in itself as simple, as a mathematical point, and thou dost see it only as such. In *thee* at least, as an affection of thyself, it is obviously a simple, determinate state, without connexion with anything else,—which we can only describe as a mathematical point. Or dost thou find it otherwise?

*I.* I must admit that such is the case.

*Spirit.* But now thou spreadest this simple red over a broad surface, which thou assuredly *dost not see*, since thou seest only a *simple red*. How dost thou obtain this surface?

*I.* It is certainly strange.—Yet, I believe that I have found the explanation. I do not indeed see the surface, but I *feel* it when I pass my hand over it. My sensation of sight remains the same during this process of feeling, and hence I extend the red colour over the whole surface which I feel while I continue to see the same red.

*Spirit.* This might be so, didst thou really feel such a surface. But let us see whether that be possible. Thou dost not feel absolutely; thou feelest only thy feelings, and art only conscious of these?

*I.* Certainly. Each sensation is a determinate something. I never merely see, or hear, or feel, in general, but my sensations are always definite;—red, green, blue colours, cold, warmth, smoothness, roughness, the sound of the violin, the voice of man, and the like,—are seen, felt, or heard. Let that be settled between us.

*Spirit.* Willingly.—Thus, when thou saidst that thou didst feel a surface, thou hadst only an immediate consciousness of feeling smooth, rough, or the like?

*I.* Certainly.

*Spirit.* This smooth or rough is, like the red colour, a simple sensation,—a point in thee, the subject in which it abides? And with the same right with which I formerly asked why thou didst spread a simple sensation of sight over an imaginary surface, do I now ask why thou shouldst do the same with a simple sensation of touch?

*I.* This smooth surface is perhaps not equally smooth in all points, but possesses in each a different degree of smoothness, only that I want the capacity of strictly distinguishing these degrees from each other, and language whereby to retain and express their differences. Yet I do distinguish them, unconsciously, and place them side by side; and thus I form the conception of a surface.

*Spirit.* But canst thou, in the same undivided moment of time, have sensations of opposite kinds, or be affected at the same time in different ways?

*I.* By no means.

*Spirit.* Those different degrees of smoothness, which thou wouldst assume in order to explain what thou canst not explain, are nevertheless, in so far as they are different from each other, mere opposite sensations which succeed each other in thee?

*I.* I cannot deny this.

*Spirit.* Thou shouldst therefore describe them as thou really findest them,—as successive changes of the same mathematical point, such as thou perceivest in other cases; and not as adjacent and simultaneous qualities of several points in one surface.

*I.* I see this, and I find that nothing is explained by my assumption. But my hand, with which I touch the object and cover it, is itself a surface; and by it I perceive the object to be a surface, and a greater one than my hand, since I can extend my hand several times upon it.

*Spirit.* Thy hand is a surface? How dost thou know that?

How dost thou attain a consciousness of thy hand at all? Is there any other way than either that thou by means of it feelest something else, in which case it is an instrument; or that thou feelest itself by means of some other part of thy body, in which case it is an object?

*I.* No, there is no other. With my hand I feel some other definite object, or I feel my hand itself by means of some other part of my body. I have no immediate, absolute consciousness of my hand, any more than of my sight or touch.

*Spirit.* Let us, at present, consider only the case in which thy hand is an instrument, for this will determine the second case also. In this case there can be nothing more in the immediate perception than what belongs to sensation,—that whereby thou thyself, and here in particular thy hand, is conceived of as the subject tasting in the act of taste, feeling in the act of touch. Now, either thy sensation is single; in which case I cannot see why thou shouldst extend this single sensation over a sentient surface, and not content thyself with a single sentient point;—or thy sensation is varied; and in this case, since the differences must succeed each other, I again do not see why thou shouldst not conceive of these feelings as succeeding each other in the same point. That thy hand should appear to thee as a surface, is just as inexplicable as thy notion of a surface in general. Do not make use of the first in order to explain the second, until thou hast explained the first itself. The second case, in which thy hand, or whatever other member of thy body thou wilt, is itself the object of a sensation, may easily be explained by means of the first. Thou perceivest this member by means of another, which is then the sentient one. I ask the same question concerning this latter member that I asked concerning thy hand, and thou art as little able to answer it as before.

So it is with the surface of thy eyes, and with every other surface of thy body. It may very well be that the consciousness of an extension out of thyself, proceeds from the consciousness of thine own extension as a material body, and is conditioned by it. But then thou must, in the first place, explain this extension of thy material body.

*I.* It is enough. I now perceive clearly that I neither see nor feel the superficial extension of the properties of bodies, nor apprehend it by any other sense. I see that it is my habitual practice to extend over a surface, what nevertheless in sensation is but one point; to represent as adjacent and simultaneous, what I ought to represent as only successive, since in mere sensation there is nothing simultaneous, but all is successive. I discover that I proceed in fact exactly as the geometer does in the construction of his figures, extending points to lines, and lines to surfaces. I am astonished how I should have done this.

*Spirit.* Thou dost more than this, and what is yet more strange. This surface which thou attributest to bodies, thou canst indeed neither see nor feel, nor perceive by any organ; but it may be said, in a certain sense, that thou canst see the red colour upon it, or feel the smoothness. But thou addest something more even to this surface:—thou extendest it to a solid mathematical figure; as by thy previous admission thou hast extended the line to a surface. Thou assumest a substantial interior existence of the body behind its surface. Tell me, canst thou then see, feel, or recognise by any sense, the actual presence of anything behind this surface?

*I.* By no means:—the space behind the surface is impenetrable to my sight, touch, or any of my senses.

*Spirit.* And yet thou dost assume the existence of such an interior substance, which, nevertheless, thou canst not perceive?

*I.* I confess it, and my astonishment increases.

*Spirit.* What then is this something which thou imaginest to be behind the surface?

*I.* Well—I suppose something similar to the surface,—something tangible.

*Spirit.* We must ascertain this more distinctly. Canst thou divide the mass of which thou imaginest the body to consist?

*I.* I can divide it to infinity;—I do not mean with instruments, but in thought. No possible part is the smallest, so that it cannot be again divided.

*Spirit.* And in this division dost thou ever arrive at a portion of which thou canst suppose that it is no longer perceptible in itself to sight, touch, &c.;—*in itself* I say, besides being imperceptible to thy own particular organs of sense?

*I.* By no means.

*Spirit.* Visible, perceptible absolutely?—or with certain properties of colour, smoothness, roughness, and the like?

*I.* In the latter way. Nothing is visible or perceptible absolutely, because there is no absolute sense of sight or touch.

*Spirit.* Then thou dost but spread through the whole mass thy own sensibility, that which is already familiar to thee,—visibility as coloured, tangibility as rough, smooth, or the like; and after all it is this sensibility itself of which alone thou art sensible? Or dost thou find it otherwise?

*I.* By no means: what thou sayest follows from what I have already understood and admitted.

*Spirit.* And yet thou dost perceive nothing behind the surface, and hast perceived nothing there?

*I.* Were I to break through it, I should perceive something.

*Spirit.* So much therefore thou knowest beforehand. And this infinite divisibility, in which, as thou maintainest, thou canst never arrive at anything absolutely imperceptible, thou hast never carried it out, nor canst thou do so?

*I.* I cannot carry it out.

*Spirit.* To a sensation, therefore, which thou hast really had, thou addest in imagination another which thou hast not had?

*I.* I am sensible only of that which I attribute to the surface; I am not sensible of what lies behind it, and yet I assume the existence of something there which might be perceived. Yes, I must admit what thou sayest.

*Spirit.* And the actual sensation is in part found to correspond with what thou hast thus pre-supposed?

*I.* When I break through the surface of a body, I do indeed find beneath it something perceptible, as I pre-supposed. Yes, I must admit this also.

*Spirit.* Partly, however, thou hast maintained that there is something beyond sensation, which cannot become apparent to any *actual* perception.

*I.* I maintain, that were I to divide a corporeal mass to infinity, I could never come to any part which is *in itself* imperceptible; although I admit that I can never make the experiment,—can never practically carry out the division of a corporeal mass to infinity. Yes, I must agree with thee in this also.

*Spirit.* Thus there is nothing remaining of the object but *what is perceptible*;—what is a property or attribute;—this perceptibility thou extendest through a continuous space which is divisible to infinity; and the true substratum or supporter of the attributes of things which thou hast sought, is, therefore, only the space which is thus filled?

*I.* Although I cannot be satisfied with this, but feel that I must still suppose in the object something more than this perceptibility and the space which it fills, yet I cannot point out this something, and I must therefore confess that I have hitherto been unable to discover any substratum but space itself.

*Spirit.* Always confess whatever thou perceivest to be true. The present obscurities will gradually become clear, and the unknown will be made known. Space itself, however, is not perceived; and thou canst not understand how thou hast obtained this conception, or why thou extendest throughout it this property of perceptibility?

*I.* It is so.

*Spirit.* As little dost thou understand how thou hast obtained even this conception of a perceptibility out of thyself, since thou really perceivest only thine own sensation in thyself, not as the property of an external thing, but as an affection of thine own being.

*I.* So it is. I see clearly that I really perceive only my own state, and not the object; that I neither see, feel, nor hear this object; but that, on the contrary, precisely there where the object should be, all seeing, feeling, and so forth, comes to an end.

But I have a presentiment. Sensations, *as affections of myself*, have no extension whatever, but are simple states; in their differences they are not contiguous to each other in space, but successive to each other in time. Nevertheless, I do extend them in space. May it not be by means of this extension, and simultaneously with it, that what is properly only my own feeling or sensation becomes changed for me into a perceptible something out of myself; and may not this be the precise point at which there arises within me a consciousness of the external object?

*Spirit.* This conjecture may be confirmed. But could we raise it immediately to a conviction, we should thereby attain to no complete insight, for this higher question would still remain to be answered,—How dost thou first come to extend sensation through space? Let us then proceed at once to this question; and let us propound it more generally—I have my reasons for doing so—in the following manner:—How is it, that, with thy consciousness, which is but an immediate consciousness of thyself, thou proceedest out of thyself; and to the sensation which thou dost perceive, superaddest an object perceived and perceptible, which yet thou dost not perceive?

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*I.* Sweet or bitter, fragrant or ill-scented, rough or smooth, cold or warm,—these qualities, when applied to things, signify whatever excites in me this or that taste, smell, or other sensation. It is the same with respect to sounds. A relation to myself is always indicated, and it never occurs to me that the sweet or bitter taste, the pleasant or unpleasant smell, lies in the thing itself;—it lies in me, and it only appears to be excited by the object. It seems indeed to be otherwise with the sensations of sight,—with colours, for example, which may not be pure sensations, but a sort of intermediate affections; yet when we consider it strictly, red, and the others, means nothing more than what produces in me a certain sensation of sight. This leads me to understand how it is that I attain to a know-

ledge of things out of myself. I am affected in a particular manner—this I know absolutely;—this affection must have a foundation; this foundation is not in myself, and therefore must be out of myself;—thus I reason rapidly and unconsciously, and forthwith assume the existence of such a foundation,—namely, the object. This foundation must be one by which the particular affection in question may be explained;—I am affected in the manner which I call a sweet taste, the object must therefore be of a kind to excite a sweet taste, or more briefly, must itself be *sweet*. In this way I determine the character of the object.

*Spirit.* There may be some truth in what thou sayest, although it is not the whole truth which might be said upon the subject. How this stands we shall undoubtedly discover in due time. Since, however, it cannot be denied that in other cases thou dost discover some truth by means of this principle of causality,—so I term the doctrine which thou hast just asserted, that everything (in this case thy affection) must have a foundation or cause,—since this, I say, cannot be denied, it may not be superfluous to learn strictly to understand this procedure, and to make it perfectly clear to ourselves what it is thou really dost when thou adoptest it. Let us suppose, in the meantime, that thy statement is perfectly correct, that it is by an unconscious act of reasoning, from the effect to the cause, that thou first comest to assume the existence of an outward object;—what then was it which thou wert here conscious of perceiving?

*I.* That I was affected in a certain manner.

*Spirit.* But of an object, affecting thee in a certain manner, thou wert not conscious, at least not as a perception?

*I.* By no means. I have already admitted this.

*Spirit.* Then, by this principle of causality, thou addest to a knowledge which thou hast, another which thou hast not?

*I.* Thy words are strange.

*Spirit.* Perhaps I may succeed in removing this strangeness. But let my words appear to thee as they may. They ought only to lead thee to produce in thine own mind the same thought that I have produced in mine; not serve thee

as a text-book which thou hast only to repeat. When thou hast the thought itself firmly and clearly in thy grasp, then express it as thou wilt, and with as much variety as thou wilt, and be sure that thou wilt always express it well.

How, and by what means, knowest thou of this affection of thyself?

*I.* It would be difficult to answer thee in words:—Because my consciousness, as a subjective attribute, as the determination of my being in so far as I am an intelligence, proceeds directly upon the existence of this affection as its object, as that of which I am conscious, and is inseparable from it;—because I am possessed of consciousness at all only in so far as I am cognisant of such an affection—cognisant of it absolutely, just as I am cognisant of my own existence.

*Spirit.* Thou hast therefore an organ,—consciousness itself,—whereby thou perceivest such an affection of thyself?

*I.* Yes.

*Spirit.* But an organ whereby thou perceivest the object itself, thou hast not?

*I.* Since thou hast convinced me that I neither see nor feel the object itself, nor apprehend it by any external sense, I find myself compelled to confess that I have no such organ.

*Spirit.* Bethink thee well of this. It may be turned against thee that thou hast made me this admission. What then is thy external sense at all, and how canst thou call it external, if it have no reference to any external object, and be not the organ whereby thou hast any knowledge of such?

*I.* I desire truth, and trouble myself little about what may be turned against me. I distinguish absolutely because I do distinguish them, green, sweet, red, smooth, bitter, fragrant, rough, ill-scented, the sound of a violin and of a trumpet. Among these sensations I place some in a certain relation of likeness to each other, although in other respects I distinguish them from each other; thus I find green and red, sweet and bitter, rough and smooth, &c., to have a certain relation of similarity to each other, and this similarity I

feel to be respectively one of sight, taste, touch, &c. Sight, taste, and so forth, are not indeed in themselves actual sensations, for I never see or feel absolutely, as thou hast previously remarked, but always see red or green, taste sweet or bitter, &c. Sight, taste, and the like, are only higher definitions of actual sensations; they are classes to which I refer these latter, not by arbitrary arrangement, but guided by the immediate sensation itself. I see in them therefore not external senses, but only particular definitions of the objects of the inward sense, of my own states or affections. How they become external senses, or, more strictly speaking, how I come to regard them as such, and so to name them, is now the question. I do not take back my admission that I have no organ for the object itself.

*Spirit.* Yet thou speakest of objects as if thou didst really know of their existence, and hadst an organ for such knowledge?

*I.* Yes.

*Spirit.* And this thou dost, according to thy previous assumption, in consequence of the knowledge which thou dost really possess, and for which thou hast an organ, and on account of this knowledge?

*I.* It is so.

*Spirit.* Thy real knowledge, that of thy sensations or affections, is to thee like an imperfect knowledge, which, as thou sayest, requires to be completed by another. This other new knowledge thou conceivest and describest to thyself,—not as something which thou hast, for thou hast it not,—but as something which thou shouldst have, over and above thy actual knowledge, if thou hadst an organ where with to apprehend it. “I know nothing indeed,” thou seemest to say, “of things in themselves, but such things there must be; if I could but find them, they are to be found.” Thou supposest another organ, which indeed is not thine, and this thou employest upon them, and thereby apprehendest them,—of course in thought only. Strictly speaking, thou hast no *consciousness of things*, but only *a consciousness* (produced by a procession out of thy actual consciousness by

means of the principle of causality) *of a consciousness of things* (such as ought to be, such as of necessity must be, although not accessible to thee); and now thou wilt perceive that, in the supposition thou hast made, thou hast added to a knowledge which thou hast, another which thou hast not.

*I.* I must admit this.

*Spirit.* Henceforward let us call this second knowledge, obtained by means of another, *mediate*, and the first *immediate* knowledge. A certain school has called this procedure which we have to some extent described above, *a synthesis*; by which we are to understand not a *con-nexion* established between two elements previously existing, but an *an-nexion*, and an addition of a wholly new element, arising through this *an-nexion*, to another element previously existing independently of such addition.

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Thus the *first* consciousness appears as soon as thou discoverest thy own existence, and the latter is not discovered without the former; the *second* consciousness is produced in thee by means of the first.

*I.* But not successive to it in time; for I am conscious of external things at the very same undivided moment in which I become conscious of myself.

*Spirit.* I did not speak of such a succession in time at all; but I think that when thou reflectest upon that undivided consciousness of thyself and of the external object, distinguishest between them, and inquirest into their connexion, thou wilt find that the latter can be conceived of only as conditioned by the former, and as only possible on the supposition of its existence; but not *vice versa*.

*I.* So I find it to be; and if that be all thou wouldst say, I admit thy assertion, and have already admitted it.

*Spirit.* Thou engenderest, I say, this second consciousness; producest it by a real act of thy mind. Or dost thou find it otherwise?

*I.* I have surely admitted this already. I add to the consciousness which is simultaneous with that of my exist-

ence, another which I do not find in myself; I thus complete and double my actual consciousness, and this is certainly an act. But I am tempted to take back either my admission, or else the whole supposition. I am perfectly conscious of the act of my mind when I form a general conception, or when in cases of doubt I choose one of the many possible modes of action which lie before me; but of the act through which, according to thy assertion, I must produce the presentation of an object out of myself, I am not conscious at all.

*Spirit.* Do not be deceived. Of an act of thy mind thou canst become conscious only in so far as thou dost pass through a state of indetermination and indecision, of which thou wert likewise conscious, and to which this act puts an end. There is no such state of indecision in the case we have supposed; the mind has no need to deliberate what object it shall superadd to its particular sensations,—it is done at once. We even find this distinction in philosophical phraseology. An act of the mind, of which we are conscious as such, is called *freedom*. An act without consciousness of action, is called *spontaneity*. Remember that I by no means demand of thee an immediate consciousness of the act as such, but only that on subsequent reflection thou shouldst discover that there must have been an act. The higher question, what it is that prevents any such state of indecision, or any consciousness of our act, will undoubtedly be afterwards solved.

This act of the mind is called thought; a word which I have hitherto employed with thy concurrence; and it is said that thought takes place with spontaneity, in opposition to sensation which is mere receptivity. How is it then, that, in thy previous statement, thou addest in thought to the sensation which thou certainly hast, an object of which thou knowest nothing?

*I.* I assume that my sensation must have a cause, and then proceed further,—

*Spirit.* Wilt thou not, in the first place, explain to me what is a cause?

*I.* I find a thing determined this way or that. I cannot rest satisfied with knowing that *so it is*;—it has *become so*, and that not by itself, but by means of a foreign power. This foreign power, that made it what it is, *contains the cause*, and the manifestation of that power, which did actually make it so, *is the cause* of this particular determination of the thing. That my sensation must have a cause, means that it is produced within me by a foreign power.

*Spirit.* This foreign power thou now addest in thought to the sensation of which thou art immediately conscious, and thus there arises in thee the presentation of an object? Well,—let it be so.

Now observe; if sensation must have a cause, then I admit the correctness of thy inference; and I see with what perfect right thou assumest the existence of objects out of thyself, notwithstanding that thou neither knowest nor canst know aught of them. But how then dost thou know, and how dost thou propose to prove, that sensation must have a cause? Or, in the general manner in which thou hast stated the proposition, why canst thou not rest satisfied to know that something *is*? why must thou assume that it has *become so*, or that it has become so by means of a foreign power? I note that thou hast always only assumed this.

*I.* I confess it. But I cannot do otherwise than think so. It seems as if I knew it immediately.

*Spirit.* What this answer, “thou knowest it immediately,” may signify, we shall see should we be brought back to it as the only possible one. We will however first try all other possible methods of ascertaining the grounds of the assertion that everything must have a cause.

Dost thou know this by immediate perception?

*I.* How could I? since perception only declares that in me something *is*, according as I am determined this way or that, but never that it has *become so*; still less that it has become so by means of a foreign power lying beyond all perception.

*Spirit.* Or dost thou obtain this principle by generalisation of thy observation of external things, the cause of which

thou hast always discovered out of themselves ; an observation which thou now appliest to thyself and to thine own condition ?

*I.* Do not treat me like a child, and ascribe to me palpable absurdities. By the principle of causality I first arrive at a knowledge of things out of myself ; how then can I again, by observation of these things, arrive at this principle itself. Shall the earth rest on the great elephant, and the great elephant again upon the earth ?

*Spirit.* Or is this principle a deduction from some other general truth ?

*I.* Which again could be founded neither on immediate perception, nor on the observation of external things, and concerning the origin of which thou wouldst still raise other questions ! I might only possess this previous fundamental truth by immediate knowledge. Better to say this at once of the principle of causality and let thy conjectures rest.

*Spirit.* Let it be so ;—we then obtain, besides the first immediate knowledge of our own states, through sensible perception, a second immediate knowledge concerning a general truth ?

*I.* So it appears.

*Spirit.* The particular knowledge now in question, namely, that thy affections or states must have a cause, is entirely independent of the knowledge of things ?

*I.* Certainly, for the latter is obtained only by means of it.

*Spirit.* And thou hast it absolutely in thyself ?

*I.* Absolutely, for only by means of it do I first proceed out of myself.

*Spirit.* Out of thyself therefore, and through thyself, and through thine own immediate knowledge, thou prescribest laws to being and its relations ?

*I.* Rightly considered, I prescribe laws only to my own presentations of being and its relations, and it will be more correct to make use of this expression.

*Spirit.* Be it so. Art thou then conscious of these laws in any other way than as thou dost act in accordance with them ?

*I.* My consciousness begins with the perception of my own state; I connect directly therewith the presentation of an object according to the principle of causality;—both of these, the consciousness of my own state, and the presentation of an object, are inseparably united, there is no intervening consciousness between them, and this one undivided consciousness is preceded by no other. No, it is impossible that I should be conscious of this law before acting in accordance with it, or in any other way than by so acting.

*Spirit.* Thou actest upon this law therefore without being conscious of it; thou actest upon it immediately and absolutely. Yet thou didst but now declare thyself conscious of it, and didst express it as a general proposition. How hast thou arrived at this latter consciousness?

*I.* Doubtless thus. I observe myself subsequently, and perceive that I have thus acted, and combine this ordinary course of procedure into a general law.

*Spirit.* Thou canst therefore become conscious of this course of procedure?

*I.* Unquestionably,—I guess the object of these questions. This is the above-mentioned second kind of immediate consciousness, that of my activity; as the first is sensation, or the consciousness of my passivity.

*Spirit.* Right. Thou *mayest* subsequently become conscious of thine own acts, by free observation of thyself and by reflection; but it *is not necessary* that thou shouldst become so;—thou dost not become immediately conscious of them at the moment of thy internal act.

*I.* Yet I must be originally conscious of them, for I am immediately conscious of my presentation of the object at the same moment that I am conscious of the sensation.—I have found the solution; I am immediately conscious of my act, only not *as such*; but it moves before me as *an objective reality*. This consciousness is a consciousness of the object. Subsequently by free reflection I may also become conscious of it as an act of my own mind.

My immediate consciousness is composed of two elements:—the consciousness of my passivity, *i. e.* sensation;—

and of my activity, in the creation of an object according to the law of causality ;—the latter consciousness connecting itself immediately with the former. My consciousness of the object is only a yet unrecognised *consciousness of my creation of a presentation of an object*. I am cognisant of this creation only because I myself am the creator. And thus all consciousness is immediate, is but a consciousness of myself, and therefore perfectly comprehensible. Am I in the right ?

*Spirit*. Perfectly so ; but whence then the necessity and universality thou hast ascribed to thy principles ;—in this case to the principle of causality ?

*I*. From the immediate feeling that I cannot act otherwise, as surely as I have reason ; and that no other reasonable being can act otherwise, as surely as it is a reasonable being. My proposition,—“All that is contingent, such as in this case my sensation, must have a cause,”—means the following : “*I have at all times pre-supposed a cause, and every one who thinks will likewise be constrained to pre-suppose a cause.*”

*Spirit*. Thou perceivest then that all knowledge is merely a knowledge of thyself ; that thy consciousness never goes beyond thyself ; and that what thou assumest to be a consciousness of the object is nothing but a consciousness of thine own supposition of an object, which, according to an inward law of thy thought, thou dost necessarily make simultaneously with the sensation itself.

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*I*. Proceed boldly with thy inferences ;—I have not interrupted thee, I have even helped thee in the development of these conclusions. But now, seriously, I retract my whole previous position, that by means of the principle of causality I arrive at the knowledge of external things ; and I did indeed inwardly retract it as soon as it led us into serious error.

In this way I could become conscious only of a mere *power* out of myself, and of this only as a conception of my own mind, just as for the explanation of magnetic pheno-

mena, I suppose a magnetic—or for the explanation of electrical phenomena, an electrical—power in Nature.

But the world does not appear to me such a mere thought,—the thought of a mere power. It is something extended, something which is thoroughly tangible, not, like a mere power, through its manifestations, but in itself;—it does not, like this, merely produce, it has qualities;—I am inwardly conscious of my apprehension of it, in a manner quite different from my consciousness of mere thought;—it appears to me as perception, although it has been proved that it cannot be such; and it would be difficult for me to describe this kind of consciousness, and to distinguish it from the other kinds of which we have spoken.

*Spirit.* Thou must nevertheless attempt such a description, otherwise I shall not understand thee, and we shall never arrive at clearness.

*I.* I will attempt to open a way towards it. I beseech thee, O Spirit! if thy organ of sight be like mine, to fix thine eye on the red object before us, to surrender thyself unreservedly to the impression produced by it, and to forget meanwhile thy previous conclusions;—and now tell me candidly what takes place in thy mind.

*Spirit.* I can completely place myself in thy position; and it is no purpose of mine to disown any impression which has an actual existence. But tell me, what is the effect you anticipate?

*I.* Dost thou not perceive and apprehend at a single glance, the surface?—I say *the surface*,—does it not stand there present before thee, entire and at once?—art thou conscious, even in the most distant and obscure way, of this extension of a simple red point to a line, and of this line to a surface, of which thou hast spoken? It is an after-thought to divide this surface, and conceive of its points and lines. Wouldst thou not, and would not every one who impartially observes himself, maintain and insist, notwithstanding thy former conclusions, that he really *saw* a surface of such or such a colour?

*Spirit.* I admit all this; and on examining myself, I find that it is exactly so as thou hast described.

But, in the first place, hast thou forgotten that it is not our object to relate to each other what presents itself in consciousness, as in a journal of the human mind, but to consider its various phenomena in their connexion, and to explain them by, and deduce them from, each other; and that consequently none of thy observations, which certainly cannot be denied, but which must be explained, can overturn any one of my just conclusions.

*I.* I shall never lose sight of this.

*Spirit.* Then do not, in the remarkable resemblance of this consciousness of bodies out of thyself, which yet thou canst not describe, to real perception, overlook the great difference nevertheless existing between them.

*I.* I was about to mention this difference. Each indeed appears as an immediate, not as an acquired or produced consciousness. But sensation is consciousness of my own state. Not so the consciousness of the object itself, which has absolutely no reference to me. I know that it *is*, and this is all; it does not concern me. If, in the first case, I seem like a soft strain of music which is modulated now in this way now in that, in the other, I appear like a mirror before which objects pass without producing the slightest change in it.

This distinction however is in my favour. Just so much the more do I seem to have a distinct consciousness of an existence out of myself, entirely independent of the sense of my own state of being;—of an existence out of myself, I say—for this differs altogether in kind from the consciousness of my own internal states.

*Spirit.* Thou observest well—but do not rush too hastily to a conclusion. If that whereon we have already agreed remains true, and thou canst be immediately conscious of thyself only; if the consciousness now in question be not a consciousness of thine own passivity, and still less a consciousness of thine own activity;—may it not then be an *unrecognised* consciousness of thine own being?—of thy being in so far as thou art a *knowing* being,—an Intelligence?

*I.* I do not understand thee; but help me once more, for I wish to understand thee.

*Spirit.* I must then demand thy whole attention, for I am here compelled to go deeper, and expatiate more widely, than ever.—What art thou?

*I.* To answer thy question in the most general way,—I am I, myself.

*Spirit.* I am well satisfied with this answer. What dost thou mean when thou sayest “I”;—what lies in this conception,—and how dost thou attain it?

*I.* On this point I can make myself understood only by contrast. External existence—*the thing*, is something out of me, the cognitive being. *I am myself* this cognitive being, one with the object of my cognition. As to my consciousness of the former, there arises the question,—Since the thing cannot know itself, how can a knowledge of it arise?—how can a consciousness of the thing arise *in me*, since I myself am not the thing, nor any of its modes or forms, and all these modes and forms lie within the circle of its own being, and by no means in mine? How does the thing reach me? What is the tie between me, the subject, and the thing which is the object of my knowledge? But as to my consciousness of *myself*, there can be no such question. In this case, I have my knowledge within myself, for I am intelligence. What I am, I know because I am it; and that whereof I know immediately that I am it, that I am because I immediately know it. There is here no need of any tie between subject and object; my own nature is this tie. I am subject and object:—and this *subject-object-ivity*, this return of knowledge upon itself, is what I mean by the term “I,” when I deliberately attach a definite meaning to it.

*Spirit.* Thus it is in the identity of subject and object that thy nature as an intelligence consists?

*I.* Yes.

*Spirit.* Canst thou then comprehend the possibility of thy becoming conscious of this identity, which is neither subject nor object, but which lies at the foundation of both, and out of which both arise?

*I.* By no means. It is the condition of all my consciousness, that the conscious being, and what he is conscious of, appear distinct and separate. I cannot even conceive of any other consciousness. In the very act of recognising myself, I recognise myself as subject and object, both however being immediately bound up with each other.

*Spirit.* Canst thou become conscious of the moment in which this inconceivable one separated itself into these two?

*I.* How can I, since my consciousness first becomes possible in and through their separation,—since it is my consciousness itself that thus separates them? Beyond consciousness itself there is no consciousness.

*Spirit.* It is this separation, then, that thou necessarily recognisest in becoming conscious of thyself? In this thy very original being consists?

*I.* So it is.

*Spirit.* And on what then is it founded?

*I.* I am intelligence, and have consciousness in myself. This separation is the condition and result of consciousness. It has its foundation, therefore, in myself, like consciousness.

*Spirit.* Thou art intelligence, thou sayest, at least this is all that is now in question, and as such thou becomest an object to thyself. Thy knowledge, therefore *in its objective capacity*, presents itself before thyself, *i. e.* before thy knowledge *in its subjective capacity*; and floats before it, but without thou thyself being conscious of such a presentation?

*I.* So it is.

*Spirit.* Canst thou not then adduce some more exact characteristics of the subjective and objective elements as they appear in consciousness?

*I.* The subjective appears to contain within itself the foundation of consciousness as regards its form, but by no means as regards its substance. That there is a consciousness, an inward perception and conception,—of this the foundation lies in itself; but that precisely this or that is conceived,—in this it is dependent on the objective, with

which it is conjoined and by which it is likewise borne along. The objective, on the contrary, contains the foundation of its being within itself; it is in and for itself,—it is, as it is, because it is. The subjective appears as the still and passive mirror of the objective; the latter floats before it. That the former should reflect images generally, lies in itself. That precisely this image and none other should be reflected, depends on the latter.

*Spirit.* The subjective, then, according to its essential nature, is precisely so constituted as thou hast previously described thy consciousness of an existence out of thyself to be?

*I.* It is true, and this agreement is remarkable. I begin to believe it half credible, that out of the internal laws of my own consciousness may proceed even the presentation of an existence out of myself, and independent of me; and that this presentation may at bottom be nothing more than the presentation of these laws themselves.

*Spirit.* And why only half credible?

*I.* Because I do not yet see why precisely such a presentation—a presentation of a mass extended through space—should arise.

*Spirit.* Thou hast already seen that it is only thine own sensation which thou extendest through space; and thou hast had some forebodings that it is by this extension in space alone that thy sensation becomes transformed for thee into something sensible. We have therefore to do at present only with space itself, and to explain its origin in consciousness.

*I.* So it is.

*Spirit.* Let us then make the attempt. I know that thou canst not become conscious of thy intelligent activity as such, in so far as it remains in its original and unchangeable unity;—*i.e.* in the condition which begins with thy very being, and can never be destroyed without at the same time destroying that being;—and such a consciousness therefore I do not ascribe to thee. But thou canst become conscious of it in so far as it passes from one state of transition to

another within the limits of this unchangeable unity. When thou dost represent it to thyself in the performance of this function, how does it appear to thee—this internal spiritual activity?

*I.* My spiritual faculty appears as if in a state of internal motion, swiftly passing from one point to another;—in short, as an extended line. A definite thought makes a point in this line.

*Spirit.* And why as an extended line?

*I.* Can I give a reason for that beyond the circle of which I cannot go without at the same time overstepping the limits of my own existence? It is so, absolutely.

*Spirit.* Thus, then, does a particular act of thy consciousness appear to thee. But what shape then is assumed, not by thy produced, but by thy inherited, knowledge, of which all specific thought is but the revival and farther definition?—how does this present itself to thee? Under what image does it appear?

*I.* Evidently as something in which one may draw lines and make points in all directions, namely, *as space*.

*Spirit.* Now then, it will be entirely clear to thee, how that, which really proceeds from thyself, may nevertheless, appear to thee as an existence external to thyself,—nay, must necessarily appear so.

Thou hast penetrated to the true source of the presentation of things out of thyself. This presentation is not perception, for thou perceivest thyself only;—as little is it thought, for things do not appear to thee as mere results of thought. It is an actual, and indeed absolute and immediate consciousness of an existence out of thyself, just as perception is an immediate consciousness of thine own condition. Do not permit thyself to be perplexed by sophists and half-philosophers; things do not appear to thee through any representation;—of the thing that exists, and that can exist, thou art immediately conscious;—and there is no other thing than that of which thou art conscious. Thou thyself art the thing; thou thyself, by virtue of thy finitude—the innermost law of thy being—art thus presented before thy-

self, and projected out of thyself; and all that thou perceivest out of thyself is still—thyself only. This consciousness has been well named INTUITION. In all consciousness I contemplate myself, for I am myself:—to the subjective, conscious being, consciousness is self-contemplation. And the objective, that which is contemplated and of which I am conscious, is also myself,—the same self which contemplates, but now floating as an objective presentation before the subjective. In this respect, consciousness is an active retrospect of my own intuitions; an observation of myself from my own position; a projection of myself out of myself by means of the only mode of action which is properly mine,—perception. I am a living faculty of vision. I see (*consciousness*) my own vision (*the thing of which I am conscious.*)

Hence this object is also thoroughly transparent to thy mind's eye, because it is thy mind itself. Thou dividest, limitest, determinest, the possible forms of things, and the relations of these forms, previous to all perception. No wonder,—for in so doing thou dividest, limitest, and determinest thine own knowledge, which undoubtedly is sufficiently known to thee. Thus does a knowledge of things become possible. It is not in the things, and cannot proceed out of them. It proceeds from thee, and is indeed thine own nature.

There is no outward sense, for there is no outward perception. There is, however, an outward intuition;—not of things, but this outward intuition—this knowledge apparently external to the subjective being, and hovering before it,—is itself the thing, and there is no other. By means of this outward intuition are perception and sense regarded as external. It remains eternally true, for it is proved,—that I see or feel a surface,—my sight or feeling takes the shape of the sight or feeling of a surface. Space,—illuminated, transparent, palpable, penetrable space,—the purest image of my knowledge, is not seen, but is an intuitive possession of my own mind; in it even my faculty of vision itself is contained. The light is not out of, but in me, and I myself am the light. Thou hast already answered my quest-

ion, "How dost thou know of thy sensations, of thy seeing, feeling, &c.?" by saying that thou hast an immediate knowledge or consciousness of them. Now, perhaps, thou wilt be able to define more exactly this immediate consciousness of sensation.

*I.* It must be a two-fold consciousness. Sensation is itself an immediate consciousness; for I am sensible of my own sensation. But from this there arises no knowledge of outward existence, but only the feeling of my own state. I am however, originally, not merely a sensitive, but also an intuitive being; not merely a practical being, but also an intelligence. I intuitively contemplate my sensation itself, and thus there arises from myself and my own nature, the *cognition of an existence*. Sensation becomes transformed into its own object; my affections, as red, smooth, and the like, into a *something* red, smooth, &c. out of myself; and this something, and my relative sensation, I intuitively contemplate in space, because the intuition itself is space. Thus does it become clear why I believe that I see or feel surfaces, which, in fact, I neither see nor feel. I intuitively regard my own sensation of sight or touch, as the sight or touch of a surface.

*Spirit.* Thou hast well understood me, or rather thyself.

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*I.* But now it is not at all by means of an inference, either recognised or unrecognised, from the principle of causality, that the thing is originated for me; it floats immediately before me, and is presented to my consciousness without any process of reasoning. I cannot say, as I have formerly said, that perception becomes transformed into a something perceivable, for the perceivable, as such, has precedence in consciousness. It is not with an affection of myself, as red, smooth, or the like, that consciousness begins, but with a red, smooth object out of myself.

*Spirit.* If, however, thou wert obliged to explain what is red, smooth, and the like, couldst thou possibly make any other reply than that it was that by which thou wert affect-

ed in a certain manner that thou namest red, smooth, &c. ?

*I.* Certainly not,—if you were to ask me, and I were to enter upon the question and attempt an explanation. But originally no one asks me the question, nor do I ask it of myself. I forget myself entirely, and lose myself in my intuition of the object; become conscious, not of my own state, but only of an existence out of myself. Red, green, and the like, are properties of the thing; it is red or green, and this is all. There can be no farther explanation, any more than there can be a farther explanation of these affections in me, on which we have already agreed. This is most obvious in the sensation of sight. Colour appears as something out of myself; and the common understanding of man, if left to itself, and without farther reflection, would scarcely be persuaded to describe red, green, &c. as that which excited within him a specific affection.

*Spirit.* But, doubtless, it would if asked regarding sweet or sour. It is not our business at present to inquire whether the impression made by means of sight be a pure sensation, or whether it may be not rather be a middle term between sensation and intuition, and the bond by which they are united in our minds. But I admit thy assertion, and it is extremely welcome to me. Thou canst, indeed, lose thyself in the intuition; and unless thou directest particular attention to thyself, or takest an interest in some external action, thou dost so, naturally and necessarily. This is the remark to which the defenders of a groundless consciousness of external things appeal, when it is shown that the principle of causality, by which the existence of such things might be inferred, exists only in ourselves; they deny that any such inference is made, and, in so far as they refer to actual consciousness in particular cases, this cannot be disputed. These same defenders, when the nature of intuition is explained to them from the laws of intelligence itself, themselves draw this inference anew, and never weary of repeating that there must be something external to us which compels us to this belief.

*I.* Do not trouble thyself about them at present, but in-

struct me. I have no preconceived opinion, and seek for truth only.

*Spirit.* Nevertheless, intuition necessarily proceeds from the perception of thine own state, although thou art not always clearly conscious of this perception, as thou hast already seen. Even in that consciousness in which thou lovest thyself in the object, there is always something which is only possible by means of an unrecognised reference to thyself, and close observation of thine own state.

*I.* Consequently, at all times and places the consciousness of existence out of myself must be accompanied by an unobserved consciousness of myself?

*Spirit.* Just so.

*I.* The former being determined through the latter,—as it actually is?

*Spirit.* That is my meaning.

*I.* Prove this to me, and I shall be satisfied.

*Spirit.* Dost thou imagine only things in general as placed in space, or each of them individually as occupying a certain portion of space?

*I.* The latter,—each thing has its determinate bulk.

*Spirit.* And do different things occupy the same part of space?

*I.* By no means; they exclude each other. They are beside, over or under, behind or before, each other;—nearer to me, or further from me.

*Spirit.* And how dost thou come to this measurement and arrangement of them in space? Is it by sensation?

*I.* How could that be, since space itself is no sensation?

*Spirit.* Or intuition?

*I.* This cannot be. Intuition is immediate and infallible. What is contained in it does not appear as produced, and cannot deceive. But I must train myself to estimate, measure and deliberate upon, the size of an object, its distance, its position with respect to other objects. It is a truth known to every beginner, that we originally see all objects in the same line; that we learn to estimate their greater or lesser distances; that the child attempts to grasp

distant objects as if they lay immediately before his eyes; and that one born blind who should suddenly receive sight would do the same. This conception of distances is therefore a judgment;—no intuition, but an arrangement of my different intuitions by means of the understanding, I may err in my estimate of the size, distance, &c. of an object; and the so-called optical deceptions are not deceptions of sight, but erroneous judgments formed concerning the size of the object, concerning the size of its different parts in relation to each other, and consequently concerning its true figure and its distance from me and from other objects. But it does really exist in space, as I contemplate it, and the colours which I see in it are likewise really seen by me;—and here there is no deception.

*Spirit.* And what then is the principle of this judgment,—to take the most distinct and easy case,—thy judgment of the proximity or distance of objects,—how dost thou estimate this distance?

*I.* Doubtless by the greater strength, or feebleness of impressions otherwise equal. I see before me two objects of the same red colour. The one whose colour I see more vividly, I regard as the nearer: that whose colour seems to me fainter, as the more distant, and as so much the more distant as the colour seems fainter.

*Spirit.* Thus thou dost estimate the distance according to the degree of strength or weakness in the sensation; and this strength or weakness itself,—dost thou also estimate it?

*I.* Obviously only in so far as I take note of my own affections, and even of very slight differences in these.—Thou hast conquered! All consciousness of objects out of myself is determined by the clearness and exactitude of my consciousness of my own states, and in this consciousness there is always a conclusion drawn from the effect in myself to a cause out of myself.

*Spirit.* Thou art quickly vanquished; and I must now myself carry forward, in thy place, the controversy against myself. My argument can only apply to those cases in which an actual and deliberate estimate of the size, dis-

tance, and position, of objects takes place, and in which thou art conscious of making such an estimate. Thou wilt however admit that this is by no means the common case, and that for the most part thou rather becomest conscious of the size, distance, &c. of an object at the very same undivided moment in which thou becomest conscious of the object itself.

*I.* When once we learn to estimate the distances of objects by the strength of the impression, the rapidity of this judgment is merely the consequence of its frequent exercise. I have learnt, by a lifelong experience, rapidly to observe the strength of the impression and thereby to estimate the distance. My present conception is founded upon a combination, formerly made, of sensation, intuition, and previous judgments; although at the moment I am conscious only of the present conception. I no longer apprehend *generally* red, green, or the like, out of myself, but a red or a green *at this, that, or the other distance*; but this last addition is merely a renewal of a judgment formerly arrived at by deliberate reflection.

*Spirit.* Has it not then, at length, become clear to thee whether thou discoverest the existence of things out of thyself by intuition, or by reasoning, or both,—and in how far by each of these?

*I.* Perfectly; and I believe that I have now attained the fullest insight into the origin of my conceptions of objects out of myself.

1. I am absolutely conscious of myself, because I am this *I*,—myself; and that partly as a practical being, partly as an intelligence. The first consciousness is Sensation, the second Intuition—unlimited space.
2. I cannot comprehend the unlimited, for I am finite. I therefore set apart, in thought, a certain portion of universal space, and place the former in a certain relation to the latter.
3. The measure of this limited portion of space is the extent of my own sensibility, according to a principle which may be thus expressed :—Whatever affects me

in such or such a manner is to be placed, in space, in such or such relations to the other things which affect me.

The properties or attributes of the object proceed from the perception of my own internal state; the space which it fills, from intuitive contemplation. By a process of thought, both are conjoined; the former being added to the latter. It is so, assuredly, as we have said before:—that which is merely a state or affection of myself, by being transferred or projected into space becomes an attribute of the object; but it is so projected into space, not by intuition, but by thought, by measuring, regulating thought. Not that this act is to be regarded as an intellectual discovery or creation; but only as a more exact definition, by means of thought, of something which is already given in sensation and intuition, independent of all thought.

*Spirit.* Whatever affects me in such or such a manner is to be placed in such or such relations:—thus dost thou reason in defining and arranging objects in space. But does not the declaration that a thing affects thee in a certain manner, include the assumption that it affects thee generally?

*I.* Undoubtedly.

*Spirit.* And is any presentation of an external object possible, which is not in this manner limited and defined in space?

*I.* No; for no object exists in space generally, but each one in a determinate portion of space.

*Spirit.* So that in fact, whether thou art conscious of it or not, every external object is assumed by thee as affecting thyself, as certainly as it is assumed as filling a determinate portion of space?

*I.* That follows, certainly.

*Spirit.* And what kind of presentation is that of an object affecting thyself?

*I.* Evidently a thought; and indeed a thought founded on the principle of causality already mentioned. I see now, still more clearly, that the consciousness of the object is en-

grafted on my self-consciousness in two ways,—partly by intuition, and partly by thought founded on the principle of causality. The object, however strange it may seem, is at once the immediate object of my consciousness, and the result of deliberate thought.

*Spirit.* In different respects, however. Thou must be capable of being conscious of this thought of the object?

*I.* Doubtless; although usually I am not so.

*Spirit.* Therefore to thy passive state, thy affection, thou dost superadd in thought an activity out of thyself, such as thou hast above described in the case of thy thought according to the principle of causality?

*I.* Yes.

*Spirit.* And with the same meaning and the same validity as thou didst describe it above. Thou thinkest so once for all, and must think so; thou canst not alter it, and canst know nothing more than that thou dost think so?

*I.* Nothing more. We have already investigated all this thoroughly.

*Spirit.* I said, thou dost assume an object:—in so far as it is so assumed, it is a product of thy own thought only?

*I.* Certainly, for this follows from the former.

*Spirit.* And what now is this object which is thus assumed according to the principle of causality?

*I.* A power out of myself.

*Spirit.* Which is neither revealed to thee by sensation nor by intuition?

*I.* No; I always remain perfectly conscious that I do not perceive it immediately, but only by means of its manifestations; although I ascribe to it an existence independent of myself. I am affected, there must therefore be something that affects me,—such is my thought.

*Spirit.* The object which is revealed to thee in intuition, and that which thou assumest by reasoning, are thus very different things. That which is actually and immediately present before thee, spread out in space, is the object of intuition; the internal force within it, which is not present before thee, but whose existence thou art led to assert only

by a process of reasoning, is the object of the understanding.

*I.* The internal force within it, saidst thou;—and now I bethink me, thou art right. I place this force also in space, and superadd it to the mass by which I regard space as filled.

*Spirit.* And what then, according to thy view, is the nature of the relation subsisting between this force and the mass?

*I.* The mass, with its properties, is itself the result and manifestation of the inward force. This force has two modes of operation:—one whereby it maintains itself, and assumes this particular form in which it appears; another upon me, by which it affects me in a particular manner.

*Spirit.* Thou hast formerly sought for another substratum for sensible attributes or qualities than the space which contains them; something besides this space, permanent amid the vicissitudes of perpetual change.

*I.* Yes, and this permanent substratum is found. It is force itself. This remains for ever the same amid all change, and it is this which assumes and supports all sensible attributes or qualities.

*Spirit.* Let us cast a glance back on all that we have now established. Thou feelest thyself in a certain state, affected in a certain manner, which thou callest red, smooth, sweet, and so on. Of this thou knowest nothing, but simply that thou feelest, and feelest in this particular manner. Or dost thou know more than this? Is there in mere sensation anything more than mere sensation?

*I.* No.

*Spirit.* Further, it is by thine own nature as an intelligence, that there is space spread out before thee;—or dost thou know anything more than this concerning space?

*I.* By no means.

*Spirit.* Between that state of simple sensation, and this space which is spread out before thee, there is not the smallest connexion except that they are both present in thy consciousness. Or dost thou perceive any other connexion between them?

*I.* I see none.

*Spirit.* But thou art a thinking, as well as a sensitive and intuitive, being; and yet neither dost thou *know* anything more of this matter, than that so thou art. Thou dost not merely feel thy sensible state,—thou canst also conceive of it in thought; but it affords thee no complete thought; thou art compelled to add something to it, an external foundation, a foreign power. Or dost thou know more of it than that thou dost so think, and that thou art compelled so to think?

*I.* I can know nothing more respecting it. I cannot proceed beyond my thought; for simply because I think it does it become my thought and fall under the inevitable laws of my being.

*Spirit.* Through this thought of thine, there first arises a connexion between thy own state which thou feelest, and the space which thou dost intuitively contemplate; thou supposest in the latter the foundation of the former. Is it not so?

*I.* It is so. Thou hast clearly proved that I produce this connexion in my consciousness by my own thought only, and that such a connexion is neither directly felt, nor intuitively perceived. But of any connexion beyond the limits of my consciousness I cannot speak; I cannot even describe such a connexion in any manner of way; for even in speaking of it I must be conscious of it; and, since this consciousness can only be a thought, the connexion itself could be nothing more than a thought; and this is precisely the same connexion which occurs in my ordinary natural consciousness, and no other. I cannot proceed a hair's-breadth beyond this consciousness, any more than I can spring out of myself. All attempts to conceive of an absolute connexion between things *in themselves*, and the *I in itself*, are but attempts to ignore our own thought,—a strange forgetfulness of the undeniable fact that we can have no thought without having—thought it. A thing *in itself* is a thought;—this, namely, that there is a great thought which yet no man has ever comprehended.

*Spirit.* From thee then I need fear no objection to the

principle now established:—*that our consciousness of things out of ourselves is absolutely nothing more than the product of our own presentative faculty*, and that, with regard to external things, we can produce in this way nothing more than simply what we know, *i. e.* what is established by means of our consciousness itself, as the result of our being possessed of consciousness *generally*, and of this particular determinate consciousness subject to such and such laws.

*I.* I cannot refute this. It is so.

*Spirit.* Thou canst not then object to the bolder statement of the same proposition; that in that which we call knowledge and observation of outward things, we at all times recognise and observe ourselves only; and that in all our consciousness we know of nothing whatever but of ourselves and of our own determinate states.

I say, thou wilt not be able to advance aught against this proposition; for if the external world *generally* arises for us only through our own consciousness, what is particular and multiform in this external world can arise in no other way; and if the connexion between what is external to us and ourselves is merely a connexion in our own thought, then is the connexion of the multifarious objects of the external world among themselves undoubtedly this and no other. As clearly as I have now pointed out to thee the origin of this system of objects beyond thyself and their relation to thee, could I also show thee the law according to which there arises an infinite multiplicity of such objects, mutually connected, reciprocally determining each other with rigid necessity, and thus forming a complete world-system, as thou thyself hast well described it; and I only spare myself this task because I find that thou hast already admitted the conclusion for the sake of which alone I should have undertaken it.

*I.* I see it all, and must assent to it.

*Spirit.* And with this insight, mortal, be free, and for ever released from the fear which has degraded and tormented thee! Thou wilt no longer tremble at a necessity which exists only in thine own thought; no longer fear to be

crushed by things which are the product of thine own mind; no longer place thyself, the thinking being, in the same class with the thoughts which proceed from thee. As long as thou couldst believe that a system of things, such as thou hast described, really existed out of, and independently of, thee, and that thou thyself mightst be but a link in this chain, such a fear was well grounded. Now when thou hast seen that all this exists only in and through thyself, thou wilt doubtless no longer fear that which thou dost now recognise as thine own creation.

It was from this fear that I wished to set thee free. Thou art delivered from it, and I now leave thee to thyself.

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*I.* Stay, deceitful Spirit! Is this all the wisdom towards which thou hast directed my hopes, and dost thou boast that thou hast set me free? Thou hast set me free, it is true;—thou hast absolved me from all dependence; for thou hast transformed myself, and everything around me on which I could possibly be dependent, into nothing. Thou hast abolished necessity by annihilating all existence.

*Spirit.* Is the danger so great?

*I.* And thou canst jest!—According to thy system—

*Spirit.* My system? Whatever we have agreed upon, we have produced in common; we have laboured together, and thou hast understood everything as well as I myself. But it would still be difficult for thee at present even to guess at my true and perfect mode of thought.

*I.* Call thy thoughts by what name thou wilt; by all that thou hast hitherto said, there is nothing, absolutely nothing but presentations,—modes of consciousness, and of consciousness only. But a presentation is to me only the picture, the shadow, of a reality; in itself it cannot satisfy me, and has not the smallest worth. I might be content that this material world beyond me should vanish into a mere picture, or be dissolved into a shadow; I am not dependent on it;—but according to thy previous reasoning, I myself disappear no less than it; I myself am transformed into a mere

presentation, without meaning and without purpose. Or tell me, is it otherwise ?

*Spirit.* I say nothing in my own name. Examine,—help thyself !

*I.* I appear to myself as a body existing in space, with organs of sense and of action, as a physical force governed by a will. Of all this thou wilt say, as thou hast before said of objects out of myself, the thinking being, that it is a product of sensation, intuition, and thought combined.

*Spirit.* Undoubtedly. I will even show thee, step by step, if thou desirest it, the laws according to which thou appear-est to thyself in consciousness as an organic body, with such and such senses,—as a physical force, &c., and thou wilt be compelled to admit the truth of what I show thee.

*I.* I foresee that result. As I have been compelled to admit that what I call sweet, red, hard, and so on, is nothing more than my own affection; and that only by intuition and thought it is transposed out of myself into space, and regarded as the property of something existing independently of me ; so shall I also be compelled to admit that this body, with all its organs, is nothing but a sensible manifestation, in a determinate portion of space, of myself the inward thinking being ;—that *I*, the spiritual entity, the pure intelligence, and *I*, the bodily frame in the physical world, are one and the same, merely viewed from two different sides, and conceived of by two different faculties ;—the first by pure thought, the second by external intuition.

*Spirit.* This would certainly be the result of any inquiry that might be instituted.

*I.* And this thinking, spiritual entity, this intelligence which by intuition is transformed into a material body,—what can even it be, according to these principles, but a product of my own thought, something merely conceived of by me because I am compelled to imagine its existence by virtue of a law to me wholly inconceivable, proceeding from nothing and tending to nothing.

*Spirit.* It is possible.

*I.* Thou becomest hesitating and faint-hearted. It is not

possible only: it is necessary, according to these principles.

This perceiving, thinking, willing, intelligent entity, or whatever else thou mayest name that which possesses the faculties of perception, thought, and so forth;—that in which these faculties inhere, or in whatever other way thou mayest express this thought;—how do I attain a knowledge of it? Am I immediately conscious of it? How can I be? It is only of actual and specific *acts* of perception, thought, will, &c., as of particular occurrences, that I am immediately conscious; not of the capacities through which they are performed, and still less of a being in whom these capacities inhere. I perceive, directly and intuitively, this specific thought which occupies me during the present moment, and other specific thoughts in other moments; and here this inward intellectual intuition, this immediate consciousness, ends. This inward intuitive thought, now becomes itself an object of thought; but according to the laws under which alone I can think, it seems to me imperfect and incomplete, just as formerly the thought of my sensible states was but an imperfect thought. As formerly to mere passivity I unconsciously superadded in thought an active element, so here to my determinate state (*my actual thought or will*) I superadd a determinable element (*an infinite, possible thought or will*) simply because *I must* do so, and for the same reason, but without being conscious of this mental opposition. This manifold possible thought I further comprehend as one definite whole;—once more because I must do so, since I am unable to comprehend anything indefinite,—and thus I obtain the idea of a *finite capacity of thought*, and—since this idea carries with it the notion of a something independent of the thought itself—of a being or entity which possesses this capacity.

But, on higher principles, it may be made still more conceivable how this thinking being is produced by its own thought. Thought in itself is genetic, assuming the previous creation of an object immediately revealed, and occupying itself with the description of this object. Intuition gives the naked fact, and nothing more. Thought explains

this fact, and unites it to another, not found in intuition, but produced purely by thought itself, from which it, the fact, proceeds. So here. I am conscious of a determinate thought; thus far, and no farther, does intuitive consciousness carry me. I think this determinate thought, that is, I bring it forth from an indeterminate, but determinable, possibility of thought. In this way I proceed with everything determinate which is presented in immediate consciousness, and thus arise for me all those series of capacities, and of beings possessing these capacities, whose existence I assume.

*Spirit.* Even with respect to thyself, therefore, thou art conscious only that thou feelest, perceivest, or thinkest, in this or that determinate manner?

*I.* That *I* feel, *I* perceive, *I* think?—that *I*, as the efficient principle, produce the sensation, the intuition, the thought? By no means! Not even so much as this have thy principles left me.

*Spirit.* Possibly.

*I.* Necessarily;—for see: All that I know is my consciousness itself. All consciousness is either an immediate or a mediate consciousness. The first is self-consciousness; the second, consciousness of that which is not myself. What I call *I*, is therefore absolutely nothing more than a certain modification of consciousness, which is called *I*, just because it is immediate, returning into itself, and not directed outward. Since all other consciousness is possible only under the condition of this immediate consciousness, it is obvious that this consciousness which is called *I* must accompany all my other conceptions, be necessarily contained in them, although not always clearly perceived by me, and that in each moment of my consciousness I must refer everything to this *I*, and not to the particular thing out of myself thought of at the moment. In this way the *I* would at every moment vanish and reappear; and for every new conception a new *I* would arise, and this *I* would never signify anything more than—*not the thing*.

This scattered self-consciousness is now combined by thought,—by mere thought, I say—and presented in the

unity of a supposed capacity of thought. According to this supposition, all conceptions which are accompanied by the immediate consciousness already spoken of, must proceed from one and the same capacity, which inheres in one and the same entity; and thus there arises for me the notion of the identity and personality of my *I*, and of an efficient and real power in this person,—necessarily a mere fiction, since this capacity and this entity are themselves only suppositions.

*Spirit.* Thou reasonest correctly.

*I.* And thou hast pleasure in this! I may then indeed say “it is thought,”—and yet I can scarcely say even this;—rather, strictly speaking, I ought to say “the thought appears that I feel, perceive, think,”—but by no means “that I feel, perceive, think.” The first only is fact; the second is an imaginary addition to the fact.

*Spirit.* It is well expressed.

*I.* There is nothing enduring, either out of me, or in me, but only a ceaseless change. I know of no being, not even of my own. There is no being. I myself absolutely know not, and am not. Pictures are:—they are the only things which exist, and they know of themselves after the fashion of pictures:—pictures which float past without there being anything past which they float; which, by means of like pictures, are connected with each other:—pictures without anything which is pictured in them, without significance and without aim. I myself am one of these pictures;—nay, I am not even this, but merely a confused picture of the pictures. All reality is transformed into a strange dream, without a life which is dreamed of, and without a mind which dreams it;—into a dream which is woven together in a dream of itself. Intuition is the dream; thought,—the source of all the being and all the reality which I imagine, of my own being, my own powers, and my own purposes,—is the dream of that dream.

*Spirit.* Thou hast well understood it all. Employ the sharpest expressions to make this result hateful, since thou must submit to it. And this thou must do. Thou hast

clearly seen that it cannot be otherwise. Or wilt thou now retract thy admissions, and justify thy retraction on principle?

*I.* By no means. I have seen, and now see clearly, that it is so;—yet I cannot believe it.

*Spirit.* Thou seest it clearly, and yet canst not believe it? That is a different matter.

*I.* Thou art a profligate spirit: thy knowledge itself is profligacy, and springs from profligacy; and I cannot thank thee for having led me on this path!

*Spirit.* Short-sighted mortal! When men venture to look into being, and see as far as themselves, and a little further,—such as thou art call it profligacy. I have allowed thee to deduce the results of our inquiry in thine own way, to analyze them, and to clothe them in hateful expressions. Didst thou then think that these results were less known to me than to thyself,—that I did not understand, as well as thou, how by these principles all reality was thoroughly annihilated, and transformed into a dream? Didst thou then take me for a blind admirer and advocate of this system, as a complete system of the human mind?

Thou didst desire *to know*, and thou hadst taken a wrong road. Thou didst seek knowledge where no knowledge can reach; and hadst even persuaded thyself that thou hadst obtained an insight into something which is opposed to the very nature of all insight. I found thee in this condition. I wished to free thee from thy false knowledge; but by no means to bring thee the true.

Thou didst desire to know of thy knowledge. Art thou surprised that in this way thou didst discover nothing more than that of which thou desiredst to know,—thy knowledge itself; and wouldst thou have had it otherwise? What has its origin in and through knowledge, is merely knowledge. All knowledge, however, is but pictures, representations;

and there is always something wanting in it,—that which corresponds to the representation. This want cannot be supplied by knowledge; a system of mere knowledge is necessarily a system of mere pictures, wholly without reality, significance or aim. Didst thou expect anything else? Wouldst thou change the very nature of thy mind, and desire thy knowledge to be something more than knowledge?

The reality, in which thou didst formerly believe,—a material world existing independently of thee, of which thou didst fear to become the slave,—has vanished; for this whole material world arises only through knowledge, and is itself our knowledge; but knowledge is not reality, just because it is knowledge. Thou hast seen through the illusion; and, without belying thy better insight, thou canst never again give thyself up to it. This is the sole merit which I claim for the system which we have together discovered;—it destroys and annihilates error. It cannot give us truth, for in itself it is absolutely empty. Thou dost now seek, and with good right as I well know, something real lying beyond mere appearance, another reality than that which has thus been annihilated. But in vain wouldst thou labour to create this reality by means of thy knowledge, or out of thy knowledge; or to embrace it by thy understanding. If thou hast no other organ by which to apprehend it, thou wilt never find it.

But thou hast such an organ. Arouse and animate it, and thou wilt attain to perfect tranquillity. I leave thee alone with thyself.

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## BOOK III.

## FAITH.

TERRIBLE Spirit, thy discourse has smitten me to the ground. But thou referrest me to myself, and what were I could anything out of myself irrecoverably cast me down? I will,—yes, surely I will follow thy counsel.

What seekest thou, then, my complaining heart? What is it that excites thee against a system to which my understanding cannot raise the slightest objection?

This it is:—I demand something beyond a mere presentation or conception; something that is, has been, and will be, even if the presentation were not; and which the presentation only records, without producing it, or in the smallest degree changing it. A mere presentation I now see to be a deceptive show; my presentations must have a meaning beneath them, and if my entire knowledge revealed to me nothing but knowledge, I would be defrauded of my whole life. That there is nothing whatever but my presentations or conceptions, is, to the natural sense of mankind, a silly and ridiculous conceit which no man can seriously entertain, and which requires no refutation. To the better-informed judgment, which knows the deep, and, *by mere reasoning*, irrefragable grounds for this assertion, it is a prostrating, annihilating thought.

And what, then, is this something lying beyond all presentation, towards which I stretch forward with such ardent

longing? What is the power with which it draws me towards it? What is the central point in my soul to which it is attached, and with which only it can be effaced?

"Not merely TO KNOW, but according to thy knowledge TO DO, is thy vocation?"—thus is it loudly proclaimed in the innermost depths of my soul, as soon as I recollect myself for a moment, and turn my observation upon myself. "Not for idle contemplation of thyself, not for brooding over devout sensations;—no, for action art thou here; thine action, and thine action alone, determines thy worth."

This voice leads me out from presentation, from mere cognition, to something which lies beyond it and is entirely opposed to it; to something which is greater and higher than all knowledge, and which contains within itself the end and object of all knowledge. When I act, I doubtless know that I act, and how I act; nevertheless this knowledge is not the act itself, but only the observation of it. This voice thus announces to me precisely that which I sought; a something lying beyond mere knowledge, and, in its nature, wholly independent of knowledge.

Thus it is, I know it immediately. But, having once entered within the domain of speculation, the doubt which has been awakened within me will secretly endure and will continue to disturb me. Since I have placed myself in this position, I can obtain no complete satisfaction until everything which I accept is justified before the tribunal of speculation. I have thus to ask myself,—how is it thus? Whence arises that voice in my soul which directs me to something beyond mere presentation and knowledge?

There is within me an impulse to absolute, independent self-activity. Nothing is more insupportable to me, than to be merely by another, for another, and through another; I must be something for myself and by myself alone. This impulse I feel along with the perception of own existence, it is inseparably united to my consciousness of myself.

I explain this feeling to myself by reflection; and, as it were, add to this blind impulse the power of sight by means of thought. According to this impulse I must act as an

absolutely independent being :—thus I understand and translate the impulse. I must be independent. Who am I? Subject and object in one,—the conscious being and that of which I am conscious, gifted with intuitive knowledge and myself revealed in that intuition, the thinking mind and myself the object of the thought—inseparable, and ever present to each other. As both, must I be what I am, absolutely by myself alone ;—by myself originate conceptions,—by myself produce a condition of things lying beyond these conceptions. But how is the latter possible? With nothing I cannot connect any being whatsoever ; from nothing there can never arise something ; my objective thought is necessarily mediative only. But any being which is connected with another being becomes thereby dependent ;—it is no longer a primary, original, and genetic, but only a secondary and derived being. I am constrained to connect myself with something ;—with another being I cannot connect myself without losing that independence which is the condition of my own existence.

My conception and origination of a *purpose*, however, is, by its very nature, absolutely free,—producing something out of nothing. With such a conception I must connect my activity, in order that it may be possible to regard it as free, and as proceeding absolutely from myself alone.

In the following manner, therefore do I conceive of my independence as *I*. I ascribe to myself the power of originating a conception simply because I originate it, of originating *this* conception simply because I originate *this* one,—by the absolute sovereignty of myself as an intelligence. I further ascribe to myself the power of manifesting this conception beyond itself by means of an action ;—ascribe to myself a real, active power, capable of producing something beyond itself,—a power which is entirely different from the mere power of conception. These conceptions, which are called conceptions of design, or purposes, are not, like the conceptions of mere knowledge, copies of something already existing, but rather types of something yet to be ; the real power lies beyond them, and is *in itself* independent of

them;—it only receives from them its immediate determinations, which are apprehended by knowledge. Such an independent power it is that, in consequence of this impulse, I ascribe to myself.

Here then, it appears, is the point at which consciousness connects itself with reality;—the real efficiency of my conception, and the real power of action which, in consequence of it, I am compelled to ascribe to myself, is this point. Let it be as it may with the reality of a sensible world beyond me; I possess reality and comprehend it,—it lies within my own being, it is native to myself.

I conceive this, my real power of action, in thought, but I do not create it by thought. The immediate feeling of my impulse to independent activity lies at the foundation of this thought; the thought does no more than pourtray this feeling, and accept it in its own form,—the form of thought. This procedure may, I think, be vindicated before the tribunal of speculation.

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What! Shall I, once more, knowingly and intentionally deceive myself? This procedure can by no means be justified before that strict tribunal.

I feel within me an impulse and an effort towards outward activity; this appears to be true, and to be the only truth belonging to the matter. Since it is I who feel this impulse, and since I cannot pass beyond myself, either with my whole consciousness, or in particular with my capacity of sensation,—since this *I* itself is the last point at which I am conscious of this impulse, it certainly appears to me as an impulse founded in myself, to an activity also founded in myself. Might it not be however that this impulse, although unperceived by me, is in reality the impulse of a foreign power invisible to me, and that notion of independence merely a delusion, arising from my sphere of vision being limited to myself alone? I have no reason to assume this, but just as little reason to deny it. I must confess that I absolutely know nothing, and can know nothing, about it.

Do I then indeed *feel* that real power of free action, which, strangely enough, I ascribe to myself without knowing anything of it? By no means;—it is merely the *determinable* element, which by the well-known laws of thought whereby all capacities and all powers arise, we are compelled to add in imagination to the *determinate* element—the real action, which itself is, in like manner, only an assumption.

Is that procession, from the mere conception to an imaginary realization of it anything more than the usual and well-known procedure of all objective thought, which always strives to be, not mere thought, but something more? By what dishonesty can this procedure be made of more value here than in any other case?—can it possess any deeper significance, when to the conception of a thought it adds a realization of this thought, than when to the conception of this table it adds an actual and present table? “The conception of a purpose, a particular determination of events in me, appears in a double shape,—partly as *subjective*—a Thought; partly as *objective*—an Action.” What reason, which would not unquestionably itself stand in need of a genetic deduction, could I adduce against this explanation?

I say that I feel this impulse:—it is therefore I myself who say so, and think so while I say it? Do I then really feel, or only think that I feel? Is not all which I call feeling only a presentation produced by my objective process of thought, and indeed the first transition point of all objectivity? And then again, do I really think, or do I merely think that I think? And do I think that I really think, or merely that I possess the idea of thinking? What can hinder speculation from raising such questions, and continuing to raise them without end? What can I answer, and where is there a point at which I can command such questionings to cease? I know, and must admit, that each definite act of consciousness may be made the subject of reflection, and a new consciousness of the first consciousness may thus be created; and that thereby the immediate consciousness is raised a step higher, and the first consciousness darkened

and made doubtful; and that to this ladder there is no highest step, I know that all scepticism rests upon this process, and that the system which has so violently prostrated me is founded on the adoption and the clear consciousness of it.

I know that if I am not merely to play another perplexing game with this system, but intend really and practically to adopt it, I must refuse obedience to that voice within me. I cannot *will* to act, for according to that system I cannot *know* whether I can really act or not:—I can never believe that I truly act; that which seems to be my action must appear to me as entirely without meaning, as a mere delusive picture. All earnestness and all interest is withdrawn from my life; and life, as well as thought, is transformed into a mere play, which proceeds from nothing and tends to nothing.

Shall I then refuse obedience to that inward voice? I will not do so. I will freely accept the vocation which this impulse assigns to me, and in this resolution I will lay hold at once of thought, in all its reality and truthfulness, and on the reality of all things which are pre-supposed therein, I will restrict myself to the position of natural thought in which this impulse places me, and cast from me all those over-refined and subtile inquiries which alone could make me doubtful of its truth.

I understand thee now, sublime Spirit! I have found the organ by which to apprehend this reality, and, with this, probably all other reality. Knowledge is not this organ:—no knowledge can be its own foundation, its own proof; every knowledge presupposes another higher knowledge on which it is founded, and to this ascent there is no end. It is FAITH, that voluntary acquiescence in the view which is naturally presented to us, because only through this view we can fulfil our vocation;—this it is, which first lends a sanction to knowledge, and raises to certainty and conviction that which without it might be mere delusion. It is not knowledge, but a resolution of the will to admit the validity of knowledge. |

Let me hold fast for ever by this doctrine, which is no mere verbal distinction, but a true and deep one, bearing with it the most important consequences for my whole existence and character. [All my conviction is but faith; and it proceeds from the will, not from the understanding. Knowing this, I will enter upon no disputation, because I foresee that thereby nothing can be gained; I will not suffer myself to be perplexed by it, for the source of my conviction lies higher than all disputation; I will not suffer myself to entertain the desire of pressing this conviction on others by reasoning, and I will not be surprised if such an undertaking should fail. I have adopted my mode of thinking first of all for myself, not for others, and before myself only will I justify it. He who possesses the honest, upright purpose of which I am conscious, will also attain a similar conviction; but without that, this conviction can in no way be attained. Now that I know this, I also know from what point all culture of myself and others must proceed; from the will, not from the understanding. If the former be only fixedly and honestly directed towards the Good, the latter will of itself apprehend the True. Should the latter only be exercised, whilst the former remains neglected, there can arise nothing whatever but a dexterity in groping after vain and empty refinements, throughout the absolute void inane. Now that I know this, I am able to confute all false knowledge that may rise in opposition to my faith. I know that every pretended truth, produced by mere speculative thought, and not founded upon faith, is assuredly false and surreptitious; for mere knowledge, thus produced, leads only to the conviction that we can know nothing. I know that such false knowledge never can discover anything but what it has previously placed in its premises through faith, from which it probably draws conclusions which are wholly false. Now that I know this, I possess the touchstone of all truth and of all conviction. Conscience alone is the root of all truth: whatever is opposed to conscience, or stands in the way of the fulfilment of her behests, is assuredly false; and it is impossible for me to arrive at a conviction of its truth,

even if I should be unable to discover the fallacies by which it is produced.

So has it been with all men who have ever seen the light of this world. Without being conscious of it, they apprehend all the reality which has an existence for them, through faith alone; and this faith forces itself on them simultaneously with their existence;—it is born with them. How could it be otherwise? If in mere knowledge, in mere perception and reflection, there is no ground for regarding our mental presentations as more than mere pictures which necessarily pass before our view, why do we yet regard all of them as more than this, and assume, as their foundation, something which exists independently of all presentation? If we all possess the capacity and the instinct to proceed beyond our first natural view of things, why do so few actually go beyond it, and why do we even defend ourselves, with a sort of bitterness, from every motive by which others try to persuade us to this course? What is it which holds us confined within this first natural belief? Not inferences of reason, for there are none such; it is the interest we have in a reality which we desire to produce;—the good, absolutely for its own sake,—the common and sensuous, for the sake of the enjoyment they afford. No one who lives can divest himself of this interest, and just as little can he cast off the faith which this interest brings with it. We are all born in faith;—he who is blind, follows blindly the secret and irresistible impulse; he who sees, follows by sight, and believes because he resolves to believe.

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What unity and completeness does this view present!—what dignity does it confer on human nature! Our thought is not founded on itself alone, independently of our impulses and affections;—man does not consist of two independent and separate elements; he is absolutely one. All our thought is founded on our impulses;—as a man's affections are, so is his knowledge. These impulses compel us to a certain mode of thought only so long as we do not perceive

the constraint; the constraint vanishes the moment it is perceived; and it is then no longer the impulse by itself, but we ourselves, according to our impulse, who form our own system of thought.

But I shall open my eyes; shall learn thoroughly to know myself; shall recognise that constraint;—this is my vocation. I shall thus, and under that supposition I shall necessarily, form my own mode of thought. Then shall I stand absolutely independent, thoroughly equipt and perfected through my own act and deed. The primitive source of all my other thought and of my life itself, that from which everything proceeds which can have an existence in me, for me, or through me, the innermost spirit of my spirit,—is no longer a foreign power, but it is, in the strictest possible sense, the product of my own will. I am wholly my own creation. I might have followed blindly the leading of my spiritual nature. But I would not be a work of Nature but of myself, and I have become so even by means of this resolution. By endless subtilties I might have made the natural conviction of my own mind dark and doubtful. But I have accepted it with freedom, simply because I resolved to accept it. I have chosen the system which I have now adopted with settled purpose and deliberation from among other possible modes of thought, because I have recognised in it the only one consistent with my dignity and my vocation. With freedom and consciousness I have returned to the point at which Nature had left me. I accept that which she announces;—but I do not accept it because I must; I believe it because I will.

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The exalted vocation of my understanding fills me with reverence. It is no longer the deceptive mirror which reflects a series of empty pictures, proceeding from nothing and tending to nothing; it is bestowed upon me for a great purpose. Its cultivation for this purpose is entrusted to me; it is placed in my hands, and at my hands it will be required.—It is placed in my hands. I know immediately,—

and here my faith accepts the testimony of my consciousness without farther criticism,—I know that I am not placed under the necessity of allowing my thoughts to float about without direction or purpose, but that I can voluntarily arouse and direct my attention to one object, or turn it away again towards another;—know that it is neither a blind necessity which compels me to a certain mode of thought, nor an empty chance which runs riot with my thoughts; but that it is I who think, and that I can think of that whereof I determine to think. Thus by reflection I have discovered something more; I have discovered that I myself, by my own act alone, produce my whole system of thought and the particular view which I take of truth in general; since it remains with me either by over-refinement to deprive myself of all sense of truth, or to yield myself to it with faithful obedience. My whole mode of thought, and the cultivation which my understanding receives, as well as the objects to which I direct it, depend entirely on myself. True insight is merit;—the perversion of my capacity for knowledge, thoughtlessness, obscurity, error, and unbelief, are guilt.

There is but one point towards which I have unceasingly to direct all my attention,—namely, what I *ought to do*, and and how I may best fulfil the obligation. All my thoughts must have a bearing on my actions, and must be capable of being considered as means, however remote, to this end; otherwise they are an idle and aimless show, a mere waste of time and strength, the perversion of a noble power which is entrusted to me for a very different end.

I dare hope, I dare surely promise myself, to follow out this undertaking with good results. The Nature on which I have to act is not a foreign element, called into existence without reference to me, into which I cannot penetrate. It is moulded by my own laws of thought, and must be in harmony with them; it must be thoroughly transparent, knowable and penetrable to me, even to its inmost recesses. In all its phenomena it expresses nothing but the connexions and relations of my own being to myself; and as surely as I may hope to know myself, so surely may I expect to compre-

hend it. Let me seek only that which I ought to seek, and I shall find; let me ask only that which I ought to ask, and I shall receive an answer.

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## I.

That voice within my soul in which I believe, and on account of which I believe in every other thing to which I attach credence, does not command me merely to act *in general*. This is impossible; all these general principles are formed only through my own voluntary observation and reflection, applied to many individual facts; but never in themselves express any fact whatever. This voice of my conscience announces to me precisely what I ought to do, and what leave undone, in every particular situation of life; it accompanies me, if I will but listen to it with attention, through all the events of my life, and never refuses me its reward where I am called upon to act. It carries with it immediate conviction, and irresistibly compels my assent to its behests:—it is impossible for me to contend against it.

To listen to it, to obey it honestly and unreservedly, without fear or equivocation,—this is my true vocation, the whole end and purpose of my existence. My life ceases to be an empty play without truth or significance. There is something that must absolutely be done for its own sake alone;—that which conscience demands of me in this particular situation of life it is mine to do, for this only I am here;—to know it, I have understanding; to perform it, I have power. Through this edict of conscience alone, truth and reality are introduced into my conceptions. I cannot refuse them my attention and my obedience without thereby surrendering the very purpose of my existence.

Hence I cannot withhold my belief from the reality which they announce, without at the same time renouncing my vocation. It is absolutely true, without farther proof or confirmation,—nay, it is the first truth, and the foundation of all other truth and certainty, that this voice must be

obeyed; and therefore everything becomes to me true and certain, the truth and certainty of which is assumed in the possibility of such obedience.

There appear before me in space, certain phenomena to which I transfer the idea of myself;—I conceive of them as beings like myself. Speculation, when carried out to its last results, has indeed taught me, or would teach me, that these supposed rational beings out of myself are but the products of my own presentative power; that, according to certain laws of my thought, I am compelled to represent out of myself my conception of myself; and that, according to the same laws, I can transfer this conception only to certain definite intuitions. But the voice of my conscience thus speaks:—"Whatever these beings may be in and for themselves, thou shalt act towards them as self-existent, free, substantive beings, wholly independent of thee. Assume it as already known, that they can give a purpose to their own being wholly by themselves, and quite independently of thee;—never interrupt the accomplishment of this purpose, but rather further it to the utmost of thy power. Honour their freedom, lovingly take up their purposes as if they were thine own." Thus ought I to act:—by this course of action *ought* all my thought to be guided,—nay, it *shall* and *must* necessarily be so, if I have resolved to obey the voice of my conscience. Hence I shall always regard these beings as in possession of an existence for themselves wholly independent of mine, as capable of forming and carrying out their own purposes;—from this point of view, I shall never be able to conceive of them otherwise, and my previous speculations regarding them shall vanish like an empty dream.—I *think* of them as beings like myself, I have said; but strictly speaking, it is not by mere thought that they are first presented to me as such. It is by the voice of my conscience, —by the command:—"Here set a limit to thy freedom; here recognise and reverence purposes which are not thine own." This it is which is first translated into the thought, "Here, certainly and truly, are beings like myself, free and independent." To view them otherwise, I must in action re-

nounce, and in speculation disregard, the voice of my conscience.

Other phenomena present themselves before me which I do not regard as beings like myself, but as things irrational. Speculation finds no difficulty in showing how the conception of such things is developed solely from my own presentative faculty and its necessary modes of activity. But I apprehend these things, also, through want, desire, and enjoyment. Not by the mental conception, but by hunger, thirst, and their satisfaction, does anything become for me food and drink. I am necessitated to believe in the reality of that which threatens my sensuous existence, or in that which alone is able to maintain it. Conscience enters the field in order that it may at once sanctify and restrain this natural impulse. "Thou shalt maintain, exercise, and strengthen thyself and thy physical powers, for they have been taken account of in the plans of reason. But thou canst maintain them only by legitimate use, conformable to their nature. There are also, besides thee, many other beings like thyself, whose powers have been counted upon like thine own, and can be maintained only in the same way as thine own. Concede to them the same privilege that has been allowed to thee. Respect what belongs to them as their possession;—use what belongs to thee legitimately as thine own." Thus ought I to act,—according to this course of action must I think. I am compelled to regard these things as standing under their own natural laws, independent of, though perceivable by, me; and therefore to ascribe to them an independent existence. I am compelled to believe in such laws; the task of investigating them is set before me, and that empty speculation vanishes like a mist when the genial sun appears.

In short, there is for me absolutely no such thing as an existence which has no relation to myself, and which I contemplate merely for the sake of contemplating it;—whatever has an existence for me, has it only through its relation to my own being. But there is, in the highest sense, only one relation to me possible, all others are but subordinate

forms of this :—my vocation to moral activity. My world is the object and sphere of my duties, and absolutely nothing more; there is no other world for me, and no other qualities of my world than what are implied in this;—my whole united capacity, all finite capacity, is insufficient to comprehend any other. Whatever possesses an existence for me, can bring its existence and reality into contact with me only through this relation, and only through this relation do I comprehend it :—for any other existence than this I have no organ whatever.

To the question, whether, in deed and in fact, such a world exists as that which I represent to myself, I can give no answer more fundamental, more raised above all doubt, than this :—I have, most certainly and truly, these determinate duties, which announce themselves to me as duties towards certain objects, to be fulfilled by means of certain materials;—duties which I cannot otherwise conceive of, and cannot otherwise fulfil, than within such a world as I represent to myself. Even to one who had never meditated on his own moral vocation, if there could be such a one, or who, if he had given it some general consideration, had, at least, never entertained the slightest purpose of fulfilling it at any time within an indefinite futurity,—even for him, his sensuous world, and his belief in its reality, arises in no other manner than from his ideas of a moral world. If he do not apprehend it by the thought of his duties, he certainly does so by the demand for his rights. What he perhaps never requires of himself, he does certainly exact from others in their conduct towards him,—that they should treat him with propriety, consideration, and respect, not as an irrational thing, but as a free and independent being;—and thus, by supposing in them an ability to comply with his own demands, he is compelled also to regard them as themselves considerate, free, and independent of the dominion of mere natural power. Even should he never propose to himself any other purpose in his use and enjoyment of surrounding objects but simply that of enjoying them, he at least demands this enjoyment as a right, in the posses-

sion of which he claims to be left undisturbed by others; and thus he apprehends even the irrational world of sense by means of a moral idea. These claims of respect for his rationality, independence, and preservation, no one can resign who possesses a conscious existence; and with these claims, at least, there is united in his soul, earnestness, renunciation of doubt, and faith in a reality, even if they be not associated with the recognition of a moral law within him. Take the man who denies his own moral vocation, and thy existence, and the existence of a material world, except as a mere futile effort in which speculation tries her strength,—approach him practically, apply his own principles to life, and act as if either he had no existence at all, or were merely a portion of rude matter,—he will soon lay aside his scornful indifference, and indignantly complain of thee; earnestly call thy attention to thy conduct towards him; maintain that thou oughtst not and darest not so to act; and thus prove to thee, by deeds, that thou art assuredly capable of acting upon him; that *he is*, and that *thou art*,—that there is a medium by which thou canst influence him, and that thou, at least, hast duties to perform towards him.

Thus, it is not the operation of supposed external objects, which indeed exist for us, and we for them, only in so far as we already know of them; and just as little an empty vision evoked by our own imagination and thought, the products of which must, like itself, be mere empty pictures;—it is not these, but the necessary faith in our own freedom and power, in our own real activity, and in the definite laws of human action, which lies at the root of all our consciousness of a reality external to ourselves;—a consciousness which is itself but faith, since it is founded on another faith, of which however it is a necessary consequence. We are compelled to believe that we act, and that we ought to act in a certain manner; we are compelled to assume a certain sphere for this action; this sphere is the real, actually present world, such as we find it;—and on the other hand, the world is absolutely nothing more than, and cannot, in any way, extend itself beyond, this sphere. From this necessity of action

proceeds the consciousness of the actual world ; and not the reverse way, from the consciousness of the actual world the necessity of action :—this, not that, is the first ; the former is derived from the latter. We do not act because we know, but we know because we are called upon to act :—the practical reason is the root of all reason. The laws of action for rational beings are *immediately certain* ; their world is certain only through that previous certainty. We cannot deny these laws without plunging the world, and ourselves with it, into absolute annihilation ;—we raise ourselves from this abyss, and maintain ourselves above it, solely by our moral activity.

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## II.

There is something which I am called upon to do, simply in order that it may be done ; something to avoid doing, solely that it may be left undone. But can I act without having an end in view beyond the action itself, without directing my intention towards something which can become possible by means of my action, and only by means of it ? Can I will, without having something which I will ? No :—this would be contradictory to the very nature of my mind. To every action there is united in my thought, immediately and by the laws of thought itself, a condition of things placed in futurity, to which my action is related as the efficient cause to the effect produced. But this purpose or end of my action must not be proposed to me for its own sake, —perhaps through some necessity of Nature,—and then my course of action determined according to this end ; I must not have an end assigned to me, and then inquire how I must act in order to attain this end ; my action must not be dependent on the end ; but I must act in a certain manner, simply because I ought so to act ;—this is the first point. That a result will follow from this course of action, is proclaimed by the voice within me. This result necessarily becomes an end to me, since I am bound to perform the action which brings it, and it alone, to pass. I will that something

shall come to pass, because I must act so that it may come to pass ;—just as I do not hunger because food is before me but a thing becomes food for me because I hunger, so I do not act as I do because a certain end is to be attained, but the end becomes an end to me because I am bound to act in the manner by which it may be attained. I have not first in view the point towards which I am to draw my line, and then, by its position, determine the direction of my line and the angle it shall make ; but I draw my line absolutely in a right angle, and thereby the points are determined through which my line must pass. The end does not determine the commandment ; but, on the contrary, the immediate purport of the commandment determines the end.

I say, it is the law which commands me to act that of itself assigns an end to my action ; the same inward power that compels me to think that I ought to act thus, compels me also to believe that from my action some result will arise ; it opens to my spiritual vision a prospect into another world,—which is really a world, a state, namely, and not an action,—but another and better world than that which is present to the physical eye ; it constrains me to aspire after this better world, to embrace it with every power, to long for its realization, to live only in it, and in it alone find satisfaction. The law itself is my guarantee for the certain attainment of this end. The same resolution by which I devote my whole thought and life to the fulfilment of this law, and determine to see nothing beyond it, brings with it the indestructible conviction that the promise it implies is likewise true and certain, and renders it impossible for me even to conceive the possibility of the opposite. As I live in obedience to it, so do I live also in the contemplation of its end,—in that better world which it promises to me.

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Even in the mere consideration of the world as it is, apart from this law, there arises within me the wish, the desire,—no, not the mere desire, but the absolute demand for a better world. I cast a glance on the present relations of men

towards each other and towards Nature; on the feebleness of their powers, the strength of their desires and passions. A voice within me proclaims with irresistible conviction—"It is impossible that it can remain thus; it must become different and better."

I cannot think of the present state of humanity as that in which it is destined to remain; I am absolutely unable to conceive of this as its complete and final vocation. Then, indeed, were all a dream and a delusion; and it would not be worth the trouble to have lived, and played out this ever-repeated game, which tends to nothing and signifies nothing. Only in so far as I can regard this state as the means towards a better, as the transition point to a higher and more perfect state, has it any value in my eyes;—not for its own sake, but for the sake of that better world for which it prepares the way, can I support it, esteem it, and joyfully perform my part in it. My mind can accept no place in the present, nor rest in it even for a moment; my whole being flows onward, incessantly and irresistibly, towards that future and better state of things.

Shall I eat and drink only that I may hunger and thirst and eat and drink again, till the grave which is open beneath my feet shall swallow me up and I myself become the food of worms? Shall I beget beings like myself, that they too may eat and drink and die, and leave behind them beings like themselves to do the same that I have done? To what purpose this ever-revolving circle, this ceaseless and unvarying round, in which all things appear only to pass away, and pass away only that they may re-appear as they were before;—this monster continually devouring itself that it may again bring itself forth, and bringing itself forth only that it may again devour itself?

This can never be the vocation of my being, and of all being. There must be something which is because it has come into existence; and endures, and cannot come anew, having once become such as it is. And this abiding existence must be produced amid the vicissitudes of the transi-

tory and perishable, maintain itself there, and be borne onwards, pure and inviolate, upon the waves of time.

Our race still laboriously extorts the means of its subsistence and preservation from an opposing Nature. The larger portion of mankind is still condemned through life to severe toil, in order to supply nourishment for itself and for the smaller portion which thinks for it;—immortal spirits are compelled to fix their whole thoughts and endeavours on the earth that brings forth their food. It still frequently happens that, when the labourer has finished his toil and has promised himself in return a lasting endurance both for himself and for his work, a hostile element will destroy in a moment that which it has cost him years of patient industry and deliberation to accomplish, and the assiduous and careful man is undeservedly made the prey of hunger and misery;—often do floods, storms, volcanoes, desolate whole countries, and works which bear the impress of a rational soul are mingled with their authors in the wild chaos of death and destruction. Disease sweeps into an untimely grave men in the pride of their strength, and children whose existence has as yet borne no fruit; pestilence stalks through blooming lands, leaves the few who escape its ravages like lonely orphans bereaved of the accustomed support of their fellows, and does all that it can do to give back to the desert regions which the labour of man has won from thence as a possession to himself. Thus it is now, but thus it cannot remain for ever. No work that bears the stamp of Reason, and has been undertaken to extend her power, can ever be wholly lost in the onward progress of the ages. The sacrifices which the irregular violence of Nature extorts from Reason, must at least exhaust, disarm, and appease that violence. The same power which has burst out into lawless fury, cannot again commit like excesses; it cannot be destined to renew its strength; through its own outbreak its energies must henceforth and for ever be exhausted. All those outbreaks of unregulated power before which human strength vanishes into nothing, those desolating hurricanes, those earthquakes, those volcanoes, can be nothing else than

the last struggles of the rude mass against the law of regular, progressive, living, and systematic activity to which it is compelled to submit in opposition to its own undirected impulses ;—nothing but the last shivering strokes by which the perfect formation of our globe has yet to be accomplished. That resistance must gradually become weaker and at length be exhausted, since, in the regulated progress of things, there can be nothing to renew its strength ; that formation must at length be achieved, and our destined dwelling-place be made complete. Nature must gradually be resolved into a condition in which her regular action may be calculated and safely relied upon, and her power bear a fixed and definite relation to that which is destined to govern it,—that of man. In so far as this relation already exists, and the cultivation of Nature has attained a firm footing, the works of man, by their mere existence, and by an influence altogether beyond the original intent of their authors, shall again react upon Nature, and become to her a new vivifying principle. Cultivation shall quicken and ameliorate the sluggish and baleful atmosphere of primeval forests, deserts, and marshes ; more regular and varied cultivation shall diffuse throughout the air new impulses to life and fertility ; and the sun shall pour his most animating rays into an atmosphere breathed by healthful, industrious, and civilized nations. Science, first called into existence by the pressure of necessity, shall afterwards calmly and carefully investigate the unchangeable laws of Nature, review its powers at large, and learn to calculate their possible manifestations ; and while closely following the footsteps of Nature in the living and actual world, form for itself in thought a new ideal one. Every discovery which Reason has extorted from Nature shall be maintained throughout the ages, and become the ground of new knowledge, for the common possession of our race. Thus shall Nature ever become more and more intelligible and transparent even in her most secret depths ; human power, enlightened and armed by human invention, shall rule over her without difficulty, and the conquest, once made, shall be peacefully main-

tained. This dominion of man over Nature shall gradually be extended, until, at length, no farther expenditure of mechanical labour shall be necessary than what the human body requires for its development, cultivation, and health; and this labour shall cease to be a burden;—for a reasonable being is not destined to be a bearer of burdens.

But it is not Nature, it is Freedom itself, by which the greatest and most terrible disorders incident to our race are produced; man is the cruelest enemy of man. Lawless hordes of savages still wander over vast wildernesses;—they meet, and the victor devours his foe at the triumphal feast:—or where culture has at length united these wild hordes under some social bond, they attack each other, as nations, with the power which law and union have given them. Defying toil and privation, their armies traverse peaceful plains and forests;—they meet each other, and the sight of their brethren is the signal for slaughter. Equipt with the mightiest inventions of the human intellect, hostile fleets plough their way through the ocean; through storm and tempest man rushes to meet his fellow men upon the lonely inhospitable sea;—they meet, and defy the fury of the elements that they may destroy each other with their own hands. Even in the interior of states, where men seem to be united in equality under the law, it is still for the most part only force and fraud which rule under that venerable name; and here the warfare is so much the more shameful that it is not openly declared to be war, and the party attacked is even deprived of the privilege of defending himself against unjust oppression. Combinations of the few rejoice aloud in the ignorance, the folly, the vice, and the misery in which the greater number of their fellow-men are sunk, avowedly seek to retain them in this state of degradation, and even to plunge them deeper in it in order to perpetuate their slavery;—nay, would destroy any one who should venture to enlighten or improve them. No attempt at amelioration can anywhere be made without rousing up from slumber a host of selfish interests to war against it, and uniting even the most varied and opposite in a com-

mon hostility. The good cause is ever the weaker, for it is simple, and can be loved only for itself; the bad attracts each individual by the promise which is most seductive to him; and its adherents, always at war among themselves, so soon as the good makes its appearance, conclude a truce that they may unite the whole powers of their wickedness against it. Scarcely, indeed, is such an opposition needed, for even the good themselves are but too often divided by misunderstanding, error, distrust, and secret self-love, and that so much the more violently, the more earnestly each strives to propagate that which he recognises as best; and thus internal discord dissipates a power, which, even when united, could scarcely hold the balance with evil. One blames the other for rushing onwards with stormy impetuosity to his object, without waiting until the good result shall have been prepared; whilst he in turn is blamed that, through hesitation and cowardice, he accomplishes nothing, but allows all things to remain as they are, contrary to his better conviction, because for him the hour of action never arrives:—and only the Omniscient can determine whether either of the parties in the dispute is in the right. Every one regards the undertaking, the necessity of which is most apparent to him, and in the prosecution of which he has acquired the greatest skill, as most important and needful,—as the point from which all improvement must proceed; he requires all good men to unite their efforts with his, and to subject themselves to him for the accomplishment of his particular purpose, holding it to be treason to the good cause if they hold back;—while they on the other hand make the same demands upon him, and accuse him of similar treason for a similar refusal. Thus do all good intentions among men appear to be lost in vain disputations, which leave behind them no trace of their existence; while in the meantime the world goes on as well, or as ill, as it can without human effort, by the blind mechanism of Nature,—and so will go on for ever.

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And so go on for ever?—No;—not so, unless the whole existence of humanity is to be an idle game, without significance and without end. It cannot be intended that those savage tribes should always remain savage: no race can be born with all the capacities of perfect humanity, and yet be destined never to develop these capacities, never to become more than that which a sagacious animal by its own proper nature might become. Those savages must be destined to be the progenitors of more powerful, cultivated, and virtuous generations;—otherwise it is impossible to conceive of a purpose in their existence, or even of the possibility of their existence in a world ordered and arranged by reason. Savage races may become civilized, for this has already occurred;—the most cultivated nations of modern times are the descendants of savages. Whether civilization is a direct and natural development of human society, or is invariably brought about through instruction and example from without, and the primary source of all human culture must be sought in a super-human guidance,—by the same way in which nations which once were savage have emerged into civilization, will those who are yet uncivilized gradually attain it. They must, no doubt, at first pass through the same dangers and corruptions of a merely sensual civilization, by which the civilized nations are still oppressed, but they will thereby be brought into union with the great whole of humanity and be made capable of taking part in its further progress.

- It is the vocation of our race to unite itself into one single body, all the parts of which shall be thoroughly known to each other, and all possessed of similar culture. Nature, and even the passions and vices of men, have from the beginning tended towards this end; a great part of the way towards it is already passed, and we may surely calculate that this end, which is the condition of all farther social progress, will in time be attained. Let us not ask of history if man, on the whole, have yet become purely moral! To a more extended, comprehensive, energetic freedom he has certainly attained; but hitherto it has been an almost necessary result of his

position, that this freedom has been applied chiefly to evil purposes. Neither let us ask whether the æsthetic and intellectual culture of the ancient world, concentrated on a few points, may not have excelled in degree that of modern times! It might happen that we should receive a humiliating answer, and that in this respect the human race has not advanced, but rather seemed to retrograde, in its ripper years. But let us ask of history at what period the existing culture has been most widely diffused, and distributed among the greatest number of individuals; and we shall doubtless find that from the beginning of history down to our own day, the few light-points of civilization have spread themselves abroad from their centre, that one individual after another, and one nation after another, has been embraced within their circle, and that this wider outspread of culture is proceeding under our own eyes. And this is the first point to be attained in the endless path on which humanity must advance. Until this shall have been attained, until the existing culture of every age shall have been diffused over the whole inhabited globe, and our race become capable of the most unlimited inter-communication with itself, one nation or one continent must pause on the great common path of progress, and wait for the advance of the others; and each must bring as an offering to the universal commonwealth, for the sake of which alone it exists, its ages of apparent immobility or retrogression. When that first point shall have been attained, when every useful discovery made at one end of the earth shall be at once made known and communicated to all the rest, then, without farther interruption, without halt or regress, with united strength and equal step, humanity shall move onward to a higher culture, of which we can at present form no conception.

Within those singular associations, thrown together by unreasoning accident, which we call States,—after they have subsisted for a time in peace, when the resistance excited by yet new oppression has been lulled to sleep, and the fermentation of contending forces appeased,—abuse, by its continuance, and by general sufferance, assumes a sort of estab-

lished form; and the ruling classes, in the uncontested enjoyment of their extorted privileges, have nothing more to do but to extend them further, and to give to this extension also the same established form. Urged by their insatiable desires, they will continue from generation to generation their efforts to acquire wider and yet wider privileges, and never say „It is enough!“ until at last oppression shall reach its limit, and become wholly insupportable, and despair give back to the oppressed that power which their courage, extinguished by centuries of tyranny, could not procure for them. They will then no longer endure any among them who cannot be satisfied to be on an equality with others, and so to remain. In order to protect themselves against internal violence or new oppression, all will take on themselves the same obligations. Their deliberations, in which every man shall decide, whatever he decides, for himself, and not for one subject to him whose sufferings will never affect him, and in whose fate he takes no concern;—deliberations, according to which no one can hope that it shall be he who is to *practise* a permitted injustice, but every one must fear that he may have to *suffer* it;—deliberations that alone deserve the name of legislation, which is something wholly different from the ordinances of combined lords to the countless herds of their slaves;—these deliberations will necessarily be guided by justice, and will lay the foundation of a true State, in which each individual, from a regard for his own security, will be irresistibly compelled to respect the security of every other without exception; since, under the supposed legislation, every injury which he should attempt to do to another, would not fall upon its object, but would infallibly recoil upon himself.

By the establishment of this only true State, this firm foundation of internal peace, the possibility of foreign war, at least with other *true* States, is cut off. Even for its own advantage, even to prevent the thought of injustice, plunder, and violence entering the minds of its own citizens, and to leave them no possibility of gain, except by means of industry and diligence within their legitimate sphere of ac-

tivity, every true state must forbid as strictly, prevent as carefully, compensate as exactly, or punish as severely, any injury to the citizen of a neighbouring state, as to one of its own. This law concerning the security of neighbours is necessarily a law in every state that is not a robber-state; and by its operation the possibility of any just complaint of one state against another, and consequently every case of self-defence among nations, is entirely prevented. There are no necessary, permanent, and immediate relations of states, as such, with each other, which should be productive of strife; there are, properly speaking, only relations of the individual citizens of one state to the individual citizens of another; a state can be injured only in the person of one of its citizens; but such injury will be immediately compensated, and the aggrieved state satisfied. Between such states as these, there is no rank which can be insulted, no ambition which can be offended. No officer of one state is authorised to intermeddle in the internal affairs of another, nor is there any temptation for him to do so, since he could not derive the slightest personal advantage from any such influence. That a whole nation should determine, for the sake of plunder, to make war on a neighbouring country, is impossible; for in a state where all are equal, the plunder could not become the booty of a few, but must be equally divided amongst all, and the share of no one individual could ever recompense him for the trouble of the war. Only where the advantage falls to the few oppressors, and the injury, the toil, the expense, to the countless herd of slaves, is a war of spoliation possible and conceivable. Not from states like themselves could such states as these entertain any fear of war; only from savages, or barbarians whose lack of skill to enrich themselves by industry impels them to plunder; or from enslaved nations, driven by their masters to a war from which they themselves will reap no advantage. In the former case, each individual civilized state must already be the stronger through the arts of civilization; against the latter danger, the common advantage of all demands that they should strengthen themselves by union.

No free state can reasonably suffer in its vicinity associations governed by rulers whose interests would be promoted by the subjugation of adjacent nations, and whose very existence is therefore a constant source of danger to their neighbours; a regard for their own security compels all free states to transform all around them into free states like themselves; and thus, for the sake of their own welfare, to extend the empire of culture over barbarism, of freedom over slavery. Soon will the nations, civilized or enfranchised by them, find themselves placed in the same relation towards others still enthralled by barbarism or slavery, in which the earlier free nations previously stood towards them, and be compelled to do the same things for these which were previously done for themselves; and thus, of necessity, by reason of the existence of some few really free states, will the empire of civilization, freedom, and with it universal peace, gradually embrace the whole world.

Thus, from the establishment of a just internal organization, and of peace between individuals, there will necessarily result integrity in the external relations of nations towards each other, and universal peace among them. But the establishment of this just internal organization, and the emancipation of the first nation that shall be truly free, arises as a necessary consequence from the ever-growing oppression exercised by the ruling classes towards their subjects, which gradually becomes insupportable,—a progress which may be safely left to the passions and the blindness of those classes, even although warned of the result.

In these only true states all temptation to evil, nay, even the possibility of a man resolving upon a bad action with any reasonable hope of benefit to himself, will be entirely taken away; and the strongest possible motives will be offered to every man to make virtue the sole object of his will.

There is no man who loves evil because it is evil; it is only the advantages and enjoyments expected from it, and which, in the present condition of humanity, do actually, in most cases, result from it, that are loved. So long as

this condition shall continue, so long as a premium shall be set upon vice, a fundamental improvement of mankind, as a whole, can scarcely be hoped for. But in a civil society constituted as it ought to be, as reason requires it to be, as the thinker may easily describe it to himself although he may nowhere find it actually existing at the present day, and as it must necessarily exist in the first nation that shall really acquire true freedom,—in such a state of society, evil will present no advantages, but rather the most certain disadvantages, and self-love itself will restrain the excess of self-love when it would run out into injustice. By the unerring administration of such a state, every fraud or oppression practised upon others, all self-aggrandizement at their expense, will be rendered not merely vain, and all labour so applied fruitless, but such attempts would even recoil upon their author, and assuredly bring home to himself the evil which he would cause to others. In his own land, —out of his own land,—throughout the whole world, he could find no one whom he might injure and yet go unpunished. But it is not to be expected, even of a bad man, that he would determine upon evil merely for the sake of such a resolution, although he had no power to carry it into effect, and nothing could arise from it but infamy to himself. The use of liberty for evil purposes is thus destroyed; man must resolve either to renounce his freedom altogether, and patiently to become a mere passive wheel in the great machine of the universe, or else to employ it for good. In soil thus prepared, good will easily prosper. When men shall no longer be divided by selfish purposes, nor their powers exhausted in struggles with each other, nothing will remain for them but to direct their united strength against the one common enemy which still remains unsubdued,—resisting, uncultivated nature. No longer estranged from each other by private ends, they will necessarily combine for this common object; and thus there arises a body, everywhere animated by the same spirit and the same love. Every misfortune to the individual, since it can no longer be a gain to any other individual, is a misfortune to the

whole, and to each individual member of the whole; and is felt with the same pain, and remedied with the same activity, by every member;—every step in advance made by one man is a step in advance made by the whole race. Here, where the petty, narrow self of mere individual personality is merged in the more comprehensive unity of the social constitution, each man truly loves every other as himself,—as a member of this greater *self* which now claims all his love, and of which he himself is no more than a member, capable of participating only in a common gain or in a common loss. The strife of evil against good is here abolished, for here no evil can intrude. The strife of the good among themselves for the sake of good, disappears, now that they find it easy to love good for its own sake alone and not because they are its authors; now that it has become of all-importance to them that the truth should really be discovered, that the useful action should be done,—but not at all by whom this may be accomplished. Here each individual is at all times ready to join his strength to that of others, to make it subordinate to that of others; and whoever, according to the judgment of all, is most capable of accomplishing the greatest amount of good, will be supported by all, and his success rejoiced in by all with an equal joy.

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This is the purpose of our earthly life, which reason sets before us, and for the infallible attainment of which she is our pledge and security. This is not an object given to us only that we may strive after it for the mere purpose of exercising our powers on something great, the real existence of which we may perhaps be compelled to abandon to doubt;—it shall, it must be realized; there must be a time in which it shall be accomplished, as surely as there is a sensible world and a race of reasonable beings existent in time with respect to which nothing earnest and rational is conceivable besides this purpose, and whose existence becomes intelligible only through this purpose. Unless all human life be

metamorphosed into a mere theatrical display for the gratification of some malignant spirit, who has implanted in poor humanity this inextinguishable longing for the imperishable only to amuse himself with its ceaseless pursuit of that which it can never overtake,—its ever-repeated efforts, Ixion-like, to embrace that which still eludes its grasp,—its restless hurrying onward in an ever-recurring circle,—only to mock its earnest aspirations with an empty, insipid farce;—unless the wise man, seeing through this mockery, and feeling an irrepressible disgust at continuing to play his part in it, is to cast life indignantly from him and make the moment of his awakening to reason also that of his physical death;—unless these things are so, this purpose most assuredly must be attained.—Yes! it is attainable *in life*, and *through life*, for Reason commands me to live:—it is attainable, for I am.

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### III.

But when this end shall have been attained, and humanity shall at length stand at this point, what is there then to do? Upon earth there is no higher state than this;—the generation which has once reached it, can do no more than abide there, steadfastly maintain its position, die, and leave behind it descendants who shall do the like, and who will again leave behind them descendants to follow in their footsteps. Humanity would thus stand still upon her path; and therefore her earthly end cannot be her highest end. This earthly end is conceivable, attainable, and finite. Even although we consider all preceding generations as means for the production of the last complete one, we do not thereby escape the question of earnest reason,—to what end then is this last one? Since a Human Race has appeared upon earth, its existence there must certainly be in accordance with, and not contrary to, reason; and it must attain all the development which it is possible for it to attain on earth. But why should such a race have an existence at all,—why may it not

as well have remained in the womb of chaos? Reason is not for the sake of existence, but existence for the sake of reason. An existence which does not of itself satisfy reason and solve all her questions, cannot by possibility be the true being.

And, then, are those actions which are commanded by the voice of conscience,—by that voice whose dictates I never dare to criticise, but must always obey in silence,—are those actions, in reality, always the means, and the only means, for the attainment of the earthly purpose of humanity? That I cannot do otherwise than refer them to this purpose, and dare not have any other object in view to be attained by means of them, is incontestible. But then are these, my intentions, always fulfilled?—is it enough that we will what is good, in order that it may happen? Alas! many virtuous intentions are entirely lost for this world, and others appear even to hinder the purpose which they were designed to promote. On the other hand, the most despicable passions of men, their vices and their crimes, often forward, more certainly, the good cause than the endeavours of the virtuous man, who will never do evil that good may come! It seems that the Highest Good of the world pursues its course of increase and prosperity quite independently of all human virtues or vices, according to its own laws, through an invisible and unknown Power,—just as the heavenly bodies run their appointed course, independently of all human effort; and that this Power carries forward, in its own great plan, all human intentions, good and bad, and, with overruling wisdom, employs for its own purpose that which was undertaken for other ends.

Thus, even if the attainment of this earthly end could be the purpose of our existence, and every doubt which reason could start with regard to it were silenced, yet would this end not be ours, but the end of that unknown power. We do not know, even for a moment, what is conducive to this end; and nothing is left to us but to give by our actions some material, no matter what, for this power to work upon, and to leave to it the task of elaborating this material to its own purposes. It would, in that case, be our highest wisdom

not to trouble ourselves about matters that do not concern us; to live according to our own fancy or inclinations, and quietly leave the consequences to that unknown power. The moral law within us would be void and superfluous, and absolutely unfitted to a being destined to nothing higher than this. In order to be at one with ourselves, we should have to refuse obedience to that law, and to suppress it as a perverse and foolish fanaticism.

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No!—I will not refuse obedience to the law of duty;—as surely as I live and am, I will obey, absolutely because it commands. This resolution shall be first and highest in my mind; that by which everything else is determined, but which is itself determined by nothing else;—this shall be the innermost principle of my spiritual life.

But, as a reasonable being, before whom a purpose must be set solely by its own will and determination, it is impossible for me to act without a motive and without an end. If this obedience is to be recognised by me as a reasonable service,—if the voice which demands this obedience be really that of the creative reason within me, and not a mere fanciful enthusiasm, invented by my own imagination, or communicated to me somehow from without,—this obedience must have some consequences, must serve some end. It is evident that it does not serve the purpose of the world of sense;—there must, therefore, be a ~~super-sens~~ensual world, whose purposes it does promote.

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The mist of delusion clears away from before my sight! I receive a new organ, and a new world opens before me. It is disclosed to me only by the law of reason, and answers only to that law in my spirit. I apprehend this world,—limited as I am by my sensuous view, I must thus name the unnameable—I apprehend this world merely in and through

the end which is promised to my obedience;—it is in reality nothing else than this necessary end itself which reason annexes to the law of duty.

Setting aside everything else, how could I suppose that this law had reference to the world of sense, or that the whole end and object of the obedience which it demands is to be found within that world, since that which alone is of importance in this obedience serves no purpose whatever in that world, can never become a cause in it, and can never produce results. In the world of sense, which proceeds on a chain of material causes and effects, and in which whatever happens depends merely on that which preceded it, it is never of any moment *how, and with what motives and intentions*, an action is performed, but only *what the action is*.

Had it been the whole purpose of our existence to produce an earthly condition of our race, there would have been required only an unerring mechanism by which our outward actions might have been determined,—we would not have needed to be more than wheels well fitted to the great machine. Freedom would have been, not merely vain, but even obstructive; a virtuous will wholly superfluous. The world would, in that case, be most unskilfully directed, and attain the purposes of its existence by wasteful extravagance and circuitous byeways. Hadst thou, mighty World-Spirit! withheld from us this freedom, which thou art now constrained to adapt to thy plans with labour and contrivance; hadst thou rather at once compelled us to act in the way in which thy plans required that we should act, thou wouldst have attained thy purposes by a much shorter way, as the humblest of the dwellers in these thy worlds can tell thee. But I am free; and therefore such a chain of causes and effects, in which freedom is absolutely superfluous and without aim, cannot exhaust my whole nature. I must be free; for it is not the mere mechanical act, but the free determination of free will, for the sake of duty and for the ends of duty only,—thus speaks the voice of conscience within us,—this alone it is which constitutes our true worth. The bond with which this law of duty binds me is

a bond for living spirits only; it disdains to rule over a dead mechanism, and addresses its decrees only to the living and the free. It requires of me this obedience;—this obedience therefore cannot be nugatory or superfluous.

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And now the Eternal World rises before me more brightly, and the fundamental law of its order stands clearly and distinctly apparent to my mental vision. In this world, *will* alone, as it lies concealed from mortal eye in the secret obscurities of the soul, is the first link in a chain of consequences that stretches through the whole invisible realms of spirit; as, in the physical world, *action*—a certain movement of matter—is the first link in a material chain that runs through the whole system of nature. The will is the efficient, living principle of the world of reason, as motion is the efficient, living principle of the world of sense. I stand in the centre of two entirely opposite worlds:—a visible world, in which action is the only moving power; and an invisible and absolutely incomprehensible world, in which will is the ruling principle. I am one of the primitive forces of both these worlds. My will embraces both. This will is, in itself, a constituent element of the super-sensual world; for as I move it by my successive resolutions, I move and change something in that world, and my activity thus extends itself throughout the whole, and gives birth to new and ever-enduring results which henceforward possess a real existence and need not again to be produced. This will may break forth in a material act,—and this act belongs to the world of sense and does there that which pertains to a material act to do.

It is not necessary that I should first be severed from the terrestrial world before I can obtain admission into the celestial one;—I am and live in it even now, far more truly than in the terrestrial; even now it is my only sure foundation, and the eternal life on the possession of which I have already entered is the only ground why I should still prolong this earthly one. That which we call heaven does not

lie beyond the grave; it is even here diffused around us, and its light arises in every pure heart. [ My will is mine, and it is the only thing that is wholly mine and entirely dependent on myself; and through it I have already become a citizen of the realm of freedom and of pure spiritual activity. What determination of my will—of the only thing by which I am raised from earth into this region—is best adapted to the order of the spiritual world, is proclaimed to me at every moment by my conscience, the bond that constantly unites me to it;—and it depends solely on myself to give my activity the appointed direction. Thus I cultivate myself for this world; labour in it, and for it, in cultivating one of its members; in it, and only in it, pursue my purpose according to a settled plan, without doubt or hesitation, certain of the result, since here no foreign power stands opposed to my free will. That, in the world of sense, my will also becomes an action, is but the law of this sensuous world. I did not send forth the act as I did the will; only the latter was wholly and purely my work,—it was all that proceeded forth from me. It was not even necessary that there should be another particular act on my part to unite the deed to the will; the deed unites itself to it according to the law of that second world with which I am connected through my will, and in which this will is likewise an original force, as it is in the first. I am indeed compelled, when I regard my will, determined according to the dictates of conscience, as a fact and an efficient cause in the world of sense, to refer it to that earthly purpose of humanity as a means to the accomplishment of an end;—not as if I should first survey the plan of the world and from this knowledge calculate what I had to do; but the specific action, which conscience directly enjoins me to do, reveals itself to me at once as the only means by which, in my position, I can contribute to the attainment of that end. Even if it should afterwards appear as if this end had not been promoted—nay, if it should even seem to have been hindered—by my action, yet I can never regret it, nor perplex myself about it, so surely as I have truly obeyed my conscience in perform-

ing this act. Whatever consequences it may have in this world, in the other world there can nothing but good result from it. And even in this world, should my action appear to have failed of its purpose, my conscience *for that very reason* commands me to repeat it in a manner that may more effectually reach its end; or, should it seem to have hindered that purpose, *for that very reason* to make good the detriment and annihilate the untoward result. I will as I ought, and the new deed follows. It may happen that the consequences of this new action, in the world of sense, may appear to me not more beneficial than those of the first; but, with respect to the other world, I retain the same calm assurance as before; and, in the present, it is again my bounden duty to make good my previous failure by new action. And thus, should it still appear that, during my whole earthly life, I have not advanced the good cause a single hair's-breadth in this world, yet I dare not cease my efforts: after every unsuccessful attempt, I must still believe that the next will be successful. But in the spiritual world no step is ever lost. In short, I do not pursue the earthly purpose for its own sake alone, or as a final aim; but only because my true final aim, obedience to the law of conscience, does not present itself to me in this world in any other shape than as the advancement of this end. I may not cease to pursue it, unless I were to deny the law of duty, or unless that law were to manifest itself to me, in this life, in some other shape than as a commandment to promote this purpose in my own place;—I shall actually cease to pursue it in another life in which that commandment shall have set before me some other purpose wholly incomprehensible to me here. In this life, I must *will* to promote it, because I must obey; whether it be *actually* promoted by the deed that follows my will thus fittingly directed is not my care;—I am responsible only for the will, but not for the result. Previous to the actual deed, I can never resign this purpose; the deed, when it is completed, I may resign, and repeat it, or improve it. Thus do I live and labour, even here, in my most essential nature and in my nearest purposes, only for

the other world ; and my activity for it is the only thing of which I am completely certain ;—in the world of sense I labour only for the sake of the other, and only because I cannot work for the other without at least *willing* to work for it.

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I will establish myself firmly in this, to me, wholly new view of my vocation. The present life cannot be rationally regarded as the whole purpose of my existence, or of the existence of a human race in general ;—there is something in me, and there is something required of me, which finds in this life nothing to which it can be applied, and which is entirely superfluous and unnecessary for the attainment of the highest objects that can be attained on earth. There must therefore be a purpose in human existence which lies beyond this life. But should the present life, which is nevertheless imposed upon us, and which cannot be designed solely for the development of reason, since even awakened reason commands us to maintain it and to promote its highest purposes with all our powers,—should this life not prove entirely vain and ineffectual, it must at least have relation to a future life, as means to an end. Now there is nothing in this present life, the ultimate consequences of which do not remain on earth,—nothing whereby we could be connected with a future life—but only our virtuous will, which in this world, by the fundamental laws thereof, is entirely fruitless. Only our virtuous will can it, must it be, by which we can labour for another life, and for the first and nearest objects which are there revealed to us ; and it is the consequences, invisible to us, of this virtuous will, through which we first acquire a firm standing-point in that life from whence we may then advance in a farther course of progress.

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That our virtuous will in, and for and through itself, must have consequences, we know already in this life, for reason cannot command anything which is without a purpose ; but what these consequences may be,—nay, how it is even pos-

sible for a mere will to produce any effect at all,—as to this we can form no conception whatever, so long as we are still confined to this material world; and it is true wisdom not to undertake an inquiry in which we know beforehand that we shall be unsuccessful. With respect to the nature of these consequences, the present life is therefore, in relation to the future, *a life in faith*. In the future life, we shall possess these consequences, for we shall then proceed from them as our starting-point, and build upon them as our foundation; and this other life will thus be, in relation to the consequences of our virtuous will in the present, *a life in sight*. In that other life, we shall also have an immediate purpose set before us, as we have in the present; for our activity must not cease. But we remain finite beings,—and for finite beings there is but finite, determinate activity; and every determinate act has a determinate end. As, in the present life, the actually existing world as we find it around us, the fitting adjustment of this world to the work we have to do in it, the degree of culture and virtue already attained by men, and our own physical powers,—as these stand related to the purposes of this life,—so, in the future life, the consequences of our virtuous will in the present shall stand related to the purposes of that other existence. The present is the commencement of our existence; the endowments requisite for its purpose, and a firm footing in it, have been freely bestowed on us:—the future is the continuation of this existence, and in it we must acquire for ourselves a commencement, and a definite standing-point.

And now the present life no longer appears vain and useless; for this and this alone it is given to us—that we may acquire for ourselves a firm foundation in the future life, and only by means of this foundation is it connected with our whole external existence. It is very possible, that the immediate purpose of this second life may prove as unattainable by finite powers, with certainty and after a fixed plan, as the purpose of the present life is now, and that even there a virtuous will may appear superfluous and without result. But it can never be lost there, any more than here,

for it is the eternal and unalterable command of reason. Its necessary efficacy would, in that case, direct us to a third life, in which the consequences of our virtuous will in the second life will become visible;—a life which during the second life would again be believed in through faith, but with firmer, more unwavering confidence, since we should already have had practical experience of the truthfulness of reason, and have regained the fruits of a pure heart which had been faithfully garnered up in a previously completed life.

As in the present life it is only from the command of conscience to follow a certain course of action that there arises our conception of a certain purpose in this action, and from this our whole intuitive perception of a world of sense;—so in the future, upon a similar, but now to us wholly inconceivable command, will be founded our conception of the immediate purpose of that life; and upon this, again, our intuitive perception of a world in which we shall set out from the consequences of our virtuous will in the present life. The present world exists for us only through the law of duty; the other will be revealed to us, in a similar manner, through another command of duty; for in no other manner can a world exist for any reasonable being.

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This, then, is my whole sublime vocation, my true nature. I am a member of two orders:—the one purely spiritual, in which I rule by my will alone; the other sensuous, in which I operate by my deed. The whole end of reason is pure activity, absolutely by itself alone, having no need of any instrument out of itself,—independence of everything which is not reason,—absolute freedom. The will is the living principle of reason,—is itself reason, when purely and simply apprehended; that reason is active by itself alone, means, that pure will, merely as such, lives and rules. It is only the Infinite Reason that lives immediately and wholly in this purely spiritual order. The finite reason,—which does not of itself constitute the world of reason, but is only one

of its many members,—lives necessarily at the same time in a sensuous order; that is to say, in one which presents to it another object beyond a purely spiritual activity:—a material object, to be promoted by instruments and powers which indeed stand under the immediate dominion of the will, but whose activity is also conditioned by their own natural laws. Yet as surely as reason is reason, must the will operate absolutely by itself, and independently of the natural laws by which the material action is determined;—and hence the sensuous life of every finite being points towards a higher, into which the will, by itself alone, may open the way, and of which it may acquire possession,—a possession which indeed we must again sensuously conceive of as a state, and not as a mere will.

These two orders,—the purely spiritual and the sensuous, the latter consisting possibly of an innumerable series of particular lives,—have existed since the first moment of the development of an active reason within me, and still proceed parallel to each other. The latter order is only a phenomenon for myself, and for those with whom I am associated in this life; the former alone gives it significance, purpose, and value. *I am* immortal, imperishable, eternal, as soon as I form the resolution to obey the laws of reason; I do not need to *become* so. The super-sensual world is no future world; it is now present; it can at no point of finite existence be more present than at another; not more present after an existence of myriads of lives than at this moment. My sensuous existence may, in future, assume other forms, but these are just as little the true life, as its present form. By that resolution I lay hold on eternity, and cast off this earthly life and all other forms of sensuous life which may yet lie before me in futurity, and place myself far above them. I become the sole source of my own being and its phenomena, and, henceforth, unconditioned by anything without me, I have life in myself. My will, which is directed by no foreign agency in the order of the super-sensual world, but by myself alone, is this source of true life, and of eternity.

It is my will alone which is this source of true life, and of eternity;—only by recognising this will as the peculiar seat of moral goodness, and by actually raising it thereto, do I obtain the assurance and the possession of that supersensual world.

Without regard to any conceivable or visible object, without inquiry as to whether my will may be followed by any result other than the mere volition,—I must will in accordance with the moral law. My will stands alone, apart from all that is not itself, and is its own world merely by itself and for itself; not only as being itself an absolutely *first*, primary and original power, before which there is no preceding influence by which it may be governed, but also as being followed by no conceivable or comprehensible *second* step in the series, coming after it, by which its activity may be brought under the dominion of a foreign law. Did there proceed from it any second, and from this again a third result, and so forth, in any conceivable sensuous world opposed to the spiritual world, then would its strength be broken by the resistance it would encounter from the independent elements of such a world which it would set in motion; the mode of its activity would no longer exactly correspond to the purpose expressed in the volition; and the will would no longer remain free, but be partly limited by the peculiar laws of its heterogeneous sphere of action. And thus must I actually regard the will in the present sensuous world, the only one known to me. I am indeed compelled to believe, and consequently to act as if I thought, that by my mere volition, my tongue, my hand, or my foot, might be set in motion; but how a mere aspiration, an impress of intelligence upon itself, such as will is, can be the principle of motion to a heavy material mass,—this I not only find it impossible to conceive, but the mere assertion is, before the tribunal of the understanding, a palpable absurdity;—here the movement of matter even in myself can be explained only by the internal forces of matter itself.

Such a view of my will as I have taken, can, however, be attained only through an intimate conviction that it is not

merely the highest active principle for this world,—which it certainly might be, without having freedom in itself, by the mere influence of the system of the universe, perchance, as we must conceive of a formative power in Nature,—but that it absolutely disregards all earthly objects, and generally all objects lying out of itself, and recognises itself, for its own sake, as its own ultimate end. But by such a view of my will I am at once directed to a super-sensual order of things, in which the will, by itself alone and without any instrument lying out of itself, becomes an efficient cause in a sphere which, like itself, is purely spiritual, and is thoroughly accessible to it. That moral volition is demanded of us absolutely for its own sake alone,—a truth which I discover only as a fact in my inward consciousness, and to the knowledge of which I cannot attain in any other way :—this was the first step of my thought. That this demand is reasonable, and the source and standard of all else that is reasonable ; that it is not modelled upon any other thing whatever, but that all other things must, on the contrary, model themselves upon it, and be dependent upon it,—a conviction which also I cannot arrive at from without, but can attain only by inward experience, by means of the unhesitating and immovable assent which I freely accord to this demand:—this was the second step of my thought. And from these two terms I have attained to faith in a super-sensual Eternal World. If I abandon the former, the latter falls to the ground. If it were true,—as many say it is, assuming it without farther proof as self-evident and extolling it as the highest summit of human wisdom,—that all human virtue must have before it a certain definite external object, and that it must first be assured of the possibility of attaining this object, before it can act and before it can become virtue ; that, consequently, reason by no means contains within itself the principle and the standard of its own activity, but must receive this standard from without, through contemplation of an external world ;—if this were true, then might the ultimate end of our existence be accomplished here below ; human nature might be completely developed and

exhausted by our earthly vocation, and we should have no rational ground for raising our thoughts above the present life.

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But every thinker who has anywhere acquired those first principles even historically, moved perhaps by a mere love of the new and unusual, and who is able to prosecute a correct course of reasoning from them, might speak and teach as I have now spoken to myself. He would then present us with the thoughts of some other being, not with his own; everything would float before him empty and without significance, because he would be without the sense whereby he might apprehend its reality. He is a blind man, who, upon certain true principles concerning colours which he has learned historically, has built a perfectly correct theory of colour, notwithstanding that there is in reality no colour existing for him;—he can tell how, under certain conditions, it *must be*; but to him it *is* not so, because he does not stand under these conditions. The faculty by which we lay hold on Eternal Life is to be attained only by actually renouncing the sensuous and its objects, and sacrificing them to that law which takes cognizance of our will only and not of our actions;—renouncing them with the firmest conviction that it is reasonable for us to do so,—nay, that it is the only thing reasonable for us, By this renunciation of the Earthly, does faith in the Eternal first arise in our soul, and is there enshrined apart, as the only support to which we can cling after we have given up all else,—as the only animating principle that can elevate our minds and inspire our lives. We must indeed, according to the figure of a sacred doctrine, first “die unto the world and be born again, before we can enter the kingdom of God.”

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I see—Oh I now see clearly before me the cause of my former indifference and blindness concerning spiritual

things! Absorbed by mere earthly objects, lost in them with all our thoughts and efforts, moved and urged onward only by the notion of a result lying beyond ourselves,—by the desire of such a result and of our enjoyment therein,—insensible and dead to the pure impulse of reason, which gives a law to itself, and offers to our aspirations a purely spiritual end,—the immortal Psyche remains, with fettered pinions, fastened to the earth. Our philosophy becomes the history of our own heart and life; and according to what we ourselves are, do we conceive of man and his vocation. Never impelled by any other motive than the desire after what can be actually realized in this world, there is for us no true freedom,—no freedom which holds the ground of its determination absolutely and entirely within itself. Our freedom is, at best, that of the self-forming plant; not essentially higher in its nature, but only more artistical in its results; not producing a mere material form with roots, leaves, and blossoms, but a mind with impulses, thoughts, and actions. We cannot have the slightest conception of true freedom, because we do not ourselves possess it; when it is spoken of, we either bring down what is said to the level of our own notions, or at once declare all such talk to be nonsense. Without the idea of freedom, we are likewise without the faculty for another world. Everything of this kind floats past before us like words that are not addressed to us; like a pale shadow, without colour or meaning, which we know not how to lay hold of or retain. We leave it as we find it, without the least participation or sympathy. Or should we ever be urged by a more active zeal to consider it seriously, we then convince ourselves to our own satisfaction that all such ideas are untenable and worthless reveries, which the man of sound understanding unhesitatingly rejects; and according to the premises from which we proceed, made up as they are of our inward experiences, we are perfectly in the right, and secure from either refutation or conversion so long as we remain what we are. The excellent doctrines which are taught amongst us with a special authority, concerning freedom, duty, and everlasting life,

become to us romantic fables, like those of Tartarus and the Elysian fields; although we do not publish to the world this our secret opinion, because we find it expedient, by means of these figures, to maintain an outward decorum among the populace; or, should we be less reflective, and ourselves bound in the chains of authority, then we sink to the level of the common mind, and believing what, *thus understood*, would be mere foolish fables, we find in those pure spiritual symbols only the promise of continuing throughout eternity the same miserable existence which we possess here below.

In one word:—only by the fundamental improvement of my will does a new light arise within me concerning my existence and vocation; without this, however much I may speculate, and with what rare intellectual gifts soever I may be endowed, darkness remains within me and around me. The improvement of the heart alone leads to true wisdom. Let then my whole life be unceasingly devoted to this one purpose.

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#### IV.

My Moral Will, merely as such, in and through itself, shall certainly and invariably produce consequences; every determination of my will in accordance with duty, although no action should follow it, shall operate in another, to me incomprehensible, world, in which nothing but this moral determination of the will shall possess efficient activity. What is it that is assumed in this conception?

Obviously a *Law*; a rule absolutely without exception, according to which a will determined by duty must have consequences; just as in the material world which surrounds me I assume a law according to which this ball, when thrown by my hand with this particular force, in this particular direction, necessarily moves in such a direction with a certain degree of velocity,—perhaps strikes another ball with a certain amount of force, which in its turn moves on with a certain velocity,—and so on. As here, in the

mere direction and motion of my hand, I already perceive and apprehend all the consequent directions and movements, with the same certainty as if they were already present before me; even so do I embrace by means of my virtuous will a series of necessary and inevitable consequences in the spiritual world, as if they were already present before me; only that I cannot define them as I do those in the material world,—that is, I only know *that* they must be, but not *how* they shall be;—and even in doing this, I conceive of a *Law* of the spiritual world, in which my pure will is one of the moving forces, as my hand is one of the moving forces of the material world. My own firm confidence in these results, and the conceptions of this *Law* of the spiritual world, are one and the same;—they are not two thoughts, one of which arises by means of the other, but they are entirely the same thought; just as the confidence with which I calculate on a certain motion in a material body, and the conception of a mechanical law of nature on which that motion depends, are one and the same. The conception of a *Law* expresses nothing more than the firm, immovable confidence of reason in a principle, and the absolute impossibility of admitting its opposite.

I assume such a law of a spiritual world,—not given by my will nor by the will of any finite being, nor by the will of all finite beings taken together, but to which my will, and the will of all finite beings, is subject. Neither I, nor any finite and therefore sensuous being, can conceive how a mere will can have consequences, nor what may be the true nature of those consequences; for herein consists the essential character of our finite nature,—that we are unable to conceive this,—that having indeed our will, as such, wholly within our power, we are yet compelled by our sensuous nature to regard the consequences of that will as sensuous states:—how then can I, or any other finite being whatever, propose to ourselves as objects, and thereby give reality to, that which we can neither imagine nor conceive? I cannot say that, in the material world, my hand, or any other body which belongs to that world and is subject to the universal

law of gravity, brings this law into operation ;—these bodies themselves stand under this law, and are able to set another body in motion only in accordance with this law, and only in so far as that body, by virtue of this law, partakes of the universal moving power of Nature. Just as little can a finite will give a law to the super-sensual world, which no finite spirit can embrace ; but all finite wills stand under the law of that world, and can produce results therein only inasmuch as that law already exists, and inasmuch as they themselves, in accordance with the form of that law which is applicable to finite wills, bring themselves under its conditions, and within the sphere of its activity, by moral obedience ;—by moral obedience, I say, the only tie which unites them to that higher world, the only nerve that descends from it to them, and the only organ through which they can re-act upon it. As the universal power of attraction embraces all bodies, and holds them together in themselves and with each other, and the movement of each separate body is possible only on the supposition of this power, so does that super-sensual law unite, hold together, and embrace all finite reasonable beings. My will, and the will of all finite beings, may be regarded from a double point of view :—partly as a mere *volition*, an internal act directed upon itself alone, and, in so far, the will is complete in itself, concluded in this act of volition ;—partly as something beyond this, a *fact*. It assumes the latter form to me, as soon as I regard it as completed ; but it must also become so beyond me :—in the world of sense, as the moving principle, for instance, of my hand, from the movement of which, again, other movements follow ;—in the super-sensual world, as the principle of a series of spiritual consequences of which I have no conception. In the former point of view, as a mere act of volition, it stands wholly within my own power ; its assumption of the latter character, that of an active first principle, depends not upon me, but on a law to which I myself am subject ;—on the law of nature in the world of sense, on a super-sensual law in the world of pure thought.

What, then, is this law of the spiritual world which I con-

ceive? This idea now stands before me, in fixed and perfect shape; I cannot, and dare not add anything whatever to it; I have only to express and interpret it distinctly. It is obviously not such as I may suppose the principle of my own, or any other possible sensuous world, to be,—a fixed, inert existence, from which, by the encounter of a will, some internal power may be evolved,—something altogether different from a mere will. For,—and this is the substance of my belief,—my will, absolutely by itself, and without the intervention of any instrument that might weaken its expression, shall act in a perfectly congenial sphere,—reason upon reason, spirit upon spirit;—in a sphere to which nevertheless it does not give the law of life, activity, and progress, but which has that law in itself;—therefore, upon self-active reason. But self-active reason is will. The law of the super-sensual world must, therefore, be a Will:—A Will which operates purely as will; by itself, and absolutely without any instrument or sensible material of its activity; which is, at the same time, both act and product; with whom to will is to do, to command is to execute; in which therefore the instinctive demand of reason for absolute freedom and independence is realized:—A Will, which in itself is law; determined by no fancy or caprice, through no previous reflection, hesitation or doubt:—but eternal, unchangeable, on which we may securely and infallibly rely, as the physical man relies with certainty on the laws of his world:—A Will in which the moral will of finite beings, and this alone, has sure and unfailing results; since for it all else is unavailing, all else is as if it were not.

That sublime Will thus pursues no solitary path withdrawn from the other parts of the world of reason. There is a spiritual bond between Him and all finite rational beings; and He himself is this spiritual bond of the rational universe. Let me will, purely and decidedly, my duty; and He wills that, in the spiritual world at least, my will shall prosper. Every moral resolution of a finite being goes up before Him, and—to speak after the manner of mortals—moves and determines Him, not in consequence of a mo-

mentary satisfaction, but in accordance with the eternal law of His being. With surprising clearness does this thought, which hitherto was surrounded with darkness, now reveal itself to my soul; the thought that my will, merely as such, and through itself, shall have results. It has results, because it is immediately and infallibly perceived by another Will to which it is related, which is its own accomplishment and the only living principle of the spiritual world; *in Him* it has its first results, and *through Him* it acquires an influence on the whole spiritual world, which throughout is but a product of that Infinite Will.

Thus do I approach—the mortal must speak in his own language—thus do I approach that Infinite Will; and the voice of conscience in my soul, which teaches me in every situation of life what I have there to do, is the channel through which again His influence descends upon me. That voice, sensualized by my environment, and translated into my language, is the oracle of the Eternal World which announces to me how I am to perform my part in the order of the spiritual universe, or in the Infinite Will who is Himself that order. I cannot, indeed, survey or comprehend that spiritual order, and I need not to do so;—I am but a link in its chain, and can no more judge of the whole, than a single tone of music can judge of the entire harmony of which it forms a part. But what I myself ought to be in this harmony of spirits I must know, for it is only I myself who can make me so,—and this is immediately revealed to me by a voice whose tones descend upon me from that other world. Thus do I stand connected with the ONE who alone has existence, and thus do I participate in His being. There is nothing real, lasting, imperishable in me, but these two elements:—the voice of conscience, and my free obedience. By the first, the spiritual world bows down to me, and embraces me as one of its members; by the second I raise myself into this world, apprehend it, and re-act upon it. That Infinite Will is the mediator between it and me; for He himself is the original source both of it and me. This is the one True and Imperishable for which my

soul yearns even from its inmost depths; all else is mere appearance, ever vanishing, and ever returning in a new semblance.

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This Will unites me with himself; He also unites me with all finite beings like myself, and is the common mediator between us all. This is the great mystery of the invisible world, and its fundamental law, in so far as it is a world or system of many individual wills:—*the union, and direct reciprocal action, of many separate and independent wills*; a mystery which already lies clearly before every eye in the present life, without attracting the notice of any one, or being regarded as in any way wonderful. The voice of conscience, which imposes on each his particular duty, is the light-beam on which we come forth from the bosom of the Infinite, and assume our place as particular individual beings; it fixes the limits of our personality; it is thus the true original element of our nature, the foundation and material of all our life. The absolute freedom of the will, which we bring down with us from the Infinite into the world of Time, is the principle of this our life. I act:—and, the sensible intuition through which alone I become a personal intelligence being supposed, it is easy to conceive how I must necessarily know of this my action,—I know it, because it is I myself who act;—it is easy to conceive how, by means of this sensible intuition, my spiritual act appears to me as a fact in a world of sense; and how, on the other hand, by the same sensualization, the law of duty which, in itself, is a purely spiritual law, should appear to me as the command to such an action;—it is easy to conceive, how an actually present world should appear to me as the condition of this action, and, in part, as the consequence and product of it. Thus far I remain within myself and upon my own territory; everything here, which has an existence for me, unfolds itself purely and solely from myself; I see everywhere only myself, and no true existence out of myself. But in this my world I admit, also, the operations of other beings, separate and independent of me, as much as I of them.

How these beings can themselves know of the influences which proceed from them, may easily be conceived; they know of them in the same way in which I know of my own. But how *I* can know of *them* is absolutely inconceivable; just as it is inconceivable how *they* can possess that knowledge of *my* existence, and its manifestations, which nevertheless I ascribe to them. How do they come within my world, or I within theirs,—since the principle by which the consciousness of ourselves, of our operations, and of their sensuous conditions, is deduced from ourselves,—*i. e.* that each individual must undoubtedly know what he himself does,—is here wholly inapplicable? How have free spirits knowledge of free spirits, since we know that free spirits are the only reality, and that an independent world of sense, through which they might act on each other, is no longer to be taken into account. Or shall it be said,—I perceive reasonable beings like myself by the changes which they produce in the world of sense? Then I ask again,—How dost thou perceive these changes? I comprehend very well how thou canst perceive changes which are brought about by the mere mechanism of nature; for the law of this mechanism is no other than the law of thy own thought, according to which, this world being once assumed, it is carried out into farther developments. But the changes of which we now speak are not brought about by the mere mechanism of nature, but by a free will elevated above all nature; and only in so far as thou canst regard them in this character, canst thou infer from them the existence of free beings like thyself. Where then is the law within thyself, according to which thou canst realize the determinations of other wills absolutely independent of thee? In short, this mutual recognition and reciprocal action of free beings in this world, is perfectly inexplicable by the laws of nature or of thought, and can be explained only through the One in whom they are united, although to each other they are separate; through the Infinite Will who sustains and embraces them all in His own sphere. Not immediately from thee to me, nor from me to thee, flows forth the knowledge which we

have of each other;—we are separated by an insurmountable barrier. Only through the common fountain of our spiritual being do we know of each other; only in Him do we recognise each other, and influence each other. “Here reverence the image of freedom upon the earth;—here, a work which bears its impress:”—thus is it proclaimed within me by the voice of that Will, which speaks to me only in so far as it imposes duties upon me;—and the only principle through which I recognise thee and thy work, is the command of conscience to respect them.

Whence, then, our feelings, our sensible intuitions, our discursive laws of thought, on all which is founded the external world which we behold, in which we believe that we exert an influence on each other? With respect to the two last—our sensible intuitions and our laws of thought—to say, these are laws of reason in itself, is only to give no satisfactory answer at all. For us, indeed, who are excluded from the pure domain of reason in itself, it may be impossible to think otherwise, or to conceive of reason under any other law. But the true law of reason in itself is the practical law, the law of the super-sensual world, or of that sublime Will. And, leaving this for a moment undecided, whence comes our universal agreement as to feelings, which, nevertheless, are something positive, immediate, inexplicable? On this agreement in feeling, perception, and in the laws of thought, however, it depends that we all behold the same external world.

“It is a harmonious, although inconceivable, limitation of the finite rational beings who compose our race; and only by means of such a harmonious limitation do they become a race:”—thus answers the philosophy of mere knowledge, and here it must rest as its highest point. But what can set a limit to reason but reason itself?—what can limit all finite reason but the Infinite Reason? This universal agreement concerning a sensible world,—assumed and accepted by us as the foundation of all our other life, and as the sphere of our duty—which, strictly considered, is just as incomprehensible as our unanimity concerning the products of

our reciprocal freedom,—this agreement is the result of the One Eternal Infinite Will. Our faith, of which we have spoken as faith in duty, is only faith in Him, in His reason, in His truth. What, then, is the peculiar and essential truth which we accept in the world of sense, and in which we believe? Nothing less than that from our free and faithful performance of our duty in this world, there will arise to us throughout eternity a life in which our freedom and morality may still continue their development. If this be true, then indeed is there truth in our world, and the only truth possible for finite beings; and it must be true, for this world is the result of the Eternal Will in us,—and that Will, by the law of His own being, can have no other purpose with respect to finite beings, than that which we have set forth.

That Eternal Will is thus assuredly the Creator of the World, in the only way in which He can be so, and in the only way in which it needs creation:—in the finite reason. Those who regard Him as building up a world from an everlasting inert matter, which must still remain inert and lifeless,—like a vessel made by human hands, not an eternal procession of His self-development,—or who ascribe to Him the production of a material universe out of nothing, know neither the world nor Him. If matter only can be reality, then were the world indeed nothing, and throughout all eternity would remain nothing. Reason alone exists:—the Infinite in Himself,—the finite in Him and through Him. Only in our minds has He created a world; at least that *from which* we unfold it, and that *by which* we unfold it;—the voice of duty, and harmonious feelings, intuitions, and laws of thought. It is His light through which we behold the light, and all that it reveals to us. In our minds He still creates this world, and acts upon it by acting upon our minds through the call of duty, as soon as another free being changes aught therein. In our minds He upholds this world, and thereby the finite existence of which alone we are capable, by continually evolving from each state of our existence other states in succession. When He shall have sufficiently proved us according to His supreme designs, for

our next succeeding vocation, and we shall have sufficiently cultivated ourselves for entering upon it, then, by that which we call death, will He annihilate for us this life, and introduce us to a new life, the product of our virtuous actions. All our life is His life. We are in His hand, and abide therein, and no one can pluck us out of His hand. We are eternal, because He is eternal.

Sublime and Living Will! named by no name, compassed by no thought! I may well raise my soul to Thee, for Thou and I are not divided. Thy voice sounds within me, mine resounds in Thee; and all my thoughts, if they be but good and true, live in Thee also. In Thee, the Incomprehensible, I myself, and the world in which I live, become clearly comprehensible to me; all the secrets of my existence are laid open, and perfect harmony arises in my soul.

Thou art best known to the child-like, devoted, simple mind. To it Thou art the searcher of hearts, who seest its inmost depths; the ever-present true witness of its thoughts, who knowest its truth, who knowest it though all the world know it not. Thou art the Father who ever desirest its good, who rulest all things for the best. To Thy will it unhesitatingly resigns itself: "Do with me," it says, "what thou wilt; I know that it is good, for it is Thou who doest it." The inquisitive understanding, which has heard of Thee, but seen Thee not, would teach us thy nature; and, as Thy image, shows us a monstrous and incongruous shape, which the sagacious laugh at, and the wise and good abhor.

I hide my face before Thee, and lay my hand upon my mouth. *How* Thou art, and seemest to Thine own being, I can never know, any more than I can assume Thy nature. After thousands upon thousands of spirit-lives, I shall comprehend Thee as little as I do now in this earthly house. That which I conceive, becomes finite through my very conception of it; and this can never, even by endless exaltation, rise into the Infinite. Thou differest from men, not in degree but in nature. In every stage of their advancement they think of Thee as a greater *man*, and still a greater;

but never as God—the Infinite,—whom no measure can mete. I have only this discursive, progressive thought, and I can conceive of no other:—how can I venture to ascribe it to Thee? In the Idea of *person* there are imperfections, limitations:—how can I clothe Thee with it without these?

I will not attempt that which the imperfection of my finite nature forbids, and which would be useless to me:—*How* Thou art, I may not know. But, let me be what I ought to be, and Thy relations to me—the mortal—and to all mortals, lie open before my eyes, and surround me more clearly than the consciousness of my own existence. *Thou workest* in me the knowledge of my duty, of my vocation in the world of reasonable beings;—*how*, I know not, nor need I to know. *Thou knowest* what I think and what I will:—*how* Thou canst know, through what act thou bringest about that consciousness, I cannot understand,—nay, I know that the idea of an act, of a particular act of consciousness, belongs to me alone, and not to Thee,—the Infinite One. *Thou willest* that my free obedience shall bring with it eternal consequences:—the act of Thy will I cannot comprehend, I only know that it is not like mine. *Thou doest*, and Thy will itself is the deed; but the way of Thy working is not as my ways,—I cannot trace it. *Thou livest and art*, for Thou knowest and willest and workest, omnipresent to finite Reason; but Thou *art not* as *I* now and always must conceive of being.

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In the contemplation of these Thy relations to me, the finite being, will I rest in calm blessedness. I know immediately only what I ought to do. This will I do, freely, joyfully, and without cavilling or sophistry, for it is Thy voice which commands me to do it; it is the part assigned to me in the spiritual World-plan; and the power with which I shall perform it is Thy power. Whatever may be commanded by that voice, whatever executed by that power, is, in that plan, assuredly and truly good. I remain tranquil amid all the events of this world, for they are in Thy

world. Nothing can perplex or surprise or dishearten me, as surely as Thou livest, and I can look upon Thy life. For in Thee, and through Thee, O Infinite One! do I behold even my present world in another light. Nature, and natural consequences, in the destinies and conduct of free beings, as opposed to Thee, become empty, unmeaning words. Nature is no longer; Thou, only Thou, art. It no longer appears to me to be the end and purpose of the present world to produce that state of universal peace among men, and of unlimited dominion over the mechanism of nature, for its own sake alone,—but that this should be produced by man himself,—and, since it is expected from *all*, that it should be produced by *all*, as one great, free, moral, community. Nothing new and better for an individual shall be attainable, except through his own virtuous will; nothing new and better for a community, except through the common will being in accordance with duty:—this is a fundamental law of the great moral empire, of which the present life is a part. The good will of the individual is thus often lost to this world, because it is but the will of the individual, and the will of the majority is not in harmony with his,—and then its results are to be found solely in a future world; while even the passions and vices of men coöperate in the attainment of good,—not in and for themselves, for in this sense good can never come out of evil,—but by holding the balance against the opposite vices, and, at last, by their excess, annihilating these antagonists, and themselves with them. Oppression could never have gained the upper hand in human affairs, unless the cowardice, baseness, and mutual mistrust of men had smoothed the way to it. It will continue to increase, until it extirpate cowardice and slavishness; and despair itself at last reäwaken courage. Then shall the two opposite vices have annihilated each other, and the noblest of all human relations, lasting freedom, come forth from their antagonism.

The actions of free beings, strictly considered, have results only in other free beings; for in them, and for them alone, there is a world; and that in which they all agree, is

itself the world. But they have these results only through the Infinite Will,— the medium through which all individual beings influence each other. But the announcement, the publication of this Will to us, is always a call to a particular duty. Thus even what we call evil in the world, the consequence of the abuse of freedom, exists only through Him; and it exists for those who experience it only in so far as, through it, duties are laid upon them. Were it not in the eternal plan of our moral culture, and the culture of our whole race, that precisely these duties should be laid upon us, they would not be so laid upon us; and that through which they are laid upon us—*i. e.* what we call evil—would not have been produced. In so far, everything that is, is good, and absolutely legitimate. There is but one world possible,—a thoroughly good world. All that happens in this world is subservient to the improvement and culture of man, and, by means of this, to the promotion of the purpose of his earthly existence. It is this higher World-plan which we call Nature, when we say,—Nature leads men through want to industry; through the evils of general disorder to a just constitution; through the miseries of continual wars to endless peace on earth. Thy will, O Infinite One! thy Providence alone, is this higher Nature. This, too, is best understood by artless simplicity, when it regards this life as a place of trial and culture, as a school for eternity; when, in all the events of life, the most trivial as well as the most important, it beholds thy guiding Providence disposing all for the best; when it firmly believes that all things must work together for the good of those who love their duty, and who know Thee.

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Oh! I have, indeed, dwelt in darkness during the past days of my life! I have indeed heaped error upon error, and imagined myself wise! Now, for the first time, do I wholly understand the doctrine which from thy lips, O Wonderful Spirit! seemed so strange to me, although my understanding had nothing to oppose to it; for now, for the first time,

do I comprehend it in its whole compass, in its deepest foundations, and through all its consequences.

Man is not a product of the world of sense, and the end of his existence cannot be attained in it. His vocation transcends Time and Space, and everything that pertains to sense. What he is, and to what he is to train himself, that he must know;—as his vocation is a lofty one, he must be able to raise his thoughts above all the limitations of sense. He must accomplish it;—where his being finds its home, there his thoughts too seek their dwelling-place; and the truly human mode of thought, that which alone is worthy of him, that in which his whole spiritual strength is manifested, is that whereby he raises himself above those limitations, whereby all that pertains to sense vanishes into nothing,—into a mere reflection, in mortal eyes, of the One, Self-existent Infinite.

Many have raised themselves to this mode of thought, without scientific inquiry, merely by their nobleness of heart and their pure moral instinct, because their life has been preëminently one of feeling and sentiment. They have denied, by their conduct, the efficiency and reality of the world of sense, and made it of no account in regulating their resolutions and their actions;—whereby they have not indeed made it clear, by reasoning, that this world has no existence for the intellect. Those who could dare to say, “Our citizenship is in heaven; we have here no continuing city, but we seek one to come;”—those whose chief principle it was “to die to the world, to be born again, and already here below to enter upon a new life,”—certainly set no value whatever on the things of sense, and were, to use the language of the schools, practical Transcendental Idealists.

Others, who, besides possessing the natural proneness to mere sensuous activity which is common to us all, have also added to its power by the adoption of similar habits of thought, until they have got wholly entangled in it, and it has grown with their growth, and strengthened with their strength, can raise themselves above it, permanently and

completely, only by persistent and conclusive thought ; otherwise, with the purest moral intentions, they would be continually drawn down again by their understanding, and their whole being would remain a prolonged and insoluble contradiction. For these, the philosophy which I now, for the first time, thoroughly understand, will be the first power that shall set free the imprisoned Psyche and unfold her wings, so that, hovering for a moment above her former self, she may cast a glance on her abandoned slough, and then soar upwards thenceforward to live and move in higher spheres.

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Blessed be the hour in which I first resolved to inquire into myself and my vocation ! All my doubts are solved ; I know what I can know, and have no apprehensions regarding that which I cannot know. I am satisfied ; perfect harmony and clearness reign in my soul, and a new and more glorious spiritual existence begins for me.

My entire complete vocation I cannot comprehend ; what I shall be hereafter transcends all my thoughts. A part of that vocation is concealed from me ; it is visible only to One, to the Father of Spirits, to whose care it is committed. I know only that it is sure, and that it is eternal and glorious like Himself. But that part of it which is confided to myself, I know, and know it thoroughly, for it is the root of all my other knowledge. I know assuredly, in every moment of my life, what I ought to do ; and this is my whole vocation in so far as it depends on me. From this point, since my knowledge does not reach beyond it, I shall not depart ; I shall not desire to know aught beyond this ; I shall take my stand upon this central point, and firmly root myself here. To this shall all my thoughts and endeavours, my whole powers, be directed ; my whole existence shall be interwoven with it.

I ought, as far as in me lies, to cultivate my understanding and to acquire knowledge ;—but only with the purpose of preparing thereby within me a larger field and wider sphere of duty. I ought to desire to have much ;—in order

that much may be required of me. I ought to exercise my powers and capacities in every possible way;—but only in order to render myself a more serviceable and fitting instrument of duty, for until the commandment shall have been realized in the outward world, by means of my whole personality, I am answerable for it to my conscience. I ought to exhibit in myself, as far as I am able, humanity in all its completeness;—not for the mere sake of humanity, which in itself has not the slightest worth, but in order that virtue, which alone has worth in itself, may be exhibited in its highest perfection in human nature. I ought to regard myself, body and soul, with all that is in me or that belongs to me, only as a means of duty; and only be solicitous to fulfil that, and to make myself able to fulfil it, as far as in me lies. But when the commandment,—provided only that it shall have been in truth the commandment which I have obeyed, and I have been really conscious only of the pure, single intention of obeying it,—when the commandment shall have passed beyond my personal being to its realization in the outward world, then I have no more anxiety about it, for thenceforward it is committed into the hands of the Eternal Will. Farther care or anxiety would be but idle self-torment; would be unbelief and distrust of that Infinite Will. I shall never dream of governing the world in His stead; of listening to the voice of my own imperfect wisdom instead of to His voice in my conscience; or of substituting the partial views of a short-sighted creature for His vast plan which embraces the universe. I know that thereby I should lose my own place in His order, and in the order of all spiritual being.

As with calmness and devotion I reverence this higher Providence, so in my actions ought I to reverence the freedom of other beings around me. The question for me is not what they, according to my conceptions, ought to do, but what I may venture to do in order to induce them to do it. I can only desire to act on their conviction and their will as far as the order of society and their own consent will permit; but by no means, without their conviction and

consent, to influence their powers and relations. They do what they do on their own responsibility: with this I neither can nor dare intermeddle, and the Eternal Will will dispose all for the best. It concerns me more to respect their freedom, than to hinder or prevent what to me seems evil in its use.

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In this point of view I become a new creature, and my whole relations to the existing world are changed. The ties by which my mind was formerly united to this world, and by whose secret guidance I followed all its movements, are for ever sundered, and I stand free, calm and immovable, a universe to myself. No longer through my affections, but by my eye alone, do I apprehend outward objects and am connected with them; and this eye itself is purified by freedom, and looks through error and deformity to the True and Beautiful, as upon the unruffled surface of water shapes are more purely mirrored in a milder light.

My mind is for ever closed against embarrassment and perplexity, against uncertainty, doubt, and anxiety;—my heart, against grief, repentance, and desire. There is but one thing that I may know,—namely, what I ought to do; and this I always know infallibly. Concerning all else I know nothing, and know that I know nothing. I firmly root myself in this my ignorance, and refrain from harassing myself with conjectures concerning that of which I know nothing. No occurrence in this world can affect me either with joy or sorrow; calm and unmoved I look down upon all things, for I know that I cannot explain a single event, nor comprehend its connexion with that which alone concerns me. All that happens belongs to the plan of the Eternal World, and is good in its place: thus much I know;—what in this plan is pure gain, what is only a means for the removal of some existing evil, what therefore ought to afford me more or less satisfaction, I know not. In His world all things prosper;—this satisfies me, and in this belief I stand fast as a rock:—but what in His world is merely the germ, what the blossom, and what the fruit itself, I know not.

The only matter in which I can be concerned is the progress of reason and morality in the world of reasonable beings; and this only for its own sake,—for the sake of this progress. Whether I or some one else be the instrument of this progress, whether it be my deed or that of another which prospers or is prevented, is of no importance to me. I regard myself merely as one of the instruments for carrying out the purpose of reason; I respect, love, or feel an interest in myself only as such an instrument, and desire the successful issue of my deed only in so far as it promotes this purpose. In like manner, I regard all the events of this world only with reference to this one purpose; whether they proceed from me or from others, whether they relate directly to me or to others. My breast is steeled against annoyance on account of personal offences and vexations, or exultation in personal merit; for my whole personality has disappeared in the contemplation of the purpose of my being.

Should it ever seem to me as if truth had been put to silence, and virtue expelled from the world; as if folly and vice had now summoned all their powers, and even assumed the place of reason and true wisdom;—should it happen, that just when all good men looked with hope for the regeneration of the human race, everything should become even worse than it had been before;—should the work, well and happily begun, on which the eyes of all true-minded men were fixed with joyous expectation, suddenly and unexpectedly be changed into the vilest forms of evil,—these things will not disturb me; and as little will I be persuaded to indulge in idleness, neglect, or false security, on account of an apparent rapid growth of enlightenment, a seeming diffusion of freedom and independence, an increase of more gentle manners, peacefulness, docility, and general moderation among men, as if now everything were attained. Thus it appears to me; or rather it is so, for it is actually so to me; and I know in both cases, as indeed I know in all possible cases, what I have next to do. As to everything else, I rest in the most perfect tranquillity, for I know nothing whatever about any other thing. Those, to me, so sorrowful

events may, in the plan of the Eternal One, be the direct means for the attainment of a good result;—that strife of evil against good<sup>+</sup> may be their last decisive struggle, and it may be permitted to the former to assemble all its powers for this encounter only to lose them, and thereby to exhibit itself in all its impotence. These, to me, joyful appearances may rest on very uncertain foundations;—what I had taken for enlightenment may perhaps be but hollow superficiality, and aversion to all true ideas; what I had taken for independence but unbridled passion; what I had taken for gentleness and moderation but weakness and indolence. I do not indeed know this, but it might be so; and then I should have as little cause to mourn over the one as to rejoice over the other. But I do know, that I live in a world which belongs to the Supreme Wisdom and Goodness, who thoroughly comprehends its plan, and will infallibly accomplish it; and in this conviction I rest, and am blessed.

That there are free beings, destined to reason and morality, who strive against reason, and call forth all their powers to the support of folly and vice;—just as little will this disturb me, and stir up within me indignation and wrath. The perversity which would hate what is good because it is good, and promote evil merely from a love of evil as such,—this perversity which alone could excite my just anger, I ascribe to no one who bears the form of man, for I know that it does not lie in human nature. I know that for all who act thus, there is really, in so far as they act thus, neither good nor evil, but only an agreeable or disagreeable feeling; that they do not stand under their own dominion, but under the power of Nature; and that it is not themselves, but this nature in them, which seeks the former and flies from the latter with all its strength, without regard to whether it be otherwise good or evil. I know that being, once for all, what they are, they cannot act in any respect otherwise than as they do act, and I am very far from getting angry with necessity, or indulging in wrath against blind and unconscious Nature. Herein truly lies their guilt and unworthiness, that they are what they are;

and that, in place of being free and independent, they have resigned themselves to the current of mere natural impulse.

It is this alone which could excite my indignation; but here I should fall into absolute absurdity. I cannot call them to account for their want of freedom, without first attributing to them the power of making themselves free. I wish to be angry with them, and find no object for my wrath. What they actually are, does not deserve my anger; what might deserve it, they are not, and they would not deserve it, if they were. My displeasure would strike an impalpable nonentity. I must indeed always treat them, and address them, as if they were what I well know they are not; I must always suppose in them that whereby alone I can approach them and communicate with them. Duty commands me to act towards them according to a conception of them the opposite of that which I arrive at by contemplating them. And thus it may certainly happen that I turn towards them with a noble indignation, as if they were free, in order to arouse within them a similar indignation against themselves,—an indignation which in my own heart I cannot reasonably entertain. It is only the practical man of society within me whose anger is excited by folly and vice; not the contemplative man who reposes undisturbed in the calm serenity of his own spirit.

Should I be visited by corporeal suffering, pain, or disease, I cannot avoid *feeling* them, for they are accidents of my nature; and as long as I remain here below, I am a part of Nature. But they shall not *grieve* me. They can only touch the nature with which, in a wonderful manner, I am united,—not myself, the being exalted above all Nature. The sure end of all pain, and of all sensibility to pain, is death; and of all things which the mere natural man is wont to regard as evils, this is to me the least. I shall not die to myself, but only to others; to those who remain behind, from whose fellowship I am torn:—for myself the hour of Death is the hour of Birth to a new, more excellent life.

Now that my heart is closed against all desire for earthly things, now that I have no longer any sense for the transi-

tory and perishable, the universe appears before my eyes clothed in a more glorious form. The dead heavy mass, which only filled up space, has vanished; and in its place there flows onward, with the rushing music of mighty waves, an eternal stream of life and power and action, which issues from the original Source of all life—from Thy Life, O Infinite One! for all life is Thy Life, and only the religious eye penetrates to the realm of True Beauty.

I am related to Thee, and what I behold around me is related to me; all is life and blessedness, and regards me with bright spirit-eyes, and speaks with spirit-voices to my heart. In all the forms that surround me, I behold the reflection of my own being, broken up into countless diversified shapes, as the morning sun, broken in a thousand dew-drops, sparkles towards itself.

Thy Life, as alone the finite mind can conceive it, is self-forming, self-manifesting Will:—this Life, clothed to the eye of the mortal with manifold sensuous forms, flows forth through me, and throughout the immeasurable universe of Nature. *Here* it streams as self-creating and self-forming matter through my veins and muscles, and pours its abundance into the tree, the flower, the grass. Creative life flows forth in one continuous stream, drop on drop, through all forms and into all places where my eye can follow it; and reveals itself to me, in a different shape in each various corner of the universe, as the same power by which in secret darkness my own frame was formed. *There*, in free play, it leaps and dances as spontaneous motion in the animal, and manifests itself in each new form as a new, peculiar, self-subsisting world:—the same power which, invisibly to me, moves and animates my own frame. Everything that lives and moves follows this universal impulse, this one principle of all motion, which, from one end of the universe to the other, guides the harmonious movement;—in the animal *without freedom*; in me, from whom in the visible world the motion proceeds although it has not its source in me, *with freedom*.

But pure and holy, and as near to Thine own nature as

aught can be to mortal eye, does this Thy Life flow forth as the bond which unites spirit with spirit, as the breath and atmosphere of a rational world, unimaginable and incomprehensible, and yet there, clearly visible to the spiritual eye. Borne onward in this stream of light, thought floats from soul to soul, without pause or variation, and returns purer and brighter from each kindred mind. Through this mysterious union does each individual perceive, understand, and love himself only in another; every soul develops itself only by means of other souls, and there are no longer individual men, but only one humanity; no individual thought or love or hate, but only thought, love, and hate, in and through each other. Through this wondrous influence the affinity of spirits in the invisible world permeates even their physical nature;—manifests itself in two sexes, which, even if that spiritual bond could be torn asunder, would, simply as creatures of nature, be compelled to love each other;—flows forth in the tenderness of parents and children, brothers and sisters, as if the souls were of one blood like the bodies, and their minds were branches and blossoms of the same stem;—and from these, embraces, in narrower or wider circles, the whole sentient world. Even at the root of their hate, there lies a secret thirst after love; and no enmity springs up but from friendship denied.

Through that which to others seems a mere dead mass, my eye beholds this eternal life and movement in every vein of sensible and spiritual Nature, and sees this life rising in ever-increasing growth, and ever purifying itself to a more spiritual expression. The universe is to me no longer that ever-recurring circle, that eternally-repeated play, that monster swallowing itself up, only to bring itself forth again as it was before;—it has become transfigured before me, and now bears the one stamp of spiritual life—a constant progress towards higher perfection in a line that runs out into the Infinite.

The sun rises and sets, the stars sink and reappear, the spheres hold their circle-dance;—but they never return again as they disappeared, and even in the bright

fountain of life itself there is life and progress. Every hour which they lead on, every morning and every evening, sinks with new increase upon the world; new life and new love descend from the spheres like dew-drops from the clouds, and encircle nature as the cool night the earth.

All Death in Nature is Birth, and in Death itself appears visibly the exaltation of Life. There is no destructive principle in Nature, for Nature throughout is pure, unclouded Life; it is not Death which kills, but the more living Life, which, concealed behind the former, bursts forth into new development. Death and Birth are but the struggle of Life with itself to assume a more glorious and congenial form. And *my* death,—how can it be aught else, since I am not a mere show and semblance of life, but bear within me the one original, true, and essential Life? It is impossible to conceive that Nature should annihilate a life which does not proceed from her;—the Nature which exists for me, and not I for her.

Yet even my natural life, even this mere outward manifestation to mortal sight of the inward invisible Life, she cannot destroy without destroying herself;—she who only exists for me, and on account of me, and exists not if I am not. Even because she destroys me must she animate me anew; it is only my Higher Life, unfolding itself in her, before which my present life can disappear; and what mortals call Death is the visible appearance of this second Life. Did no reasonable being who had once beheld the light of this world die, there would be no ground to look with faith for a new heaven and a new earth; the only possible purpose of Nature, to manifest and maintain Reason, would be fulfilled here below, and her circle would be completed. But the very act by which she consigns a free and independent being to death, is her own solemn entrance, intelligible to all Reason, into a region beyond this act itself, and beyond the whole sphere of existence which is thereby closed. Death is the ladder by which my spiritual vision rises to a new Life and a new Nature.

Every one of my fellow-creatures who leaves this earthly

brotherhood, and whom my spirit cannot regard as annihilated because he is my brother, draws my thoughts after him beyond the grave ;—he is still, and to him belongs a place. While we mourn for him here below, as in the dim realms of unconsciousness there might be mourning when a man bursts from them into the light of this world's sun,—above there is rejoicing that a man is born into that world, as we citizens of the earth receive with joy those who are born unto us. When I shall one day follow, it will be but joy for me ; sorrow shall remain behind in the sphere I shall have left.

The world on which but now I gazed with wonder passes away from before me and sinks from my sight. With all the fulness of life, order, and increase which I beheld in it, it is yet but the curtain by which a world infinitely more perfect is concealed from me, and the germ from which that other shall develope itself. My FAITH looks behind this veil, and cherishes and animates this germ. It sees nothing definite, but it expects more than it can conceive here below, more than it will ever be able to conceive in all time.

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Thus do I live, thus am I, and thus am I unchangeable, firm, and completed for all Eternity ;—for this is no existence assumed from without,—it is my own, true, essential Life and Being.



THE WAY  
TOWARDS  
THE BLESSED LIFE;  
OR,  
THE DOCTRINE OF RELIGION.

LECTURES  
DELIVERED AT BERLIN.

1806.



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## LECTURE II.

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## LECTURE V.

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sion of the Scientific stand-point, four only come under consideration here. Enjoyment in any form, as the satisfaction of Love, is founded on Love;—Love, however, is the Affection of Being. Sensual Enjoyment, and the Affections which are produced by means of fancy, in the first stand-point. The Affection of Reality in the second stand-point,—viz. Law, is a commandment, from which proceeds a judgment, in itself disinterested, but which, being associated with the interest of man in his own personality, is changed into the mere negation of Self-contempt. This mode of thought destroys all Love in man, but even on that account it exalts him above all want. Stoicism, as mere Apathy, in relation to Happiness and Blessedness.

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## LECTURE I.

## THE TRUE LIFE AND THE APPARENT LIFE.

THE Lectures which I now commence have been announced under the title of "The Way towards the Blessed Life." Following the common and customary view, which no one can rectify unless he first accommodate himself to it, I could not avoid thus expressing myself; although, according to the true view of the matter, the expression "Blessed Life" has in it something superfluous. To wit:—Life is necessarily blessed, for it is Blessedness; the thought of an *unblessed* life, on the other hand, carries with it a contradiction. Death alone is unblessed. Thus, had I expressed myself with strict precision, I should have named my proposed lectures "The Way towards Life, or the Doctrine of Life"—or, viewing the idea on the other side, "The Way towards Blessedness, or the Doctrine of Blessedness." That, nevertheless, not nearly all that seems to live is blessed, arises from this—that what is unblessed does not really and truly live, but, for the most part, is sunk in Death and Nothingness.

Life is itself Blessedness, I said. It cannot be otherwise; for Life is Love, and whole form and power of Life consist in Love and spring from Love. In this I have given utterance to one of the most profound axioms of knowledge; which nevertheless, in my opinion, may at once be made clear and evident to every one, by means of really earnest

and sustained attention. Love *divides* that which in itself is dead, as it were into a two-fold being, holding it up before its own contemplation ;—creating thereby an Ego or Self, which beholds and is cognizant of itself ; and in this personality lies the root of all Life. Love again *reunites* and intimately binds together this divided personality, which, without Love, would regard itself coldly and without interest. This latter unity, with a duality which is not thereby destroyed but eternally remains subsistent, is Life itself ; as every one who strictly considers these ideas and combines them together must at once distinctly perceive. Further, Love is satisfaction with itself, joy in itself, enjoyment of itself,—and therefore Blessedness ; and thus it is clear that Life, Love, and Blessedness, are absolutely one and the same.

I said further, that not everything which seems to be living does really and truly live. It follows that, in my opinion, Life may be regarded from a double point of view, and shall be so regarded by me ;—that is, partly as regards Truth, and partly as regards Appearance. Now it is clear, before all things, that this latter merely Apparent Life could never even have become apparent, but must have remained wholly and entirely non-existent, had it not been, in some way or other, supported and maintained by the True Life—and, since nothing has a real existence but Life, had not the True Life, in some way or other, entered into the Apparent Life and been commingled with it. There can be no real Death, and no real Unblessedness ; for, were we to admit this, we should thereby attribute to them an existence, while it is only the True Being and Life that can have existence. Hence, all incomplete existence is but an admixture of the dead with the living. In what way this admixture generally takes place, and what, even in the lowest grades of life, is the indestructible representative of the True Life, we shall betimes declare. It is further to be remarked, that Love is at all times the seat and central-point even of this merely Apparent Life. Understand me thus :—the Apparent can shape itself into manifold, infinitely

varied forms; as we shall soon perceive more clearly. These various forms of the Apparent Life, have all a common life, if we use the language of Appearance; or, they all appear to have a common life, if we use the language of Truth. But if again the question should arise:—By what is this common life distinguished in its various forms; and what is it that gives to each individual the peculiar character of his particular life?—I answer:—It is the love of this particular and individual life. Show me what thou truly lovest, what thou seekest and strivest for with thy whole heart when thou wouldst attain to true enjoyment of thyself,—and thou hast thereby shown me thy Life. What thou lovest, in that thou livest. This very Love is thy Life,—the root, the seat, the central-point of thy being. All other emotions within thee have life only in so far as they tend towards this one central point. That to many men it may be no easy matter to answer such a question, since they do not even know what they love, proves only that they do not in reality love anything; and, just on that account, do not live because they do not love.

So much, in general, as to the identity of Life, Love, and Blessedness. Now for the strict discrimination of the True Life from the mere Apparent Life.

Being,—I say again,—Being and Life are, once more, one and the same. Life alone can possess independent existence, of itself and through itself; and, on the other hand, Life, so surely as it is Life, bears with it such an existence. It is usual for men to conceive of Absolute Being as something fixed, rigid and dead; philosophers themselves, almost without exception, have so conceived of it, even while they declared it to be Absolute. This arises only from the thinker himself bringing to the contemplation of Being, not a living, but a mere dead conception. Not in Being, as it is in and for itself, is there Death; but only in the deadly gaze of the dead beholder. That in this error is to be found the original source of all other errors, and that through it the world of truth and the whole spiritual universe is for ever closed to man, we have proved in another place,—at least to those

who were capable of accepting the proof; here, the mere historical statement of the principle must be sufficient.

On the other hand, as Being and Life are one and the same, so are Death and Nothingness one and the same. But there is no real Death and no real Nothingness, as we have already said. There is, however, an Apparent Life, and this is the mixture of life and death, of being and nothingness. Hence it follows, that the Apparent, so far as regards that in it which makes it mere Appearance and which is opposed to the True Being and Life, is mere Death and Nothingness.

Further:—Being is throughout simple, not manifold; there are not many beings, but only One Being. This principle, like the former, contains an idea which is generally misunderstood, or even wholly unknown, but of the evident truth of which any one may convince himself, if he will only give his earnest attention to the subject for a single moment. We have here neither time nor intention to undertake, with our present audience, those preparatory and initiative steps which the mass of men require in order to render them capable of such earnest reflection.

We shall here bring forward and employ only the results of those premises; and these results will recommend themselves to your natural sense of truth without need of argument. With regard to the profounder premises, we must content ourselves with stating them clearly and distinctly, and so securing them against all misconception. Thus, with reference to the principle we have last adduced, our meaning is the following;—Being alone *is*; nothing else *is*; not, in particular, a something which is not Being, but which lies outside of all Being;—an assumption, this latter, which, to every one who understands our words, must appear a manifest absurdity, but which, nevertheless, lies, dim and unrecognised, at the bottom of the common notion of Being. According to this common notion, something which in and through itself neither is nor can be, receives from without a superadded existence,—which thus is an existence of nothing;—and from the union of these two absurdities, all

truth and reality arise. This common notion is contradicted by the principle we have laid down: Being alone *is*,—*i. e.* that only which is by and through itself—*is*. We say further: This Being is simple, homogeneous, and immutable; there is in it neither beginning nor ending, no variation or change of form, but it is always and for ever the same, unalterable, and continuing Being.

The truth of this proposition may be briefly shown thus:—Whatever is, in and through itself, that indeed *is*, and *is perfect*:—once for all existing, without interruption, and without the possibility of addition.

And thus we have opened the way towards an insight into the characteristic distinction between the True Life, which is one with Being, and the mere Apparent Life, which, in so far as it is mere appearance, is one with Nothingness. Being is simple, unchangeable, ever the same; therefore is also the True Life simple, unchangeable, ever the same. Appearance is a ceaseless change, a continual floating between birth and decay; therefore is also the mere Apparent Life a ceaseless change, ever floating between birth and decay, hurried along through never-ending alternations. The central-point of all Life is Love. The True Life loves the One, Unchangeable, and Eternal; the mere Apparent Life attempts to love the Transitory and Perishable,—were that capable of being loved, or could such love uphold itself in being.

That object of the Love of the True Life is what we mean by the name God, or at least ought to mean by that name; the object of the Love of the mere Apparent Life—the transitory and perishable—is that which we recognise as the World, and which we so name. The True Life thus lives in God, and loves God; the mere Apparent Life lives in the World, and attempts to love the World. It matters not on what particular side it approaches the world and comprehends it;—that which the common view terms moral depravity, sin, crime, and the like, may indeed be more hurtful and destructive to human society than many other things which this common view permits or even considers to be

praiseworthy;—but, before the eye of Truth, all Life which fixes its love on the Temporary and Accidental, and seeks its enjoyment in any object other than the Eternal and Unchangeable, for that very reason, and merely on account of thus seeking its enjoyment in something else, is in like manner vain, miserable, and unblessed.

The True Life lives in the Unchangeable; it is thus capable neither of abatement nor of increase, just as little as the Unchangeable itself, in which it lives, is capable of such abatement or increase. In each moment of Time it is *perfect*,—the highest possible Life; and throughout Eternity it necessarily remains what it is in each moment of Time. The Apparent Life lives only in the Transitory and Perishable, and therefore never remains the same in any two successive moments; each succeeding moment consumes and obliterates the preceding; and thus the Apparent Life becomes a continuous Death, and lives only in dying and in Death.

We have said that the True Life is in itself blessed, the Apparent Life necessarily miserable and unblessed. The possibility of all pleasure, joy, blessedness, or by whatever word we may express the general consciousness of Well-being, is founded upon love, effort, impulse. To be united with the beloved object, and molten into its very essence, is Blessedness; to be divided from it, cast out from it, while yet we cannot cease to turn towards it with longing aspiration, is Unblessedness.

The following is the relation of the Apparent, or of the Actual and Finite, to the Absolute Being, or to the Infinite and Eternal. That which we have already indicated as the element which must support and maintain the Apparent, and without which it could not attain even the semblance of Existence, and which we promised soon to characterize more distinctly, is the *aspiration towards the Eternal*. This impulse to be united with the Imperishable and transfused therein, is the primitive root of all Finite Existence; and in no branch of this existence can that impulse be wholly destroyed, unless that branch were to sink into utter nothing-

ness. Beyond this aspiration upon which all Finite Existence rests, and by means of it, this existence either attains the True Life, or does not attain it. Where it does attain it, this secret aspiration becomes distinct and intelligible as Love of the Eternal:—we learn what it is that we desire, love, and need. This want may be satisfied constantly and under every condition:—the Eternal surrounds us at all times, offers itself incessantly to our regards; we have nothing more to do than to lay hold of it. But, once attained, it can never again be lost. He who lives the True Life has attained it, and now possesses it evermore, whole, undivided, in all its fullness, in every moment of his existence; and is therefore blessed in this union with the object of his Love, penetrated with a firm, immovable conviction that he shall thus enjoy it throughout Eternity, and thereby secured against all doubt, anxiety, or fear. Where the True Life is not attained, that aspiration is not felt the less, but it is not understood. Happy, contented, satisfied with their condition, all men would willingly be; but wherein they shall find this happiness they know not; what it is that they specially love and strive after, they do not understand. In that which comes into immediate contact with their senses, and offers itself to their enjoyment,—in the World, they think it must be found; because to that spiritual condition in which they now find themselves there is really nothing else existing for them—but the World. Ardently they betake themselves to this chase after happiness, devoting themselves, with their whole powers and affections, to the first best object that pleases them and promises to satisfy their desires. But as soon as such an one returns into himself, and asks, “Am I now happy?” he is loudly answered from the depths of his own soul, “O no, thou art as empty and needful as before.” They now imagine that they have been mistaken in their choice of an object, and throw themselves eagerly into another. This satisfies them as little as the first:—there is no object under the sun or moon that will satisfy them. Would we that any such object should satisfy them? By no means:—that nothing

finite and perishable can satisfy them,—this is precisely the one tie that still connects them with the Eternal and preserves them in existence:—did they find any one earthly object that should fill them with perfect satisfaction, then were they thereby irretrievably thrust forth from the God-head, and cast out into the eternal death of Nothingness. And thus do they fret and vex away their life;—in every condition thinking that if it were but *otherwise* with them it would be *better* with them, and then, when it has become otherwise, discovering that it is not better;—in every position believing that if they could but attain yonder height which they descry above them, they would be freed from their anguish, but finding nevertheless, even on the desired height, their ancient sorrow. In riper years, perchance, when the fresh enthusiasm and glad hopefulness of youth have vanished, they take counsel with themselves, review their whole previous life, and attempt to draw therefrom some conclusive doctrine;—attempt, it may be, to convince themselves that no earthly good whatever can give them satisfaction:—And what do they now? They determine perhaps to renounce all faith in happiness and peace; blunting or deadening, as far as possible, their still inextinguishable aspirations; and then they call this insensibility the only true wisdom, this despair of all salvation the only true salvation, and their pretended knowledge that man is not destined to happiness, but only to this vain striving with nothing and for nothing, the true understanding. Perchance they renounce only their hope of satisfaction in this earthly life; but please themselves with a certain promise, handed down to them by tradition, of a Blessedness beyond the grave. Into what a mournful delusion do they now fall! Full surely, indeed, there lies a Blessedness beyond the grave for those who have already entered upon it here, and in no other form or way than that by which they can already enter upon it here, in this present moment; but by mere burial man cannot arrive at Blessedness,—and in the future life, and throughout the whole infinite range of all future life, they would seek for happiness as vainly as they have

already sought it here, if they were to seek it in aught else than in that which already surrounds them so closely here below that throughout Eternity it can never be brought nearer to them,—in the Infinite. And thus does the poor child of Eternity, cast forth from his native home, and surrounded on all sides by his heavenly inheritance which yet his trembling hand fears to grasp, wander, with fugitive and uncertain step throughout the waste, everywhere labouring to establish for himself a dwelling-place, but happily ever reminded, by the speedy downfall of each of his successive habitations, that he can find peace nowhere but in his Father's house.

Thus, my hearers, is the True Life necessarily Blessedness itself; and the Apparent Life necessarily Unblessedness.

And now consider with me the following:—I say, the element, the atmosphere, the substantial form—if this latter expression may be better understood—the element, the atmosphere, the substantial form of the True Life, is **THOUGHT**.

In the first place, no one surely will be disposed, seriously, and in the proper meaning of the words, to ascribe Life and Blessedness to anything which is not conscious of itself. All Life thus presupposes self-consciousness, and it is self-consciousness alone which is able to lay hold of Life and make it an object of enjoyment.

Thus then:—The True Life and its Blessedness consists in a union with the Unchangeable and Eternal: but the Eternal can be apprehended only by Thought, and is in no other way approachable by us. The One and Unchangeable is apprehended as the foundation of ourselves and of the world, and this in a double respect:—partly as the cause whereby all things have come into existence, and have not remained in mere nothingness; partly that in Him, and in His essential nature—which in this way only is conceivable to us, but in all other ways, remains wholly inconceivable—is contained the cause why all things exist *as they are*, and in no other way. And thus the True Life and its Blessedness consists in Thought; that is, in a certain definite view

of ourselves and the world as proceeding from the essential, self-contained Divine Nature :—and therefore a Doctrine of Blessedness can be nothing else than a Doctrine of Knowledge, since there is absolutely no other doctrine but a Doctrine of Knowledge. In the mind,—in the self-supporting life of Thought,—Life itself subsists, for beyond the mind there is no true Existence. To live truly, means to think truly, and to discern the truth.

Thus it is:—let no one be deceived by the invectives which, in these later godless and soulless times, are poured forth on what is termed speculation. It is a striking characteristic of these invectives that they proceed from those only who know nothing of speculation;—no one who does know it has inveighed against it. It is only to the highest flight of thought that the Godhead is revealed, and it is to be apprehended by no other sense whatever;—to seek to make men suspicious of this mental effort, is to wish to cut them off for ever from God and from the enjoyment of Blessedness.

Wherein should Life and the Blessedness of Life have their element if they had it not in Thought? Perhaps in certain sensations and feelings, with reference to which it matters not to us whether they minister to the grossest sensual enjoyments or the most refined spiritual raptures? How could a mere feeling, which by its very nature is dependent on circumstance, secure for itself an eternal and unchangeable duration?—and how could we, amid the obscurity which, for the same reason, necessarily accompanies mere feeling, inwardly perceive and enjoy such an unchangeable continuance? No: it is only the light of pure Knowledge, thoroughly transparent to itself, and in free possession of all that it contains, which, by means of this clearness, can guarantee its unalterable endurance.

Or, shall the Blessed Life consist in virtuous action and behaviour? What the profane call virtue,—*i. e.* that a man pursue his calling or occupation in a legitimate way, give other men their due, and perhaps bestow something on the poor :—this virtue will, hereafter as hitherto, be exacted by

law, and prompted by natural sympathy. But no one can rise to True Virtue, to god-like action, creating the True and the Good in this world, who does not lovingly embrace the Godhead in clear comprehension; while he who does so embrace it will thus act without either formal intention or positive reward, and cannot act otherwise.

We do not here, by any means, promulgate a new doctrine regarding the spiritual world, but this is the old doctrine which has been taught in all ages. Thus, for example, Christianity makes Faith the one indispensable condition of True Life and Blessedness, and rejects, as worthless and dead, everything without exception that does not spring from this Faith. But this Faith is the same thing which we have here named Thought:—the only true view of ourselves and of the world in the One Unchangeable Divine Being. It is only after this Faith,—*i. e.* this clear and living vision,—has disappeared from the world that men have placed the conditions of the Blessed Life in what is called virtue, and thus sought a noble fruit on a wild and uncultivated stem.

To this Life, the general characteristics of which have been set forth in this preliminary sketch, I have here promised to point you the way;—I have pledged myself to show you the means by which this Blessed Life may be attained and enjoyed. This instruction may be comprised in a single remark, this namely:—It is not required of man that he should create the Eternal, which he could never do;—the Eternal is in him, and surrounds him at all times;—he has but to forsake the Transitory and Perishable with which the True Life can never unite, and thereupon the Eternal, with all its Blessedness, will forthwith descend and dwell with him. We cannot win Blessedness, but we may cast away our wretchedness; and thereupon Blessedness will forthwith of itself supply the vacant place. Blessedness, as we have seen, is unwavering repose in the One Eternal; wretchedness is vagrancy amid the Manifold and Transitory; and therefore the condition of *becoming* blessed is the return of our love from the Many to the One.

That which is vagrant amid the Manifold and Transitory is dissolved, poured forth, and spread abroad like water; notwithstanding its desire to love this and that and many things besides, it really loves nothing; and just because it would be everywhere at home, it is nowhere at home. This vagrancy is our peculiar nature, and in it we are born. For this reason the return of the mind to the One Eternal, which is never produced by the common view of things but must be brought about by our own effort, appears as *concentration* of the mind, and its indwelling in itself;—as *earnestness*, in opposition to the merry game we play amid the manifold diversities of life;—and as *profound thoughtfulness*, in opposition to the light-hearted thoughtlessness which, while it has much to comprehend, yet comprehends nothing thoroughly. This profound and thoughtful earnestness, this strict concentration of the mind, and its indwelling in itself, is the one condition under which the Blessed Life can approach us; but under this condition it approaches and dwells with us surely and infallibly.

It is certainly true, that, by this withdrawal of our mind from the Visible, the objects of our former love fade from our view, and gradually disappear, until we regain them clothed with fresh beauty in the æther of the new world which rises before us; and that our whole previous life perishes, until we regain it as a slight adjunct to the new life which begins within us. But this is the destiny inseparable from all Finite Existence; only through death does it enter into life. Whatever is mortal must die, nothing can deliver it from the power of its own nature; in the Apparent Life it dies continually; where the True Life begins, in that one death it dies for ever, and for all the unknown series of future deaths which, in its Apparent Life, may yet lie before it.

I have promised to show you the way towards the Blessed Life! But with what applications, and under what images, forms, and conceptions, shall such instruction be addressed to this age, in these circumstances? The images and forms of the established religion, which say the same things which

alone we can here say, and which say them besides in the same way in which alone we can here say them, because it is the most fitting way,—these images and forms have been first of all emptied of their significance, then openly derided, and lastly given over to silent and polite contempt. The propositions and syllogisms of the philosophers are accused of being pernicious to the country and the nation, and subversive of sound sense, and that before a tribunal where neither accuser nor judge appears;—and this might be endured:—but what is worse, every one who desires to believe in these propositions and syllogisms is told beforehand that he can never understand them;—for this purpose, that he may not accept the words in their natural sense, and as they stand, but seek behind them for some peculiar and hidden meaning;—and in this way misconception and confusion are sure to arise.

Or, even were it possible to discover forms and applications by means of which we might communicate such instruction, how should we awaken a desire to receive it,—here, where it is universally taught, and now with greater applause than ever, that despair of all salvation is the only possible salvation;—that the faith that mankind are but the sport of an arbitrary and capricious God is the only true wisdom;—and where he who still believes in God and Truth, and in Life and Blessedness therein, is laughed at as an inexperienced boy who knows nothing of the world?

Be this as it may, we have yet courage in store; and to have striven for a praiseworthy end, even if it be in vain, is yet worth our labour. I see before me now, and I hope still to see here, persons who have partaken in the best culture which our age affords. First of all, women, to whom, by the social arrangements of mankind, has been assigned the task of caring for the minor external wants, and also for the decorations of human life,—an employment which, more than any other, distracts the mind and draws it away from clear and earnest reflection,—while, by way of compensation, nature has implanted in them warmer aspirations towards the Eternal, and a more refined perception of it. Then I

see before me men of business, whose calling drags them, every day of their lives, through many and varied details, which are, indeed, connected with the Eternal and Unchangeable, but so that not every one can discover, at the first glance, the link that unites them. Lastly, I see before me young scholars, in whom the form in which the Eternal is destined to pervade their being still labours in the preparation of its future abode. While, with reference to this latter class, I may perhaps venture to flatter myself with the hope that some of my suggestions may contribute towards that preparation, with reference to the two former classes, I make far more modest pretensions. I ask them only to accept from me what they might doubtless have acquired for themselves independent of my help, but which with my assistance they may reach with less labour and by a shorter path.

While all these are disturbed and divided by the multifarious objects to which their thoughts must be applied, the Philosopher pursues, in solitary silence and in unbroken concentration of mind, his single and undeviating course towards the Good, the Beautiful, and the True ; and has for his daily labour that to which others can only resort at times for rest and refreshment after toil. This fortunate lot has fallen among others upon me ; and therefore I now propose to communicate to you here, so far as I myself possess it and understand how to communicate it to you, whatever may be so appropriated from my speculative labours, intelligible to the general mind, and conducive to the attainment of the Good, the Beautiful, and the Eternal.

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## LECTURE II.

REFUTATION OF OBJECTIONS TO POPULAR  
METAPHYSICAL TEACHING.

STRICT order and method will, naturally and without farther care on our part, arise throughout the whole subject-matter of the discourses which I here propose to address to you, as soon as we shall have made good our entrance within its boundaries and set our foot firmly on its domain. As yet we are still occupied with this last-mentioned business; and with regard to it, the chief thing we have now to do is to acquire a clearer and freer insight into the essential principles which were set forth in our last lecture. In our next lecture, we shall go over once again that which we have already said; proceeding however from a different starting-point, and employing a different language.

For to-day I entreat you to enter with me on the following preliminary considerations:—

We wish to acquire a *clear* insight, I said:—clearness, however, is only to be found in depth; on the surface there never lies aught but obscurity and confusion. He, therefore, who invites you to clearer knowledge, must necessarily invite you to descend with him into the depths of thought. And thus I will by no means deny, but rather openly declare at the outset, that I have already in my previous lecture touched upon the deepest foundations and elements of all

knowledge, beyond which there is no knowledge ; and that in my next lecture I propose to set forth these same elements,—or, in the language of the schools, the profoundest Metaphysics and Ontology,—in a different and indeed in a popular way.

Against such an undertaking as the present two objections are commonly urged,—either that it is *impossible* to treat these subjects in a popular way, or that it is *unadvisable* to do so,—the latter objection being sometimes made by philosophers who would willingly make a mystery of their knowledge ; and I must before all things answer these objections, in order that in addition to the difficulties of the subject itself I may not besides have to combat an aversion to it on your part.

In the first place, as regards the *possibility* :—I indeed do not know whether any philosopher whatever, or in particular myself, has ever succeeded or ever shall succeed in elevating, by way of popular instruction, those who either will not or cannot study philosophy systematically, to the comprehension of its fundamental truths. But, on the other hand, I do know, and perceive with absolute certainty, the two following truths :—*First*, that if any man do not attain to insight into these elements of all knowledge,—the artistic and systematic development of which alone, but not their substance, has become the exclusive property of Scientific Philosophy,—if any man, I say, do not attain to insight into these elements of all knowledge, then such a man can likewise never attain to *Thought*, and to a true inward independence of spirit, but remains enthralled within the limits of mere *Opinion*, and, during his whole life, is never a proper individual mind, but only an appendix to other minds ; he wants an organ of the spiritual sense, and that the noblest of them all :—that, therefore, the assertion, that it is neither possible nor advisable to elevate those who cannot study philosophy systematically to an insight into the nature of the spiritual world by some other means, is just equivalent to this, that it is impossible that any one who has not studied in the schools should ever attain to true

Thought and spiritual independence, the school alone, and nothing but the school, being the sole progenitor and nursing mother of mind ;—or that, even were it possible, it would not be advisable ever to give spiritual freedom to the unlearned, but that these should always remain under the guardianship of pretended philosophers, a mere appanage to their sovereign understanding. For the rest, the distinction which we have here touched upon between true *Thought* and mere *Opinion* will become perfectly clear and distinct at the beginning of our next lecture.

*Secondly*, I know and perceive, with like certainty, the following :—that it is only by means of Thought, proper, pure, and true thought, and absolutely by no other organ, that man can approach the Godhead and the Blessed Life which proceeds from the Godhead, and can bring them home to himself ;—that therefore the assertion that it is impossible to communicate profound truth in a popular way is equivalent to this,—that only through a systematic study of philosophy is it possible for man to elevate himself to Religion and its blessings, and that every one who is not a philosopher must remain for ever shut out from God and his kingdom. In this argument everything depends upon the principle that the True God and the True Religion are to be approached and comprehended only by pure Thought ; and we must often dwell upon this principle and endeavour to make it evident on all sides. Religion does not consist in that wherein it is placed by the common mode of thought,—namely in this, that man should believe, be of opinion, and rest satisfied, because no one has the hardihood to assert the opposite,—his belief resting wholly on hearsay and outward assurance,—that there is a GOD :—this is a vulgar superstition by which, at most, a defective police system may be remedied, while the inward nature of man remains as bad as before, and indeed frequently is made worse, since he forms this God after his own image, and in him only manufactures a new prop for his own corruption. But herein Religion does consist, that man in his own person and not in that of another, with his own spiritual eye

and not through that of another, should immediately behold, have, and possess God. This, however, is possible only by means of pure, independent Thought, for only through this does man assume true and real personality, and this alone is the eye to which God can become visible. Pure Thought is itself the Divine Existence; and, on the other hand, the Divine Existence, in its immediate essence, is nothing else than pure Thought.

Besides, to look at this matter historically, the assumption that absolutely all men without exception may come to the knowledge of God, as well as the effort to raise them all to this knowledge, is the assumption and the effort of Christianity; and, since Christianity is the developing principle and peculiar characteristic of modern time, this assumption and this effort form the peculiar spirit of the Age of the New Testament. Now the two expressions,—to elevate all men without exception to the knowledge of God,—*and*, to communicate to mankind at large the deepest elements and foundations of knowledge in another way than that of systematic instruction,—mean strictly and entirely one and the same thing. It is clear, therefore, that every one who does not wish to return to the ancient times of Heathendom must admit not only the possibility, but the irremissible duty, of communicating to men the profoundest principles of knowledge in a generally comprehensible form.

But,—to close this argument for the possibility of a popular exposition of the profoundest truth with the most decisive proof, that of facts:—Has then this knowledge,—which we have undertaken, by means of these lectures, to unfold in those who as yet have it not, and to strengthen and purify in those who already possess it,—has it never until our time been present in the world, and do we pretend now to introduce something wholly new and hitherto nowhere discoverable? We would not wish to think that this latter had even been said of us; but, on the contrary, we maintain that this knowledge, in all its clearness and purity, which we can by no means surpass, and in every age from the origin of Christianity downwards, although for the most part unre-

cognised, and even persecuted by the dominant church, has yet, here and there, secretly ruled the minds of men and disseminated itself abroad. On the other hand, we do not hesitate to declare that the method of regular, systematic, and scientific investigation, by which we for our part have attained to this knowledge, has in former times, not indeed in respect of trial, but certainly in respect of success, been unknown in the world; and that, under the guidance of the spirit of our great forefathers, it has been for the most part our own work. If, then, this scientific, philosophical insight was before wanting, in what way did Christ, or—since, in his case, some will assume for it a miraculous, supernatural origin, which I will not here dispute,—in what way did Christ's Apostles,—in what way did all those who, from their time down to our own, have possessed this knowledge,—in what way did they actually acquire it! Among the former, as among the latter, there were many very unlearned persons, wholly ignorant of philosophy or even opposed to it; the few among them who meddled with philosophy at all, and with whose philosophy we are acquainted, so philosophized that it is easy for the educated man to perceive that it was not to their philosophy that they owed their insight. But to say, that they did not obtain that insight by way of philosophy, is just to say, that they did obtain it in a popular way. Why then should that which has been possible heretofore, in an unbroken sequence for nearly two thousand years, be now impossible? Why should that which was possible with very imperfect aids, at a period when general enlightenment was nowhere to be found in the world, be no longer possible, now when the needful aids have been perfected, and, at least in philosophy, the requisite enlightenment exists? Why should that which was possible when religious faith and natural understanding were yet at variance to a certain extent, become impossible now that they have been reconciled to each other, and, forgetting their former disunion, pursue in friendship one and the same end?

That which follows most decisively from all these considerations is the duty incumbent upon every man who is

penetrated by this higher knowledge to exert all his powers to communicate that knowledge, wherever possible, to the whole brotherhood of humanity; presenting it to each individual in that form in which he is most open to its reception; never debating with himself, nor wavering in doubt, whether or not it may succeed, but labouring as if it must of necessity succeed; and after each completed effort, rising with new and fresh vigour as if nothing had yet been attained;—and, on the other hand, the duty of each individual who is not yet in possession of this knowledge, or who does not possess it in fitting clearness and freedom and as an ever-present possession, to devote himself wholly and unreservedly to the instruction thus offered to him, as if it were destined for him especially, and belonged to him, and must of necessity be understood by him; not fearfully and timidly exclaiming “Ah! shall I indeed understand it?” or, “Do I then understand it rightly?” Understand it *rightly*, in the sense of perfect comprehension, would be saying much;—in this sense, these lectures may perhaps be understood fully only by such as could themselves have spoken them. But to understand, and that *not erroneously*, lies within the power of every one who, moved by these discourses, is elevated above the common view of the world, and inspired with exalted sentiments and resolves. The reciprocal obligation to both these duties lies at the foundation of the contract we entered into at the beginning of these lectures. I will unweariedly search for new forms, applications, and combinations, as if it were impossible to make myself fully intelligible to you:—do you on the other hand, that is, you who seek instruction here—for to the others I willingly limit myself to counsel—do you proceed with earnestness and courage to the business, as if you had to understand me by half words only;—and in this way I believe that we shall agree well together.

These considerations on the possibility and necessity of a generally comprehensible exposition of the deepest elements of knowledge acquire a new significance and convincing power, when we examine more strictly the peculiar and

characteristic distinction between the Popular and the Scientific discourse;—a distinction which in my opinion is virtually unknown, and which, in particular, lies wholly concealed from those who talk so readily of the possibility and impossibility of popular expositions. The Scientific discourse eliminates truth from among the errors which surround and oppose it on all sides and in every form; and, by demolition of these opposing view as error and as impossible to true thought, shows the truth as that which alone remains after their withdrawal, and therefore as the only possible truth:—and in this separation of opposites, and elucidation of the truth from the confused chaos in which truth and error lie mingled together, consists the peculiar and characteristic nature of the Scientific discourse. By this method truth emerges before our eyes out of a world full of error. Now it is obvious that the philosopher, before such sifting of truth, before he could either project or begin it and therefore independent of scientific proof, must already possess truth. But how could he attain possession of it except by the guidance of a natural sense of truth which exists in him with higher power than in his contemporaries?—and in what other way, then, has he at first attained it but by the unartificial popular way? To this natural sense of truth, which is thus seen to be the starting-point even of scientific philosophy, the Popular discourse addresses itself immediately without calling aught else to its aid,—setting forth the truth, and nothing but the truth, purely and simply, as it is in itself and not as it stands opposed to error,—and calculates upon the spontaneous assent of this natural sense of truth. This discourse cannot indeed *prove* anything; but it must certainly be *understood*; for intelligence itself is the only organ whereby we can apprehend its import, and without this it cannot reach us at all. The Scientific discourse presupposes in the hearer an entanglement in the meshes of error, and addresses itself to a diseased and perverted spiritual nature;—the Popular discourse presupposes an open and candid mind, and appeals to a healthy, although not sufficiently cultivated, spiritual nature. After

all this, how can the philosopher entertain a doubt that the natural sense of truth in man is sufficient to lead him to the knowledge of truth, since he himself has attained to that knowledge by this means and no other ?

But notwithstanding that the comprehension of the deepest truths of Reason, by means of a popular exposition, is possible,—notwithstanding further that this comprehension is a necessary purpose of humanity towards the attainment of which every power ought to be directed,—we must nevertheless acknowledge that there are, in the present age, greater hindrances to the accomplishment of this purpose than have existed at any previous time. In the first place, the very form of this higher truth,—this strictly determinate, settled, absolutely unchanging and unchangeable form,—comes into collision, and that in a two-fold manner, with the hesitating modesty which this age—has not indeed in itself but yet—would exact from every one who undertakes to deal with it. It is not to be denied that this knowledge assumes itself to be true, and alone true, and true only in the sharp and complete precision in which it is thus announced,—and everything opposed to it, absolutely and without exception or mitigation, to be false;—that therefore it seeks, without forbearance, to subdue all weak partialities, all vagrant fancies, and wholly disdains to enter into any treaty or compromise with the other side. The men of these days are offended at this severity, as if they were thereby grievously ill-treated;—they would be deferentially saluted, and consulted as to whether they will lend their sanction to such a matter; would make conditions on their side, and there should be some elbow-room left for their tricks of legerdemain. Others are dissatisfied with this form of truth, because it requires them at once to take their part for or against, and to decide on the instant yes or no. For they are in no haste to know for certain about that which nevertheless is alone worth knowing, and would willingly suspend their voices, in case it should afterwards turn out to be wholly otherwise; and besides it is very convenient to conceal their want of understanding under the fashionable and

high-sounding name of Scepticism, and to allow mankind to believe that there, where in fact they have been found wanting in power to comprehend that which lies clear before them, it has been their superior acuteness and penetration which has disclosed to them certain unheard-of, and to all other men inaccessible, grounds for doubt.

Again, there is a hindrance to the successful issue of our undertaking in this age, in the monstrously paradoxical, strange, and unheard-of appearance of our doctrine, since it turns into falsehood precisely those things which the age has hitherto prized as the most precious and sacred results of its culture and enlightenment. Not as if our doctrine were in itself new and paradoxical. Among the Greeks, Plato held the same faith. The Johannean Christ said precisely the same things which we teach and prove, and even said them in the same language which we here employ; and in these very times, and among our own nation, two of our greatest Poets have given expression to the same truth in manifold applications and under many forms. But the Johannean Christ has been superseded by his less spiritual followers; and Poets, it is thought, desire only to utter fine words and to produce musical sounds.

That this ancient doctrine, which has thus been renewed from age to age down even to these later times, should yet seem so wholly new and unheard-of arises in this way. After the revival of learning in Modern Europe, and particularly since, by means of the Church Reformation, the evidence of the highest religious truth was freely presented to the mind, there gradually arose a philosophy which made the experiment whether the books of Nature and of Knowledge, which were to it unintelligible, might not assume a meaning when read backwards; whereby indeed everything without exception was taken out of its natural position, and set head downwards. This philosophy took possession, as every prevalent philosophy necessarily does, of all the avenues of public instruction,—catechisms, schoolbooks, public religious discourses, literature. All our youthful culture fell within this period. There is thus no wonder that, after

the unnatural had become to us natural, Nature herself should seem to us unnatural; and that, after we had been accustomed to see all things upside-down, we should imagine them to be inverted when we beheld them restored to their true position. This indeed is an error which will disappear with the age which produced it; for we, who explain death by life, the body by the soul,—and not the reverse as these moderns do,—we are the true followers of the Ancients; only that we see clearly what remained dark to them; while the philosophy which we have alluded to above is not even an advance in time, but only a ludicrous interlude, a petty appendix to thorough barbarism.

Lastly, those who might perchance of themselves overcome the two hindrances now pointed out, may yet be scared back by the hateful and malicious objections urged by the fanatics of perversity. It may indeed be wondered at that such perversity, not satisfied with being in its own person perverse, should besides exhibit a fanatical zeal for the maintenance and diffusion of the same perversity in others. Yet even this may be readily explained, and in this way. When these fanatics had reached the years of reflection and self-knowledge, and had thoroughly examined themselves and their own inward being, and found nothing there but the impulse towards personal, sensuous, well-being, had not felt the slightest desire either to discover within themselves, or to acquire from without, anything but what they found there,—then they have looked around upon their fellow-men, observed them, and fancied that neither was there anything to be met with in them higher than this same impulse towards personal, sensuous, well-being. Hereupon they have satisfied themselves that in this consists the essential nature of humanity; and having cultivated this nature in themselves with unremitting care and to the highest possible perfection, they have necessarily become in their own eyes the most preëminent and distinguished among men, since they were conscious of being virtuosi in those things wherein the worth of humanity consists. Thus have they thought and acted throughout life. But should it ap-

pear that they have been mistaken in the major proposition of their syllogism,—if in others of their species there has been manifested something else, and in this case something undeniably higher and more divine than the mere impulse towards personal, sensuous, well-being,—then they who had hitherto held themselves to be men of distinguished preëminence would be found to belong to a lower race, and instead of as before esteeming themselves higher than all others, they would be compelled thenceforward to despise and reject themselves. They cannot do otherwise than angrily oppose this conviction of a higher nature in man, which brings only disgrace to them, and all phenomena which confirm this conviction; they must necessarily do everything in their power to keep such phenomena at a distance from themselves, and even to suppress them altogether; they struggle for life,—for the most delicate and innermost root of their life,—for the possibility of self-endurance. All fanaticism, and all its angry exhibitions, from the beginning of the world down to the present day, have proceeded from this principle:—“If my opponent be right, then am I a miserable man.” Where this fanaticism can wield fire and sword, with fire and sword it assails its detested adversary; where these instruments are beyond its reach, it has still the tongue left,—which, if it do not kill the foe, is yet frequently able to cripple his activity and influence with others. One of the most favourite and customary tricks of tongue-fence among these fanatics is this:—to give to the thing which is hateful only to them, a name which is hateful to all men, in order thereby to decry it and render it suspected. The existing store of such tricks and nicknames is inexhaustible, and is constantly enriched by fresh additions; and it would be in vain to attempt here any complete enumeration of them. I shall notice only one of the most common of these odious nicknames,—*i. e.* the charge that this doctrine which we teach is *Mysticism*.

Observe, in the first place, with reference to the form of this accusation, that should any candid unprejudiced person answer:—“Well, let us suppose that it is *Mysticism*, and

that Mysticism is an erroneous and dangerous thing; let him for that very reason bring forward his doctrine, and we will hear him: if it is erroneous and dangerous, this will come to light when the opportunity is given;”—these fanatics must reply, in accordance with the peremptory decision by which they believe they have got rid of us;—“There is nothing more to hear;—Mysticism has long ago, for some generations back, by the unanimous voice of all our literary Councils, been decreed to be heresy and placed under excommunication.”

Further—to proceed from the form of this accusation to its substance;—What then is this Mysticism which they lay to our charge? We shall not indeed receive a distinct answer to this question from them:—for as they never possess a clear idea, but only think about high-sounding phrases, so in this case they have no conception answering to their words;—we must therefore help ourselves. There is, unquestionably, a view of spiritual and sacred things which, although correct in the main, is nevertheless afflicted with a grievous infirmity, and thereby rendered impure and noxious. In my lectures of last year,\* I took occasion, in passing, to delineate this view, and I may perhaps find an opportunity this season to return to the subject. This view, which in part is certainly a much perverted one, is properly distinguished from the true *religious* view by the name of Mysticism;—I myself am wont to make this distinction, employing the names just mentioned; and from this Mysticism my doctrine is far removed, and indeed wholly opposed to it. Thus, I say, do I regard the matter. But what would the fanatics? The distinction I have mentioned is completely concealed from their eyes, as well as from the eyes of that philosophy which they follow;—according to their unanimous resolutions, their criticisms, their discussions, their favourite works, and all their public manifestations without exception,—which he who can may examine for himself, and the others may believe me upon trust,—ac-

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\* “Characteristics of the Present Age,” Lecture VIII.

according to these unanimous resolutions, it is always the True Religion, the Knowledge of God in spirit and in truth, which they call Mysticism, and against which in fact, under this name, they hurl their anathema. Their warnings against this doctrine, as Mysticism, therefore mean nothing else than what may be thus paraphrased:—"Yonder they will tell you of the existence of a spiritual world, revealed to no outward sense, but to be apprehended only by pure thought:—you are lost if you allow yourselves to be persuaded of this, for there is absolutely no existence but that which we can grasp with our hand, and we have nothing else to care for; all else are mere abstractions from the substantial realities we can handle, which in themselves have no substance and which these enthusiasts confound with palpable reality. They will tell you of the reality, the inward independence, the creative power of thought:—you are lost to real life if you believe them; for there is nothing really existing but, in the first place, the stomach, and then that which supports it and supplies it with food; and it is only the gases that have their birth in it which these dreamers call ideas." We admit the whole accusation, and willingly confess, not without joyful and exulting feelings, that, in this sense of the word, our doctrine is indeed Mysticism. With these we have therefore no new controversy to begin, but find ourselves in the old controversy, which has never been solved nor reconciled; *i. e.*—*they say* that all Religion—*truly* it may be said of the vulgar superstition we have alluded to above—is something in the highest degree objectionable and pernicious, and must be extirpated from the earth, root and branch; and so the matter remains with them;—while *we say* that True Religion is something in the highest degree blessed, and that which alone gives true existence, worth, and dignity to man, here below and throughout eternity; and that every power must be put forth in order that this Religion may, wherever it is possible, be made known to all men; this we recognise with absolute certainty, and thus the matter remains on our side.

Meanwhile, that these persons should rather choose to say

“That is Mysticism,” than, as they ought to say, “That is Religion,” arises, among other causes which do not belong to our present subject, from the following:—They desire by this language, *in the first place*, imperceptibly to induce a fear that, by means of this our doctrine, there may be introduced intolerance, desire of persecution, insubordination, and civil disturbance; or that, in one word, this doctrine is dangerous to the State:—*secondly and chiefly*, they wish to create alarm, in those who may enter upon inquiries like the present, as to their continuance in possession of a sound mind, and to give them to understand that in this way they may come at last to see ghosts in broad daylight—which would be a very great misfortune indeed. As to the first, the danger to the State:—they violently appropriate and pervert the description of that from which danger may be feared, and they doubtless calculate quite securely that no one will be found to discover the change; for neither that which they call Mysticism—the True Religion—nor that which we call by that name, has ever been known to persecute, to show intolerance, or to stir up civil commotion;—throughout the whole history of Churches, heresies, and persecutions, the persecuted party have ever occupied a proportionally higher, and the persecutors a lower position; the latter fighting, as we said above, for life. No! intolerance, desire of persecution, insubordination toward the State, belong only to that spirit by which they themselves are animated, the fanaticism of perversity; and, if it were otherwise advisable, I would willingly have the fetters struck off this very day from the enslaved, that it might be seen what course they would take. As to the second object of solicitude, the preservation of a sound mind:—this depends in the first instance on physical organization; and against influences of this kind, even the shallowest inanity, the lowest vulgarity of soul, is by no means a safe-guard;—hence there is no occasion to throw ourselves into the arms of these fanatics in order to escape the threatened danger. So far as I know, or have known, those who live amid those investigations of which we now speak, and find in them their unin-

interrupted daily labour, are by no means exposed to these distractions, see no ghosts, and are as healthy, in mind and body, as others. If, sometimes in life, they do not what most other men in their place would have done, or do what most other men in the same place would have left undone, it is not because they are deficient in acuteness to perceive the possibility of the one course of action, or the consequences of the other,—as those who, in their place, would certainly have done otherwise cannot refrain from thinking,—but for other reasons. If there must always be diseased spiritual natures, who as soon as they quit their housekeeping books, or whatever other morsel of reality gives employment to their faculties, forthwith fall into the mazes of error, let such remain by their housekeeping books!—but I trust that the general rule may not be taken from them, who, it is to be hoped, are the smaller number, and are certainly of the lower species; nor, because there are feeble and diseased creatures among men, the whole human race be treated as if they were feeble and diseased. That we have interested ourselves in the deaf, dumb, and blind, and have invented a way whereby instruction may be communicated to them, is deserving of all thanks;—from the deaf and dumb, namely, and the blind. But if we were to make this method of instruction the universal plan of education for persons without these defects, because such persons may encounter deaf, dumb, and blind people, and we should thus be sure that we had provided for every such contingency; if he who can hear should, without regard to his hearing, be made to talk by the same laborious process as the deaf and dumb, and require to learn to detect the words upon the lips; and he who can see should, without regard to his seeing, be taught to read the letters by the touch;—this would deserve little thanks indeed from those who have no defect in sense, notwithstanding that such an arrangement would certainly be adopted as soon as the direction of public instruction should be made dependent on the opinion of the deaf and dumb and the blind.

These are the preliminary suggestions and considerations

which I have thought it advisable to communicate to you to-day. Eight days hence I shall endeavour to set forth, in a new light and upon a new side, the foundation-principles of these lectures, which are at the same time the foundation-principles of all knowledge ;—and to this I respectfully invite you.

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## LECTURE III.

DIFFICULTIES ARISING FROM THE COMMON MODE OF  
THOUGHT :—DEFINITION OF BEING (*SEYN*)  
AND *EX-ISTENCE* (*DASEYN*.)

In the first of these lectures we maintained that not everything which seems to be living does really and truly live ; and in the second we said that a large portion of mankind, throughout their whole Life, never attain to true and proper Thought, but remain within the circle of mere Opinion. It might well be, and indeed it has already become obvious from other remarks which we made on that occasion, that the phrases Thought and Life—Thought-lessness and Death, mean precisely one and the same thing ; we have already shown that Thought is the element of Life, and consequently the absence of Thought must be the source of Death.

An important difficulty stands in the way of this assertion, to which I must now direct your attention, namely the following :—If Life be an organic whole, determined by one universally efficient law, then it seems at first sight impossible that any one part appertaining to Life should be absent where the others are present ; or that any one individual part should exist without all the parts proper to Life, and consequently without Life itself as a whole, in its complete organic unity. In solving this difficulty, we shall also be able to exhibit to you clearly the distinction between true Thought and mere Opinion, which was the first busi-

ness announced for to-day in our last discourse, before we proceed to the fulfilment of our other purpose in this lecture, namely, to begin the application of pure Thought itself to the elements of all Knowledge.

The supposed difficulty is thus solved :—Wherever spiritual Life is to be found, everything, without exception, that belongs to this Life, follows wholly and unreservedly, according to the established law of its being :—but all this, which follows with absolute mechanical necessity, does not necessarily enter into consciousness ; it is there indeed a Life according to the law, but not our Life, not the Life which is properly and peculiarly ours. Our Life is only that part of the Life according to the law which we embrace in clear consciousness, and, in this clear consciousness, love and enjoyment. “Where Love is, there is individual Life,” we said once ;—Love, however, exists only where there is clear consciousness.

The development of this conscious Life—which in these lectures is all to which we shall give the name of Life—within the whole mass of Life which has an existence according to the law, proceeds precisely like that of physical death. As this, in its natural progress, begins at first in the remoter members, those farthest removed from the central seat of life, and from them spreads itself gradually to the inward parts, until at last it reaches the heart ; so does the spiritual Life, filled with consciousness, love, and enjoyment of itself, begin at first in the extremities and remoter outworks of Life, until it also, with God’s good pleasure, reaches the true foundation and central point of all. An ancient philosopher maintained that the animals had arisen from the earth ; “as happens,” he added, “even to the present day in miniature, since every spring, particularly after a warm rain, we may observe frogs, for example, in whom some particular part, perhaps the fore-feet, may be quite perfectly developed, while the other members still remain a rude and undeveloped clod of earth.” The half-animals of this philosopher, although they scarcely afford sufficient evidence of what they were designed to prove, yet present a

very striking illustration of the spiritual Life of ordinary men. The outward members of this Life are in themselves perfectly formed, and warm blood flows through the extremities; but when we look to the heart, and the other nobler organs of life,—which, in themselves and according to the law, are indeed there, and must necessarily be there, since otherwise even the outward members themselves could not have been,—in these organs, I say, they are found to be still unsentient clods—frozen rocks.

I shall, first of all, convince you of this by a striking example; to which, although I shall express myself with strict precision, I must yet require your particular attention, on account of the novelty of the observation. We see, hear, feel—outward objects; and *along with* this seeing, &c., we also *think* these objects, and are conscious of them by means of our inward sense; just as we are conscious, by the same inward sense, of our seeing, hearing, and feeling of these objects. I hope that no one who is possessed even of the commonest power of reflexion will maintain that he can see, hear, or feel an object without being at the same time inwardly conscious both of the object itself, and of his seeing, hearing, or feeling of it;—that he can see, hear, or feel anything definite without consciousness. This co-existence, this inseparability of the outward, sensible *perception* and the inward thought or *conception*,—this *co-existence*, I say, and nothing more than this, lies in practical self-observation, or the fact of Consciousness; but this fact of consciousness does by no means contain,—and I beg you to note this well,—this fact of consciousness does by no means contain any *relation* between these two elements,—the outward Sense and the inward Thought,—a relation of the one to the other,—it may be as Cause and Effect, or as Essential and Accidental. If any such relation between the two be assumed, this is not done in consequence of practical self-observation, and it does not lie in the fact of consciousness:—this is the first thing that I beg of you to understand and keep in mind.

Now, in the second place, should such a relation be as-

sumed upon some other ground than that of self-observation,—which other possible ground we put in the place of consciousness,—should such a relation between the two elements be, upon such a ground, supposed and accepted,—then it appears, at first sight, that the two elements, as co-existent and inseparable from each other, must be held to be of equal rank ; and thus the inward thought may as well be regarded as the foundation, the essential,—and the outward perception as the superstructure, the accident,—as the reverse ; and in this way an insoluble doubt would necessarily arise between the two suppositions, which would for ever prevent any final decision respecting the assumed relation. Thus, I say, it is at first sight ;—but should any one look deeper into the matter, then,—inasmuch as the inward consciousness embraces even the outward sense itself,—since we are conscious of the seeing, hearing, or feeling, but can by no means, on the other hand, see, hear, or feel our consciousness,—and thus, even in the immediate fact, consciousness assumes the higher place :—then, I say, such an one would find it much more natural to make the internal Consciousness the chief thing, and the external Sense the subordinate thing ; to explain the latter by the former ; to control and try the latter by the former ;—and not the reverse.

Now how does the common mode of thought proceed in this matter ? To it, the outward Sense is, without further inquiry, the first thing, the immediate touchstone of truth :—whatever is seen, heard, or felt, that *is*, just because it is seen, heard, or felt. The Thought, or inward consciousness of the object, comes afterwards, as an empty addition which is scarcely to be noticed at all, and is quite willingly dispensed with if it do not force itself upon our observation ; and a thing is never seen or heard because it is thought, but it is thought because it is seen or heard, and that under the guidance and control of this seeing and hearing. The perverse and absurd modern philosophy referred to in our last lecture, as the peculiar organ and voice of common opinion, comes forward and unblushingly declares :—“ Outward sense

is the only source of reality, and all our knowledge is founded upon experience alone;"—as if this were an axiom to which no one could adduce a single objection. How is it that this common mode of thought, and its guardians, have so easily got over the causes of doubt which we have just noticed, and even the positive grounds for the adoption of the opposite view, as if they had not even an existence? Why does the opposite view, which, even at the first glance, and as yet without any deeper investigation, recommends itself as much more natural and probable,—that the whole outward Sense, and all its objects, are founded upon universal Thought, and that a sensible perception is possible only in Thought, and as something thought, as a determination of the general consciousness, but by no means in itself and separated from consciousness,—I mean, the view that it is not true that we see, hear, and feel absolutely, but only that we are conscious of seeing, hearing, feeling,—why does this view which we profess, and which we recognise with absolute certainty to be the only right one, while we also clearly perceive its opposite to be a palpable absurdity,—why does this view, or even the possibility of it, remain wholly concealed from the common mode of thought? It may easily be explained:—The judgment of this mode of thought is the necessary expression of its actual degree of life. For those who cannot go beyond this mode of thought, Life dwells, in the meantime, only in outward Sense, the remotest extremity of the nascent spiritual Life; in outward Sense they have their whole round of being, their most vital existence; in it alone they feel, love, and enjoy; and, of necessity, where their heart is, there is their faith also:—in Thought, on the contrary, Life does not spring forth before them directly as living flesh and blood but seems rather an inchoate mass; and therefore Thought appears to them to be a heterogeneous mist, belonging neither to themselves nor to the matter in hand. Should they ever come so far as to attain a more intense existence in Thought than in seeing or hearing, and to feel and enjoy in it more keenly than in Sense, then would their judgment also be different from what it is.

Thus is Thought, even in its lowest manifestation, degraded and made of no account by the common view of things, because this common view does not place the seat of its Life in Thought,—has not even extended its spiritual feelers thus far. Thought in its lowest manifestation, I said;—for that, and nothing more, is this thought of an external object, which has an antitype, a competitor for truth, in an outward sensible perception. Thought, in its high and proper form, is that which creates its own purely spiritual object absolutely from itself, without the aid of outward sense, and without any reference whatever to outward sense. In ordinary life this mode of thought presents itself when, for example, the question arises with regard to the origin of the World, or of the Human Race; or regarding the internal laws of Nature; where, in the first case, it is clear that at the creation of the world, and before the appearance of the human race, there was no observer present whose experience could be cited; and, in the second case, the question is not regarding specific phenomena, but regarding that in which all individual phenomena coincide; and that which is to be evolved is not any visible event, but a mental necessity, which not only *is*, but *is thus*, and cannot *be otherwise*:—that is, an object proceeding entirely from Thought itself:—which first point I beg of you thoroughly to understand and recognise.

In matters pertaining to this higher Thought, the adherents of the common view proceed after this wise:—they let others invent, or, where they are possessed of greater power, they invent for themselves, by means of vagrant and lawless thought, or, as it is called, fancy, one out of many possible ways in which the actual fact in question may have arisen;—in the language of the schools they make an hypothesis:—they then consult their desire, fear, hope, or whatever may be their ruling passion for the time, and, should it assent, the fiction becomes established as a firm and unalterable truth. One of the many possible ways, I said; and this is the leading characteristic of the proceeding we have described:—but it is necessary that this expression should

be correctly understood. For, in itself, it is not true that anything whatever is possible in many different ways; but everything that is, is possible, actual, and necessary, at the same time only in one perfectly fixed and definite way:—and herein, indeed, lies the fundamental error of this proceeding, that it assumes many different possibilities, from which it proceeds to select one for adoption, without being able to verify this one by anything but its own caprice. This proceeding is what we call *Opinion*, in opposition to true *Thought*. Opinion, like Thought itself, possesses, as its domain, the whole region lying beyond sensuous experience; this region it fills with the productions of fancy, either that of others or its own, to which desire alone gives substance and duration; and all this happens simply and solely because the seat of its spiritual Life is as yet no higher than in the extremities of blind desire or aversion.

True Thought proceeds in a different way in filling up this super-sensual region. It does not invent, but spontaneously perceives,—not one possibility among many,—but the one and only possible, actual, and necessary mode; and this does not seek its confirmation in a proof lying beyond itself, but it contains within itself its own confirmation; and, as soon as it is conceived, becomes evident to Thought itself as the only possible and absolutely certain Truth, establishing itself in the soul with an immoveable certainty and evidence that completely destroys even the possibility of doubt. Since this certainty, as we have said, attaches itself at once to the living act of Thought in its immediate vitality, and to this only, it follows that every one who would become a partaker in this certainty, must himself, and in his own person, think the Truth, and cannot commit to any other the accomplishment of this business in his stead. Only this preliminary remark I desired to make before proceeding, as I now do, to our mutual realization of true Thought in the highest elements of Knowledge.

The first task of such Thought is to *conceive of Being in itself with strict exactitude*. I approach this conception thus; I say:—Being (*Seyn*), proper and true Being, does not arise,

does not proceed, does not come forth out of nothingness. For everything which thus arises, you are compelled to assume a previous causal being, by virtue of which the other at first arose. If you hold that at some earlier period this second being has itself arisen in its turn, then you are again compelled to assume a third being by virtue of which the second arose; and should you attribute a beginning to the third then you are compelled to assume a fourth,—and so on for ever. You must, in every case, at last arrive at a Being that has not thus *arisen*, and which therefore requires no other thing to account for its being, but which *is* absolutely through itself, by itself, and from itself. On this Being, to which you must at last ascend from out the series of created things, you must now and henceforward fix your attention; and then it will become evident to you, if you have entered fully with me into the preceding thoughts, that you can only conceive of the true Being as a Being by itself, from itself, and through itself.

In the second place I add:—that within this Being nothing new can arise, nothing can alter its shape, nor shift nor change; but that as it is now, so has it been from all eternity, and so it endures unchangeably in all eternity. For, since it is through itself alone, so is it,—completely, without division, and without abatement,—all that, through itself, it can be and must be. Were it in time to become something new, then must it either have been previously hindered, by some being foreign to itself, from becoming this something; or it must become this something new through the power of a being foreign to itself, which now for the first time begins to exert an influence upon it:—both of which suppositions stand in direct contradiction to its absolute independence and self-sufficiency. And thus it will become evident to you, if you have thoroughly comprehended these thoughts, that Being can be conceived of only as absolutely One, not as Many; only as a self-comprehensive, self-sufficient, and absolutely unchangeable Unity.

By this course of thought—and this is my third point—you arrive *only* at a Being (*Seyn*) shut up, concealed,

wholly comprehended in itself;—you do not, by any means, arrive at an Ex-istence (*Daseyn*;<sup>\*</sup>)—I say to an Ex-istence, manifestation, or revelation of this Being. I am most anxious that you should understand this at once; and you will undoubtedly do so, when you have strictly considered this idea of Being, now for the first time set forth, and have so become conscious in yourselves of what is contained in this thought, and what is not contained in it. The natural illusion which may obscure your minds against the desired insight, I shall very soon examine.

To explain this more fully:—You perceive that I distinguish Being (*Seyn*)—essential, self-comprehended Being—from Ex-istence (*Daseyn*), and represent these two ideas as entirely opposed to each other,—as not even indirectly connected with each other. This distinction is of the weightiest importance; and only through it can clearness and certainty be attained in the highest elements of Knowledge. What Ex-istence (*Daseyn*) really is, will best be made evident by actual contemplation of this Ex-istence. I say, therefore:—Essentially and at the root, the Ex-istence of Being is the consciousness or conception of Being; as may be made clear at once in the use of the word “*is*” when applied to any particular object,—for example, to this wall. For, what is this “*is*” in the proposition, “*The wall is?*” It is obviously not the wall itself and identical with it; it does not even assume that character, but it distinguishes the wall, by the third person, as independent; it thus only assumes to be an outward characteristic of essential Being, an image or picture of such Being,—or, as we have expressed it above, and as it is most distinctly expressed, the immediate, outward Ex-istence of the wall,—*as its Being out of its Being*. (It is admitted that the whole of this experi-

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<sup>\*</sup> The English language does not contain terms by which the opposition of the German “*Seyn*” and “*Daseyn*” can be expressed with the distinctness of the original. “Being” and “Ex-istence” are here adopted as the nearest approach to a correct translation that our language admits of, although the awkwardness of the expression is obvious, and the strict philosophical meaning here attached to those terms is unknown in their common use.—*Tr.*

ment demands the most subtle abstraction and the keenest inward observation; and it may be added, as the proof, that no one has thoroughly performed the task, to whom it has not become evident that the whole, and particularly the last expression, is perfectly exact.)

The common mode of thought, it is true, is not wont to remark this distinction; and it may well be that what I have now said may seem to many something wholly new and unheard of. The reason of which is, that their love and affection are attracted directly to the object itself, interested with it exclusively, and wholly occupied with it; and that thus they have no time to tarry by the "*is*," or to consider its significance, so that to them it is wholly lost. Hence it usually happens that, leaping over the Ex-istence (*Daseyn*), we believe that we have arrived at Being (*Seyn*) itself; while nevertheless we forever remain in the fore-court, in the Ex-istence:—and this common delusion may render the proposition which we have submitted to you above, at first sight, dark and unintelligible. In our present inquiry, however, everything depends on our comprehending this proposition at once, and henceforth giving it due attention.

We said that the Consciousness of Being, the "*is*" to the Being, is itself the Ex-istence (*Daseyn*):—leaving out of sight, in the mean time, the supposition that Consciousness may be only one among other possible forms, modes, and kinds of Ex-istence, and that there may be many other, perhaps an infinite variety of, such forms, modes, and kinds of Ex-istence. This supposition, however, must be dismissed:—in the first place, because we here desire not to accumulate mere *opinions*, but truly to *think*; and secondly, with reference to its consequences,—for with such a possibility remaining, our union with the Absolute, as the only source of Blessedness, could never be attained; but there would rather be placed, between the Absolute and us, an immeasurable chasm, as the true source of all Unblessedness.

We have therefore to make it manifest to you in thought,—which is our fourth point—that the Consciousness of Being is the *only possible* form and mode of the Ex-istence

(*Daseyn*) of Being; and, consequently, is itself immediately and absolutely this Ex-istence of Being. We conduct you to this insight in the following way:—Being (*Seyn*)—as such, as Being, as abiding, unchangeable Being, without in any respect laying aside its absolute character and intermingling or blending itself with Ex-istence—must ex-ist. Hence it must, *in itself*, be distinct from Ex-istence, and opposed to it; and indeed—since besides the absolute Being (*Seyn*) itself there is nothing else whatever but its Ex-istence (*Daseyn*)—this distinction and opposition must be manifest in the Ex-istence (*Daseyn*) itself; and this, more clearly expressed, is equivalent to the following:—Ex-istence (*Daseyn*) must apprehend, recognise, and image forth itself *as mere Ex-istence*: and, opposed to itself, it must assume and image forth an absolute Being (*Seyn*), whose mere Ex-istence it is; it must thus, by its own nature, as opposed to another and an absolute existence, annihilate itself:—which is precisely the character of mere representation, conception, or Consciousness of Being, as you have already seen in our exposition of the “*is*.” And thus it is clear, if we have succeeded in making these ideas thoroughly intelligible to you, that the Ex-istence of Being must necessarily be—cannot be other than—a Consciousness of itself—of Ex-istence—as a mere image or representation of Absolute, Self-existent Being.

That such is the case, and that Knowledge\* or Consciousness is the absolute Ex-istence (*Daseyn*),—or, as you may now rather wish to say,—the manifestation and revelation of Being (*Seyn*), in its only possible form:—this may be distinctly understood and seen by Knowledge itself, as we have now seen it. But—and this is our fifth point—this Knowledge can, by no means, in itself, understand or see *how* itself arises, and how *from out* the inward, self-comprehensive Being (*Seyn*) an Ex-istence (*Daseyn*), manifestation

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\* The reader will observe that in this and the succeeding lectures the word “Wissen,” which is here rendered by “Knowledge,” is used in the sense of “Cognition,” to express the *conscious act of Knowing*, and not either the object or the result of that act.—*Tr.*

or revelation of itself can proceed;—as indeed we may distinctly perceive, by reference to our third point, that such a sequential evolution is wholly beyond our power. The reason of this is, that Ex-istence, as we have already shown, cannot *be* without apprehending, recognising, and assuming *itself*, because such self-conception is inseparable from its nature; and thus Knowledge, by the very absoluteness of its Ex-istence and its dependence on that Ex-istence, is cut off from all possibility of passing beyond it, or of conceiving and tracing itself prior to that Ex-istence. It *is*, for itself and in itself, and so far well;—but wherever it is, it finds itself already there in a certain determinate mode, which it must accept just as it is presented to it, but which it can by no means explain, nor declare how and whereby it has become so. This unchangeably determined mode of the Ex-istence of Knowledge, which can be apprehended only by immediate comprehension and perception, is the essential and truly real Life of Knowledge.

But notwithstanding that this true and real Life of Knowledge cannot explain the definite mode in which it has arisen, it is yet susceptible of a general interpretation; and we may understand and perceive with absolute certainty *what it is* according to its essential inward nature;—which is our sixth point. I lead you to this insight thus:—What we set forth above, as our fourth point,—that Ex-istence is necessarily Consciousness, and all that is involved in this principle, follows from mere Ex-istence as such, and the conception of such Ex-istence. Now, this Ex-istence (*Daseyn*) itself *is*, resting and reposing on itself alone;—prior to any conception of itself, and inseparable from every such conception, as we have just proved;—and this its being, its reality, which can only be immediately perceived, we have called its Life. Whence has it then this being, so completely independent of its conception of itself, and of the being which arises from that conception,—nay, rather preceding these, and first rendering them even possible? We have said:—It is the living and efficient Ex-istence of the Absolute itself which alone has power *to be* and *to exist*, and

beside which nothing *is*, nor truly *exists*. Now as the Absolute can *be* only through itself, so also can it *exist* only through itself; and as *it*, in its very self, and nothing else in its stead, must be,—since indeed nothing out of it has power either to be or to exist,—so does it *exist* even as it *is* in itself, complete, undivided, without diminution, without variableness or change, as Absolute Unity, as it is in its own inward and essential nature. Thus the actual Life of Knowledge is, at bottom, the essential Being of the Absolute itself and nothing else; and between the Absolute or God, and Knowledge in its deepest roots, there is no separation or distinction, but both merge completely into one.

And thus we have already attained a point from which our previous propositions become clearer, and light spreads over our future way. That any living Ex-istence should be wholly cut off from God,—all living Ex-istence, as we have seen, being necessarily Life and Consciousness, and the dead and unconscious having no place in Ex-istence,—that any living Ex-istence should be wholly cut off from God, is absolutely impossible; for only through the Ex-istence of God in it is it maintained in Ex-istence, and were it possible that God should disappear from within it, then would it thereby itself disappear from Ex-istence. In the lower grades of spiritual life, this Divine Ex-istence is seen only through obscure coverings, and amid confused phantasmagoria, which have their origin in the organs of the spiritual sense through which man looks upon himself and upon Being; but to gaze upon it bright and unveiled, as indeed the Divine Life and Ex-istence, and to bathe our whole being in this Life with full enjoyment and love,—this is the True, the unspeakably Blessed Life.

It is ever, we said, the Ex-istence (*Daseyn*) of the Absolute and Divine Being (*Seyn*) that “*is*” (ex-ists) in all Life;—by which expression “all Life,” we here mean the universal Life, according to the law, spoken of at the beginning of this lecture, which in this respect cannot be otherwise than as it is. In the lower grades of the spiritual life of man, however, that Divine Being, (*Seyn*) as such, does not reveal

itself to Consciousness ; but in the true central-point of spiritual life, that Divine Being, in its own express nature, does reveal itself to Consciousness ; as, for example, I assume that it has revealed itself to us. But, that it reveals itself as such to Consciousness, can mean nothing else than that it assumes the form which we have already seen to be the necessary form of Ex-istence and Consciousness,—that, namely, of an image, representation, or conception, which gives itself out only as a conception, and not by any means as the thing itself. Immediately, in its true essential nature, and without any image or representation, it is at all times present in the actual life of man, only unperceived ; and it continues there present as before, after it has been perceived ; only it is then, besides, recognised in an image or representation. This representative form is the essential nature of Thought ;—and in particular the Thought we are here considering bears, in its sufficiency for its own support and confirmation, the character of Absoluteness ; and thereby approves itself as pure, true, and absolute Thought.—And thus it is made evident on all sides, that only in pure Thought can our union with God be recognised.

We have already said, but must yet again expressly inculcate it upon you, and commend it to your earnest attention, that as Being (*Seyn*) is One and not Manifold, and as it is at once complete in itself, without variation or change, and thus an essential and absolute Unity,—so also is Ex-istence (*Daseyn*) or Consciousness—since it only exists through Being and is only the Ex-istence of Being,—likewise an absolute, eternal, invariable, and unchanging Unity. So it is, with absolute necessity, in itself ;—and so it remains in pure Thought. There is nothing whatever in Ex-istence but immediate and living Thought :—*Thought*, I say, but by no means *a thinking substance*, a dead body in which thought inheres,—with which *no*-thought indeed a *no*-thinker is full surely at hand :—Thought, I say, and also the real Life of this Thought, which at bottom is the Divine Life ; both of which—Thought and this its real Life—are molten together into one inward organic Unity ; like as, outwardly,

they are one simple, identical, eternal, unchangeable Unity. Nevertheless, opposed to this latter outward Unity, there arises in Thought the *Appearance* of a Manifold, partly because there are many thinking subjects, and partly on account of the infinite series of objects upon which the thought of these subjects must eternally proceed. This *Appearance* arises even before pure Thought and the Blessed Life in it, and Thought itself cannot forbid the presence of this *Appearance*; but in no way does pure Thought believe in this *Appearance*, nor love it, nor attempt to find enjoyment in it. On the other hand, the lower life, in all its inferior grades, believes in every appearance of this Manifold and in the Manifold itself,—runs forth in vagrant dissipation upon this Manifold and seeks in it for peace and enjoyment of itself, which nevertheless it will never find in that way. This remark may, in the first place, explain the picture which we drew in our first lecture of the True Life and the Apparent Life. To the outward eye, these two opposite modes of Life are very similar to each other; both proceed upon the same common objects, which are perceived by both in the same way;—inwardly, however, they are very different. The True Life does not even believe in the reality of this Manifold and Changeable; it believes only in its Unchangeable and Eternal Original, in the Divine Essence;—with all its thought, its love, its obedience, its self-enjoyment, for ever lost in and blended with that Original:—the Apparent Life, on the contrary, neither knows nor comprehends any Unity whatsoever, but even regards the Manifold and Perishable as the True Being, and is satisfied with it as such. In the second place, this remark imposes upon us the task of setting forth the true ground why that which, according to our doctrine, is *in itself* absolutely One, and remains One in True Life and Thought, does nevertheless *in an appearance*, which we must yet admit to be permanent and indestructible, become transmuted into a Manifold and Changeable;—the true ground of this transmutation, I say, we must at least set forth, and distinctly announce to you, although the clear demonstration of it may be inaccessible

to popular communication. The exposition of this ground of the Manifold and Changeable, with the farther application of what we have said to-day, shall form the subject of our next discourse, to which I now respectfully invite you.

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## LECTURE IV.

CONDITIONS OF THE BLESSED LIFE :—DOCTRINE OF  
 BEING :—MANIFESTATION OF THE ONE DIVINE  
 BEING IN CONSCIOUSNESS AS A MANIFOLD  
 EXISTENCE, OR WORLD.

LET us begin the business of to-day with a survey of our purpose in these discourses, as well as of what has now been accomplished for that purpose.

My position is this :—Man is not destined to misery, but he may be a partaker in peace, tranquillity, and Blessedness, here below, everywhere, and for ever, if he but will to be so. This Blessedness however, cannot be superadded to him by any outward power, nor by any miracle of an outward power, but he must lay hold of it for himself, and with his own hands. The source of all misery among men is their vagrancy in the Manifold and Changeable;—the sole and absolute condition of the Blessed Life is the apprehension of the One Eternal with inward love and enjoyment; although we indeed apprehend this Unity only in a picture or representation, and cannot in reality ourselves attain to or transform ourselves into it.

The proposition which we have thus laid down, I would now, in the first place, bring home to your minds in clear insight, and thoroughly convince you of its truth. We here aim at instruction and enlightenment, which alone have enduring value ; not at a mere fugitive emotion or awakening

of the fancy, which for the most part passes away without leaving a trace behind it. For the attainment of this clear insight, which we here strive to reach, the following steps are indispensably requisite:—*First*, that we should conceive of Being (*Seyn*) as absolutely by and through itself alone, as One, invariable, and unchangeable. This conception of Being is by no means an exclusive possession of the schools; but every Christian who in his childhood has received a sound religious education has even then, in the Christian Doctrine of the Divine Nature, become acquainted with our conception of being. *Secondly*, another requisite for this insight is the conception that we, the thinking beings, with respect to what we are in ourselves, are by no means this Absolute Being; but that we are nevertheless, in the innermost root of our existence, inseparably connected with it, since otherwise we should have no power to exist at all. This latter conception may be more or less clear, particularly in regard to the mode of this our relation to the Godhead. We have set forth this relation in the greatest clearness with which, in our opinion, it can be invested in a popular discourse, thus:—Besides God, there is truly and in the proper sense of the word no other Ex-istence whatever but—Knowledge; and this Knowledge is the Divine Ex-istence (*Daseyn*) itself, absolutely and immediately; and, in so far as we are this Knowledge, we are ourselves, in the deepest root of our being, the Divine Ex-istence. All other things that appear to us as Ex-istences—outward objects, bodies, souls, we ourselves in so far as we ascribe to ourselves a separate and independent Being—do not truly and in themselves exist; but they exist only in Consciousness and Thought, as that of which we are conscious or of which we think, and in no other way whatever. This, I say, is the clearest expression by which, in my opinion, this conception can be popularly communicated to men. But should any one be unable to understand even this expression,—yea, should he even be unable to apprehend or conceive anything whatever regarding the mode of this relation, yet would he not thereby be excluded from the Blessed Life, nor even

hindered in any way from entering upon it. But on the other hand, according to my absolute conviction, the following are indispensable requisites to the attainment of the Blessed Life:—(1.) That we should have fixed principles and convictions respecting God and our relation to him, which do not merely float in our memory, without our partaking of them, as something we have learned from others; but which are really true to us, living and active in ourselves. For even in this does Religion consist:—and he who does not possess such principles, in such a way, has no Religion, and therefore no Being, nor Ex-istence, nor true Self at all; but he passes away, like a shadow, amid the Manifold and Perishable. (2.) Another requisite to the Blessed Life is that this living Religion within us should at least go so far as to convince us entirely of our own Nothingness in ourselves, and of our Being only in God and through God; that we should at least *feel* this relationship continually and without interruption; and that, even although it should not be distinctly expressed either in thought or language, it should yet be the secret spring, the hidden principle, of all our thoughts, feelings, emotions, and desires. That these things are indispensable requisites to a Blessed Life, is, I say, my absolute conviction; and this conviction is here set forth for the benefit of those who already assume the possibility of a Blessed Life, who stand in need of it or of confirmation in it, and who therefore desire to receive guidance in the way towards it. Notwithstanding this, we can not only frankly admit that a man may make shift without Religion, without True Ex-istence, without inward peace and Blessedness, and assure himself of coming off well enough without these, as indeed may be true; but we are also ready freely to concede to such a man all possible honour and merit which, without Religion, he may be able to acquire. We embrace this opportunity frankly to confess that, neither in the speculative nor in the popular form of our doctrine, can we compel any man, or force our convictions upon him; nor would we wish to do so even if we could.

The definitive result of our former lecture, which we intend to follow out to-day, was this:—God not only *is*, in himself and contained within himself, but he also *ex-ists*, and manifests himself; and this his immediate Ex-istence (*Daseyn*) is necessarily Knowledge:—this latter necessity being seen and apprehended in Knowledge itself. In this his Existence (*Daseyn*) he *ex-ists*,—as is also necessary and may in like manner be seen to be necessary,—he *ex-ists*, I say, as he *is* absolutely in himself, in his own Being (*Seyn*), without changing in aught by his passage from Being (*Seyn*) to Ex-istence (*Daseyn*), without any intervening division or other separation between these two states. God *is* in himself One and not Many; he *is* in himself identical, the same, without change or variation; he *ex-ists* precisely as he *is* in himself, and therefore he necessarily *ex-ists* as One, without change or variation;—and as Knowledge, or we ourselves, are this Divine Ex-istence, so also in us, in so far as we are this Divine Ex-istence, there can be no variation or change, neither multiplicity nor variety, neither division, difference, nor opposition.—So must it be, and otherwise it cannot be:—therefore it is so.

But *in Reality* we nevertheless find this multiplicity and variety, these divisions, differences, and oppositions of Being, and in Being,—which *in Thought* are clearly seen to be absolutely impossible; and hence arises the task of reconciling this contradiction between our perceptions of Reality and pure Thought; of showing how these opposing judgments may consist with each other, and so both prove true; and, in particular, of so solving this problem that it may become obvious whence, and from what principles, this Multiplicity arises in the simple Unity of Being.

In the first place, and before everything else, let us ask:—Who is it that raises the question as to the source of the Manifold, and seeks such an insight into this source as may enable him to see the Manifold in its first outgoings, and thus obtain a knowledge of the *mode* of the transition? It is not firm and unwavering Faith. Faith briefly disposes of the matter thus:—“There is absolutely but the One,

Unchangeable and Eternal, and nothing besides Him; hence all that is fleeting and changeable full surely *is* not, and its seeming appearance is but an empty show;—this I *know*, whether I can explain this appearance or not; my assurance is neither strengthened in the one case, nor weakened in the other.” This Faith reposes immovably in the *fact* of its insight, without feeling the want of the *mode*;—it is content with the “That” without asking for the “How.” Thus, for example, in the Gospel of John, Christianity does not answer this question at all; it does not even once touch it, or only wonders at the presence of the Perishable, having this firm Faith and assurance that only the One *is*, and that the Perishable *is not*. And thus any one amongst us who is a partaker in this Faith does not raise the question; hence he does not need our answer to it, and it may even be a matter of indifference to him, as regards the Blessed Life, whether he comprehend our answer to it or not.

But this question is raised by those who have hitherto either believed only in the Manifold and have never risen even to a presentiment of the One, or else have wandered to and fro between both views, uncertain in which of the two they should establish themselves and which reject altogether; and these can only by means of an answer to this question attain the insight which is necessary to the development of the Blessed Life. For such I must answer the question, and for them it is necessary that they should comprehend my answer.

Thus then stands the matter:—In so far as the Divine Ex-istence (*Daseyn*) is itself its own immediate, living, and efficient *Ex-isting* (*daseyen*),—ex-isting, I say, indicating thereby an act of Ex-istence,—it is wholly like to the inward essential Being (*Seyn*), and is therefore an invariable, unchanging Unity, altogether incapable of Multiplicity. Hence the principle of opposition cannot——(I have here, be it remembered, a double purpose: partly to present to some of you, for the first time and in a popular way, the Knowledge in question; partly, for others among you who have already acquired this Knowledge in the scientific way,

to combine into one single beam and centre of light that which they have formerly seen in separate individual rays; and I therefore now express myself with the strictest precision),—the principle of opposition, I say, cannot fall immediately within this act of the Divine Ex-istence, *but must lie beyond it*; but this, however, in such wise that the outward opposition shall be evident as immediately connected with the living act and necessarily flowing from it; but by no means as establishing an interval between God and us, and so irreversibly excluding us from him. I conduct you to an insight into this principle of Multiplicity thus:—

1. Whatever the Absolute Being (*Seyn*) or God is, that he is wholly and immediately by and through himself;—among other things, he ex-ists, manifests and reveals himself;—this Ex-istence (*Daseyn*),—and here is the important point,—this Ex-istence is thus also by and through himself, and only in his immediate and self-subsistent Being,—that is, in immediate Life and Vitality,—does he ex-ist. In this his act of Ex-istence he is present with his whole power of ex-isting; and only in this, his efficient and living act, does his immediate Ex-istence consist:—and in this respect it is complete, one and unchangeable.

2. Being (*Seyn*) and Ex-istence (*Daseyn*) are here wholly blended together and lost in each other; for to his Being, by and through himself, his Ex-istence belongs, and can have no other foundation or source whatever; while, on the other hand, to his Ex-istence belongs everything that appertains to his inward and essential Being or Nature. The whole distinction, set forth in our former lecture, between Being (*Seyn*) and Ex-istence (*Daseyn*), and their independence of each other, is thus seen to be only for us, and only a result of our limitation; and by no means to have any place, immediately and of itself, in the Divine Ex-istence.

3. I said further, in the preceding lecture, that *in and to mere Ex-istence itself*, Being (*Seyn*) cannot be blended with Ex-istence (*Daseyn*), but that they must be distinguished from each other; so that Being may be apprehended *as* Being, and the Absolute *as* Absolute. This distinction,—this

“as,”—this characterisation of the elements distinguished, is in itself an absolute division, and the principle of all subsequent division and multiplicity, as may be shortly made evident to you in the following way :—

(a.) In the first place, the “as,” or characterization of the two elements, does not immediately give their Being (*Seyn*) ;—it gives only *what* they are, *i. e.* their description and character ;—it gives them in representation, and indeed gives a mixed picture or representation of both, in which they reciprocally interpenetrate and determine each other, since the one can be apprehended and characterized only by means of the other, as *not* being that which the other is ;—the other again being distinguished as *not* being that which the former is. In this distinction we have the genesis of Knowledge and Consciousness ; or, what is the same thing, representation, description, and characterization, mediate perception and recognition by means of character and sign ; and in this distinction lies the peculiar and fundamental principle of Knowledge. It is purely a relation :—a relation of two things, however, does not lie wholly either in the one or the other but between the two ; it is a *third* element, as is shown in the peculiar nature of Knowledge as something wholly distinct from Being.

(b.) This distinction occurs in Ex-istence (*Daseyn*) itself and proceeds from it ; and as the distinction does not embrace its object immediately, but only the form and character of the object, so Ex-istence does not apprehend itself immediately in this distinction,—that is, in Consciousness,—but only a picture or representation of itself. It does not conceive of itself immediately as it is ; but it conceives of itself only within the limitations which are set to conception by the absolute nature of conception itself. Popularly expressed, this is the following :—We conceive of ourselves only in part, and that not as we really are in ourselves ; and the cause that we do not conceive of the Absolute does not lie in the Absolute itself, but in the conception which cannot

even conceive of itself. Were it able to conceive of itself, then would it be able to conceive of the Absolute, for in its own Being, beyond the limitations of conception, it is itself the Absolute.

(c.) Thus it is in Consciousness, as a distinction, that the primitive essence of the Divine Being and Existence suffers a change. What then is the one absolute and invariable character of this change?

Consider the following:—Knowledge, as a distinction, is a characterization of the thing distinguished; every characterization, however, is in itself an assumption of the fixed and abiding Being and Presence of that which is characterized. Thus, by the act of conception, that which in itself is the immediate living Divine Life, and which we have previously so described, becomes a definite and abiding substance:—the schools would add, an *objective* substance, but this arises from the other and not the reverse. Thus, it is the living Divine Life that is changed; and a definite and abiding substance is the *form* which it assumes in that change;—in other words, the change of immediate Life into a definite dead substance is the fundamental character of that change which is imposed upon Existence by Consciousness. This abiding Presence is the characteristic of that which we call the World; hence conception is the true World-creator, by means of the change of the Divine Life into a definite substance which is involved in its essential character;—and only to conception and in conception is there a World, as the necessary form of Life in Consciousness;—but beyond conception,—that is, truly and in itself,—there is nothing, and in all Eternity there can be nothing, but the Living God in his own fulness of Life.

(d.) The World is thus manifest, in its fundamental character, as proceeding from conception; and this conception again is nothing but the “*as*,”—the characterization of the Divine Being and Existence. But does not this World in conception, and the conception

of it, assume again a new form?—I mean necessarily so, and with a necessity that may be made manifest?

In order to answer this question, consider with me the following:—Ex-istence (*Daseyn*) apprehends itself, as I said above, only in representation, and with a character distinguishing it from Being (*Seyn*). This it does solely of and through itself and by its own power; and this power of self-observation is manifest in all concentration, attention, and direction of thought to a particular object;—in the language of science this independent self-apprehension of conception is named reflexion, and thus we shall in future name it. This direction of the power of Ex-istence and Consciousness arises from the necessity for an “*as*,”—a characterization of Ex-istence; and this necessity rests immediately on God’s living act of Ex-istence. The foundation of the independence and freedom of Consciousness is indeed in God; but even on that account, because it is in God, do that independence and freedom truly exist, and are not an empty show. Through his own Ex-istence, and by its essential nature, God throws out from him a part of his Ex-istence,—that is, such part of it as becomes self-consciousness,—and establishes it in true independence and freedom:—which point, as that which solves the latest and deepest error of speculation, I would not here pass over.

Ex-istence apprehends itself by its own independent power:—this was the first thing to which I wished to draw your attention here. What then arises in this apprehension? This is the second thing to which I now desire to direct your thoughts. As soon as it distinctly looks upon itself, in its own present existence, there arises immediately, in thus turning its attention forcibly upon itself, the perception that it is *this* or *that*,—that it bears *this* or *that* character;—and thus—here is the general expression of the result which I entreat you to notice—thus, in reflexion upon itself, does Knowledge, by itself and in virtue of its

own nature, give birth to a division in itself; since in this act there is apparent not only Knowledge itself, which would be one, but, at the same time, Knowledge as this or that, with this or that character or attribute, which adds a second element to the first, and that one arising from the first;—so that the very foundation of reflexion is thus divided into two separate parts. This is the essential and fundamental law of reflexion.

(*e.*) Now the first and immediate object of absolute reflexion is Ex-istence itself; which, according to the necessary form of Knowledge, as before explained, has been changed from a living Life into a definite substance or World:—thus the first object of absolute reflexion is the World. By reason of the essential form of reflexion which we have just set forth, this World must separate and divide itself in reflexion; so that the World, or the abiding Ex-istence in the abstract, may assume a definite character, and the abstract World reproduce itself in reflexion under a particular shape. This, as we said, lies in reflexion itself as such;—reflexion, however, as we have also said, is in itself absolutely free and independent. Hence, were this reflexion inactive, were there nothing reflected,—as in consequence of this freedom might be the case,—then there would be nothing apparent; but were reflexion infinitely active, were there an endless series of its acts—reflexion upon reflexion,—as through this freedom might as well be the case,—then to every new reflexion the World would appear in a new shape, and thus proceed throughout an Infinite Time, which is likewise created only by the absolute freedom of reflexion, in an endless course of change and transmutation, as an Infinite Manifold. As conception in the abstract was seen to be the World-creator; so here, the free act of reflexion is seen to be the creator of Multiplicity, and indeed of an infinite Multiplicity, in the World; while the World nevertheless, notwithstanding this Multiplicity, remains the same, because

the abstract conception, in its fundamental character, remains One and the same.

(*f.*) And now to combine what we have said into one view;—Consciousness,—that is we ourselves,—is the Divine Ex-istence (*Daseyn*) itself, and absolutely one with it. This Divine Ex-istence apprehends itself and thereby becomes Consciousness; and its own Being (*Seyn*)—the true Divine Being—becomes a World to it. In this position what does this Consciousness contain? I think each of you will answer:—“The World and nothing but the World.” Or does this Consciousness also contain the immediate Divine Life? I think each of you will answer:—“No;—for Consciousness must necessarily change this immediate Divine Life into a World; and thus, Consciousness being supposed, this change is also supposed as accomplished; and Consciousness itself is, by its very nature, and therefore without being again conscious of it, the completion of this change. But now, where is that immediate Divine Life which, in its immediateness, is itself Consciousness;—where has it vanished, since, according to our own admissions rendered clearly necessary by our previous conclusions, in this its immediateness it is irreversibly effaced from Consciousness? We reply:—It has not vanished, but it is and abides there, where alone it can be, in the hidden and inaccessible Being of Consciousness, which no conception can reach;—in that which alone supports Consciousness, maintains it in Ex-istence, and even makes its Ex-istence possible. In Consciousness the Divine Life is inevitably changed into an actual and abiding World:—further, every actual Consciousness is an act of reflexion; the act of reflexion, however, inevitably divides the One World into an infinite variety of shapes, the comprehension of which can never be completed, and of which therefore only a finite series enters into Consciousness. I ask:—Where then abides the One World, in itself perfect and complete, as the efficient

antitype of the likewise perfect and complete Divine Life?—I answer:—It abides there, where alone it is,—not in any individual act of reflexion, but in the one, absolute, fundamental form of conception; which thou canst never reproduce in actual, immediate Consciousness, but only in Thought raising itself above Consciousness;—just as thou canst likewise reproduce in the same Thought the still farther removed, and more deeply hidden, Divine Life. Where then,—in this stream of actual reflexion, and its world-creation, flowing on for ever through ceaseless changes,—where then abides the One, Eternal and Unchangeable Being (*Seyn*) of Consciousness manifested in the Divine Ex-istence (*Da-seyn*)? It does not enter into this stream of change, but only its type, image, or representation, enters therein.

As thy physical eye is a prism in which the light of the sensuous world, which in itself is pure, simple and colourless, breaks itself upon the surfaces of things into many hues,—while nevertheless thou wilt not maintain on that account that the light is in itself coloured, but only that, to thy eye, and while standing with thy eye in this state of reciprocal influence, it separates itself into colours,—although thou still canst not *see* the light colourless, but canst only *think* it colourless, to which thought thou givest credence only when the nature of thy seeing eye becomes known to thee:—so also proceed in the things of the spiritual world and with the vision of thy spiritual eye. What thou seest, that thou art: but thou art it not as thou seest it, nor dost thou see it as thou art it. Thou art it, unchangeable and pure, without colour and without shape. Only reflexion,—which likewise thou thyself art, and which therefore thou canst never put away from thee,—only this causes it to separate before thee into innumerable rays and shapes. Know therefore that it is not in itself thus broken up, and formed, and invested with a multiplicity of shapes, but that it only seems so in this thy reflexion, thy spiritual eye, by which alone thou

canst see,—and in reciprocal influence with this reflexion.—Raise thyself above this Appearance, which in Reality can as little be obliterated as the colours from before thy physical eye,—raise thyself above this Appearance to true Thought, let thyself be penetrated by it, and thou wilt henceforward have faith in it alone.

So much as has now been said may, in my opinion, be contributed through the medium of a popular discourse to the solution of the question :—Whence,—since Being in itself must be absolutely One, without change or variation, and is evident to Thought as such,—whence arises the mutability and change which is nevertheless encountered by actual Consciousness? Being, in itself, is indeed One, the One Divine Being; and this alone is the true Reality in all Ex-istence, and so remains in all Eternity. By reflexion, which in actual Consciousness is indissolubly united with Being, this One Being is broken up into an infinite variety of forms. This separation, as we said, is absolutely original, and in actual Consciousness can never be abolished nor superseded by anything else; and therefore the visible forms which by this separation are imposed upon absolute Reality are discernible only in actual Consciousness, and so that in the act of observing them we assign to them life and endurance;—and they are by no means discoverable *a priori* to pure Thought. They are simple and absolute Experience, which is nothing but Experience; which no Speculation that understands itself will ever attempt or desire to lay hold of; and indeed the substance of this Experience, with respect to each particular thing, is that which absolutely belongs to it alone and is its individual characteristic,—that which in the whole infinite course of Time can never be repeated, and which can never before have occurred. But the general properties or attributes of these forms which are thus imposed upon the One Reality by its separation in Consciousness,—with reference to their agreement with which attributes, classes and species arise,—these may be discovered by *a priori* investigation of the different laws of reflexion, as we have already set forth its one fun-

damental law ;—and a systematic philosophy ought to do this, and must do it, in a complete and exhaustive manner. Thus may Matter in Space,—Time,—a fixed system of Worlds,—how the substance of Consciousness, which in itself can be but One, divides itself into a system of separate and apparently independent individuals,—thus, I say, may these and all things of this kind, be deduced with perfect clearness from the laws of reflexion. But these investigations are more needful to the attainment of a fundamental insight into particular Sciences than to the development of a Blessed Life. They belong to the scientific teaching of Philosophy as its exclusive property ; and they are neither susceptible of popular exposition nor do they stand in need of it. Here, therefore, at this indicated point, lies the boundary line which divides strict Science from popular teaching. We have, as you see, arrived at that limit ; and it may therefore be anticipated that our inquiry shall now gradually descend to those regions which, at least with respect to their objects, are familiar to us, and which we have even sometimes touched upon already.

Besides the division, which we have set forth in to-day's lecture, of the World which arises in Consciousness from out the Divine Life, into a World of infinite variety and change, with reference to its form, by means of the fundamental law of reflexion ; there is yet another division, inseparably bound up with the first, of the same World, not into an Infinite but into a Five-fold form, with reference to the possible modes of viewing it. We must set forth this second division, at least historically, and make you acquainted with it, which shall be done in our next lecture. It is only after these preparatory investigations that we shall be capable of comprehending for the first time the essential nature, as well as the outward manifestations, of the truly Blessed Life ; and, after we have so comprehended it, of seeing clearly that there is indeed true Blessedness within it, and what that Blessedness is.

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## LECTURE V.

FIVE-FOLD DIVISION IN THE POSSIBLE VIEW OF THE  
 WORLD :—THE STANDPOINTS OF SENSE,—OF  
 LEGALITY,—OF THE HIGHER MORALITY,  
 —OF RELIGION,—OF SCIENCE.

ACCORDING to what we have now seen, Blessedness consists in union with God, as the One and Absolute. We, however, in our unalterable nature, are but Knowledge, Representation, Conception; and even in our union with the Infinite One, this, the essential form of our Being, cannot be obliterated. Even in our union with him he does not become our own Being; but he floats before us as something foreign to ourselves, something present there before us, to which we can only devote ourselves, clinging to him with earnest love;—He floats before us, as in himself without form or substance, without definite conception or knowledge on our part of his inward essential nature, but only as that through which alone we can think or comprehend either ourselves or our World. Neither after our union with God is the World lost to us; it only assumes a new significance, and, instead of an independent existence such as it seemed to us before, it becomes only the Appearance and Manifestation, in Knowledge, of the Divine Life that lies hidden within itself. Comprehend this once more as a whole: The Divine Ex-istence (*Daseyn*),—his Ex-istence,

I say, which, according to the distinction already laid down, is his Manifestation and Revelation of himself,—is absolutely through itself, and of necessity, **LIGHT**:—namely, inward and spiritual Light. This Light, left to itself, separates and divides itself into an infinite multiplicity of individual rays; and in this way, in these individual rays, becomes estranged from itself and its original source. But this same Light may also again concentrate itself from out this separation, and conceive and comprehend itself as One, as that which it is in itself,—the Ex-istence and Revelation of God; remaining indeed, even in this conception, that which it is in its form,—Light; but yet in this conception, and even by means of this very conception, announcing itself as having no real Being in itself, but as only the Ex-istence and Self-Manifestation of God.

In our last two lectures, and more especially in the last of all, we made it our especial business to investigate this passage of the One, only possible, and unchangeable Being into another, and that other a manifold and changeable Being: so that we might be enabled to penetrate to the very transition-point of this change, and see its outgoing with our own eyes. We found the following:—In the first place, by the essential character of Knowledge in the abstract, as a mere picture or representation, Being, which subsists altogether independently of that Knowledge, and which in itself and in God is pure activity and Life, is changed into a determinate and abiding being, or into a World. In the second place, besides this distinction, the World which, to mere abstract Knowledge, is simple and indivisible, is, by the fundamental law of reflexion, further characterized, formed, and moulded into a particular World, and indeed into an infinitely varied World, flowing onward in a never-ending stream of new and changing forms. The insight thus to be attained was, in our opinion, indispensably necessary not only to Philosophy but also to Blessedness; since the latter dwells in man not as a mere instinct or obscure faith, but desires to be able to render an account to itself of its own origin and foundation.

Thus far we had proceeded in our last lecture; and we intimated at its conclusion, that with this division of the World into an infinite multiplicity of forms, founded on a fundamental law of all reflexion, there was inseparably connected another division which we should, at this time, if not critically educe, at least historically set forth and describe. I do not here approach this new and second division, in its general character, more deeply than thus. In the first place, in its essential nature, it is different from the division which we set forth in our last lecture and have now again described, in so far as the latter immediately separates and divides the very World itself which, in virtue of the mere abstract form of Knowledge, arises from out the Divine Life; while, on the contrary, that which we have now to consider does not immediately separate and divide the object itself, but only separates and divides reflexion on the object. The one is a separation and division in the object itself; the other is but a separation and division in the view taken of the object,—not as in the former case, revealing to us objects different in themselves, but only different modes of viewing, apprehending, and understanding the One abiding World. In the second place, it is not to be forgotten that neither of these two divisions can assume the place of the other, and that therefore they cannot supplant or supersede each other; but that they are inseparable, and are therefore to be found together wherever reflexion, whose unchangeable forms they are, is to be found;—and that therefore the results of both inseparably accompany each other and always proceed hand in hand. The result of the first division is, as we have shown in our previous lecture,—Infinitude;—the result of the second is, as we also stated,—a Quintitude;—and therefore the result of the inseparability of these two divisions is this,—that this Infinity, which in itself remains entire and cannot be superseded, may yet be regarded in a Five-fold manner; and on the other hand, that each of the five possible views so taken of the World again divides the One World into an Infinite multiplicity of forms. And thus you may comprehend

what we have now said in a single glance :—To the spiritual vision, that which in itself is the Divine Life becomes *a thing seen*,—that is, a complete and present Ex-istence, or a World :—which was the first point. This vision is always an act, named reflexion ; and by means of this act, partly as relating to its object the World, and partly as relating to itself, that World is divided into an infinite Quintentity, or, what is the same thing, into a five-fold Infinity :—which was the second point. In order that we may, in the next place, proceed to the consideration of the second of these divisions, which is the proper object of to-day's lecture, let us now make, with regard to it, the following general remarks :—

This division, as we have said, presents no distinction in the object itself, but only a distinction, difference, and variety, in the view taken of the object. It seems to force itself upon the mind that this difference, not in the object itself but only in the view taken of the object—the object itself meanwhile remaining the same—can arise only from the obscurity or clearness, the depth or shallowness, the completeness or incompleteness of the view thus taken of the One unchanging World. And this is certainly the case : or,—to connect this with something that I said before, illustrating the one expression by the other and thus rendering both more intelligible,—the five modes of viewing the World, now spoken of, are the same as those progressions which, in the third lecture, I named the various possible stages and grades of development of the inward Spiritual Life,—when I said that the progress of this free and conscious Spiritual Life, which in a peculiar sense belongs to us, follows the same course as the progress of Physical Death, and that the former as well as the latter begins in the remotest members, and thence only gradually advances to the central-point of the system. What I named the out-works of the Spiritual Life, in the figure which I then employed, are, in our present representation of the matter, the lowest, darkest, and shallowest of the five possible modes of viewing the World ; what I then named the nobler parts,

and the heart, are here the higher and clearer, and the highest and clearest, of these modes.

But notwithstanding that, according to our former simile as well as our present representation, Man, after he has rested for a time in a low view of the World and its significance, does, even in the ordinary course of life and according to established law, raise himself to a higher; yet, in the first place, it is not on that account to be denied, but on the contrary to be expressly held and maintained, that this manifold view of the World is a true and original distinction, at least in the capacities possessed by men of comprehending the World. Understand me thus:—those higher views of the World have not their origin in Time, nor so that they are first engendered and made possible by views wholly opposed to them; but they are from all Eternity in the unity of the Divine Existence as necessary determinations of the One Consciousness even although no man should comprehend them; and no one who does comprehend them can invent them, or produce them by mere thought, but he can only perceive them, and appropriate them to himself. In the second place, this gradual progress is only the ordinary course of things, and only the established law, which however is by no means without exception. Some favoured and inspired men find themselves, as it were by miracle, without their own knowledge and through mere birth and instinct, placed at once on a higher standpoint from which to survey the World; and these are as little understood by those around them, as they, on their part, are able to understand their contemporaries. Thus it has been, since the beginning of the world, with all Religious Teachers, Sages, Heroes, and Poets; and through these everything great and good in the world has arisen. On the other hand, there are individuals, and, where the contagion has become very dangerous, whole ages with few exceptions, that by the same inexplicable instinct of nature are so imprisoned and rooted in the lowest view of things, that even the clearest and most evident instruction cannot induce them to raise their eyes even for a moment from the earth, and to

apprehend anything whatever but that which they can directly lay hold of with their hands.

So much in general as to the distinction we have indicated in the modes of viewing the World; and now to set forth the separate sections of this distinction.

The First, lowest, shallowest, and most confused mode of viewing the World, is that wherein that only which is perceptible to outward SENSE is regarded as the World and the actual existence therein,—as the highest, true, and self-sufficient existence. This view has been already sufficiently depicted in these lectures, particularly in the third, and, as it seems to me, clearly enough characterized; and on that occasion its worthlessness and superficiality were made abundantly evident, although only by a glance at its surface. We admitted that this view was nevertheless that of our philosophers, and of the age that is formed in their schools; but we showed at the same time that this view by no means proceeds from their logic—since the very nature and possibility of logic directly gives the lie to such a view—but from their love. We cannot pause any longer at this point, for in these lectures we must proceed far beyond this, and therefore we must leave some things behind us as for ever abolished. Should any one, persisting in the testimony of his senses, continue to say:—"But these things *are* obviously there, really and truly, for I see them there, and hear them,"—then let such an one know that we are not even disturbed by his confident assurance and inflexible faith; but that we abide by our categorical, invincible, and absolutely literal:—"No, these things *are* not, precisely *because* they may be seen and heard,"—and that we can have nothing more to say to such a person, as one wholly incapable of understanding or instruction.

The Second view, proceeding from the original division in the modes of viewing the World, is that wherein the World is regarded as a LAW OF ORDER and of equal rights in a system of reasonable beings. Let this be understood exactly as I have said it. A Law, and indeed an ordering and equalizing Law addressed to the freedom of many, is to

this view the peculiar, self-subsistent Reality;—that by which the World arose, and in which it has its root. Should any one here wonder how a Law, which indeed, as such an one would say, is only a relation—a mere abstract conception,—can be regarded as an independent existence, the wonder of such an one can proceed only from his inability to comprehend anything as real except visible and palpable matter; and thus he also belongs to that class to whom we have nothing to say. A Law, I say, is to this view of the World the first thing;—that which alone truly *is*, and through which everything else that exists first comes into existence. Freedom and a Human Race is to it the second thing;—which exists only because a Law that is addressed to freedom necessarily assumes the existence of freedom and of free beings; and in this system the only foundation and proof of the independence of man is the Moral Law that reveals itself within him. A Sensible World, finally, is to it the third thing;—and this is only the sphere of the free action of man, and only exists because free action necessarily assumes the existence of objects of such action. As to the sciences that arise out of this view,—it may lay claim not only to Jurisprudence, as setting forth the legal relations of men, but also to the common doctrine of Morals, which merely goes the length of forbidding injustice between man and man, and merely rejects whatever is opposed to Duty whether forbidden by an express law of the State or not. Examples of this view of the World cannot be adduced from common life, which, rooted in matter, does not raise itself even thus far; but, in philosophical literature, Kant is the most striking and consequential example of this view, if we do not follow his philosophical career farther than the Critique of Practical Reason;—the peculiar character of this mode of thought, as we have expressed it above,—namely, that the reality and independence of man are evidenced only by the Moral Law that rules within him, and that only thereby does he become anything in himself,—being expressed by Kant in the same words. We ourselves, too, have pointed out and investi-

gated this view of the world, never indeed as the highest, but as the foundation of a Doctrine of Jurisprudence and a Doctrine of Morals in our treatment of these subjects; and have there, as we are conscious, set it forth not without energy:—and there can therefore be no lack of examples, in our own age, of this second view of the World, for those who take a closer interest in what has now been said. For the rest, the purely moral inward sentiment—that man ought to act only in obedience to, and for the sake of, the Law—which also enters into the sphere of this Lower Morality, and the inculcation of which has not been forgotten either by Kant or by us, does not belong to our present subject, where we have to do only with objective beliefs.

One general remark, which is of importance for all our subsequent points of view, I shall adduce here as the place where it may be made with the greatest distinctness. This, namely:—In order to have a firm standpoint for any view of the World, it is necessary that we should place the real and independent being and root of the World in one definite and unchangeable principle, from which we may be able to educe the others as only partaking in the reality of the first, and only assumed by reason of it; just as we have already, when speaking of the second view of the World, educed the Human Race as a second element, and the Sensible World as a third, from the law of Moral Order as the first. But it is by no means allowable to mix and intermingle realities; and, it may be, to ascribe to the Sensible World what is supposed to belong to it, at the same time not denying ~~to~~ to the Moral World any of its rights;—as is sometimes attempted by those who would get rid of these questions altogether. Such persons have no settled view whatever, and no fixed direction of their spiritual eye, but they continually turn aside amid the Manifold. Far better than they, is he who holds firmly by the World of Sense, and denies the reality of everything else but it; for although he may be as short-sighted as the others, yet he is not at the same time so timid and spiritless. In a word:—a higher view of the World does not tolerate the lower beside it; but each high-

a step below the lower as an absolute and highest standpoint, and subordinates it to itself.

The Third view of the World is that from the standpoint of the True and HIGHER MORALITY. It is necessary that we should render a very distinct account of this standpoint, which is almost wholly unknown to the present age. To it also, as well as to the second of the views we have now described, a Law of the Spiritual World is the first, highest, and absolute reality; and herein these two views coincide. But the Law of the third view is not, like that of the second, merely a *Law of Order*, regulating present existence; but rather a *Creative Law*, producing the new and hitherto non-existent, even within the circle of that which already exists. The former is merely negative,—abolishing the opposition between diverse free powers, and establishing equilibrium and peace in its stead; the latter desires to inform the powers, thus lulled to rest, with a new life. We may say that it strives, not like the former after the mere *form* of the Idea but, after the *qualitative* and *real* Idea itself. Its object may be briefly stated thus;—it seeks, in those whom it inspires, and through them in others, to make Humanity in deed, what it is in its original intention.—the express image, copy, and revelation of the inward and essential Divine Nature. The process of deduction, by which this third view of the World arrives at reality, is therefore the following:—To it, the only truly real and independent being is the Holy, the Good, the Beautiful;—the second is Humanity, as destined to be the manifestation of the first;—the ordering Law in Humanity, as the third, is but the means of bringing it into internal and external peace for the fulfilment of this its true vocation;—and finally, the World of Sense, as the fourth, is only the sphere both of the outward and inward, the lower and higher, Freedom and Morality:—only the sphere of Freedom, I say,—that which it is to all the higher points of view, and thus remains, and can never assume to itself any other reality.

Examples of this view in human history can be seen only by him who has an eye to discover them. Through the

Higher Morality alone, and those who have been inspired by it, has Religion,—and in particular the Christian Religion,—Wisdom and Science, Legislation and Culture, Art, and all else that we possess of Good and Venerable, been introduced into the world. In Literature there are to be found, except in the Poets, but few scattered traces of this view:—among the ancient Philosophers, Plato may have had some presentiment of it; among the moderns, Jacobi sometimes touches upon this region.

The Fourth view of the World is that from the standpoint of RELIGION; which, since it arises out of the third view which we have just described, and is conjoined with it, must be characterized as the clear knowledge and conviction that this Holy, Good, and Beautiful, is by no means a product of our own spirit, light or thought, or of any other knowledge which in itself is nothing, but that it is the immediate manifestation in us of the inward Divine Nature, as LIGHT;—his expression, his image, wholly, absolutely, and without abatement, in so far as his essential Nature can come forth in an image or representation. This, the Religious view, is that same insight for the production of which we have prepared the way in our previous lectures, and which now, in the connexion of its principles, may be thus more precisely and definitely expressed:—(1.) God alone is, and nothing besides him:—a principle which, it seems to me, may be easily comprehended, and which is the indispensable condition of all Religious insight. (2.) But while we thus say “God is,” we have an altogether empty conception, furnishing absolutely no explanation of God’s essential Nature. From this conception, what could we answer to the question:—What then is God? The only possible addition we could make to the axiom,—this, namely, that he *is* absolutely, of himself, through himself, and in himself,—this is but the fundamental form of our own understanding applied to him, and expresses no more than our mode of conceiving him; and even that negatively and as we can *not* think of him,—that is, we mean only that we cannot educe his being from another, as we are compelled by the

nature of our understanding to do with all other objects of our thought. This conception of God is thus an abstract and unsubstantial conception; and when we say "God is,"—he is to us essentially nothing; and, by this very expression itself, is made nothing. (3.) But beyond this mere empty and unsubstantial conception, and as we have carefully set forth this matter above, God enters into us in his actual, true, and immediate LIFE;—or, to express it more strictly, we ourselves are this his immediate Life. But we are not conscious of this immediate Divine Life; and since, as we have also already seen, our own Ex-istence—that which properly belongs to us—is that only which we can embrace in consciousness, so our Being in God, notwithstanding that at bottom it is indeed ours, remains nevertheless for ever foreign to us, and thus, in deed and truth, *to ourselves* is not our Being;—we are in no respect the better of this insight, and remain as far removed as ever from God. We know nothing of this immediate Divine Life, I said;—for even at the first touch of consciousness it is changed into a dead outward World, which again divides itself into a five-fold form according to the point of view from which we regard it. Although it may be that it is God himself who ever lives behind all these varied forms, yet we see him not, but only his garment; we see him as stone, plant, animal, &c., or, if we soar higher, as Natural Law, or as Moral Law:—but all this is yet not He. The form for ever veils the substance from us; our vision itself conceals its object; our eye stands in its own light. I say unto thee who thus complainest:—"Raise thyself to the standpoint of Religion, and all these veils are drawn aside; the World, with its dead principle, disappears from before thee, and the God-head once more enters and resumes its place within thee, in its first and original form, as LIFE,—as thine own Life, which thou oughtest to live, and shalt live. Still the one, irreversible form of Reflexion remains,—the Infinitude, in thee, of this Divine Life, which, in God himself, is but One; but this form troubles thee not, for thou desirest it and lovest it; it does not mislead thee, for thou art able to explain it.

In that which the Holy Man does, lives, and loves, God appears, no longer surrounded by shadows nor hidden by a garment, but in his own, immediate, and efficient Life; and the question which is unanswerable from the mere empty and unsubstantial conception of God,—“What is God?”—is here answered:—“He *is* that which he who is devoted to him and inspired by him *does*.” Wouldst thou behold God face to face, as he is in himself? Seek him not beyond the skies; thou canst find him wherever thou art. Behold the life of his devoted ones, and thou beholdest him; resign thyself to him, and thou wilt find him within thine own breast.”

This, my friends, is the view of the World and of Being, from the standpoint of Religion.

The Fifth and last view of the World is that from the standpoint of SCIENCE. Of Science, I say,—One, Absolute, and Self-complete. Science thoroughly comprehends all these points of the transition of the One into a Manifold, and of the Absolute into a Relative, in their order and in their relations to each other; being able, in every case, and from each individual point of view, to carry back that Multiplicity to its primitive Unity, or to deduce from the original Unity that Multiplicity of form:—as we have laid before you the general characteristics of such Science in this and our two preceding lectures. Science goes beyond the insight into the *fact* that the Manifold is assuredly founded on the One and is to be referred to it, which is given to us by Religion,—to the insight into the *manner* of this fact; and to it, that becomes a genetic principle which to Religion is but an absolute fact. Religion without Science is a mere Faith, although an immovable Faith;—Science supersedes all Faith, and changes it into sight. We do not, however, adduce here this Scientific standpoint as properly belonging to our present inquiry, but only for the sake of completeness; and therefore it is sufficient at present to add the following respecting it:—Science is not indeed a condition of the Divine and Blessed Life; but nevertheless this Life demands of us that we should realise this Science, in ourselves

and in others, within the region of the Higher Morality. The true and complete Man ought to be thoroughly clear in himself; for universal and complete clearness belongs to the image and representative of God. But, on the other hand, no one can make this demand upon himself in whom it has not already been fulfilled without his own aid, and has thereby itself become already clear and intelligible to him.

We have yet to make the following remarks on the five points of view which we have now indicated, and thus to complete our picture of the Religious Man.

Both of the two last-mentioned points of view, the Scientific as well as the Religious, are only percipient and contemplative, not in themselves active and practical. They are merely inert and passive moods, which abide within the mind itself; not impulses moving towards action, and so bursting forth into life. On the contrary, the third point of view, that of the Higher Morality, is practical, impelling towards action. And now I add:—True Religion, notwithstanding that it raises the view of those who are inspired by it to its own region, nevertheless retains their Life firmly within the domain of action, and of right moral action. The true and real Religious Life is not alone percipient and contemplative, does not merely brood over devout thoughts, but is essentially active. It consists, as we have seen, in the intimate consciousness that God actually lives, moves, and perfects his work in us. If therefore there is in us no real Life, if no activity and no visible work proceed forth from us, then is God not active in us. Our consciousness of union with God is then deceptive and vain, and the empty shadow of a condition that is not ours; perhaps the vague but lifeless insight that such a condition is possible, and in others may be actual, but that we ourselves have, nevertheless, not the least portion in it. We are expelled from the domain of Reality, and again banished to that of vain and empty conception. The latter is Fanaticism and idle dreaming, because it answers to no Reality; and this fanaticism is one of the faults of that system of Mysticism which we have elsewhere described, and contrasted with the True Religion:

—it is by living activity that the True Religious Life is distinguished from this Fanaticism. Religion does not consist in mere devout dreams, I said:—Religion is not a business by and for itself, which a man may practise apart from his other occupations, perhaps on certain fixed days and hours; but it is the inmost spirit that penetrates, inspires, and pervades all our Thought and Action, which in other respects pursue their appointed course without change or interruption. That the Divine Life and Energy actually lives in us, is inseparable from Religion, I said. But this does not depend upon the sphere in which we act, as may have become evident from what we said when speaking of the third point of view. He whose knowledge extends to the objects of the Higher Morality, if he be animated by Religion, will live and act in this sphere, because this is his peculiar calling. But to him who has only a lower vocation, even it may be sanctified by Religion, and will receive thereby, if not the material, yet the form of the Higher Morality;—to which nothing more is essential than that we should recognise and love our vocation as the Will of God with us and in us. If a man till his field in this Faith, or practise the most unpretending handicraft with this truthfulness, he is higher and more blessed than if, without this Faith, if that were possible, he should confer happiness and prosperity upon mankind for ages to come.

This then is the picture—the inward spirit of the true Religious man:—He does not conceive of his World, the object of his love and his endeavour, as something for him to enjoy;—not as if melancholy and superstitious fear caused him to look upon enjoyment and pleasure as something sinful, but because he knows that no such pleasure can yield him true joy. He conceives of it as a World of Action, which, because it is his World, he alone creates, in which alone he can live, and find enjoyment of himself. This Action again he does not will for the sake of a result in the World of Sense;—he is in no respect anxious about the result or no-result that may ensue, for he lives only in Action, as Action;—but he wills it, because it is the Will of

God in him, and his own proper portion in Being. And so does his Life flow onwards, simple and pure, knowing, willing, and desiring nothing else than this,—never wandering from this centre, neither moved nor troubled by aught external to itself.

Such is his Life. Whether this be not of necessity the most pure and perfect Blessedness, we shall inquire at another time.

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## LECTURE VI.

EXPOSITION OF THE DOCTRINE OF THE JOHANNEAN  
GOSPEL:—ITS ACCORDANCE WITH  
OUR OWN DOCTRINE.

OUR whole Doctrine, as the foundation of all that we have yet to say at this time, and generally of all that we can say at any time, is now clearly and distinctly set forth, and may be surveyed at a single glance. There is absolutely no Being and no Life beyond the immediate Divine Life. According to the essential and irreversible laws of Consciousness,—laws which are founded in the very nature of Consciousness itself,—this Being is veiled and darkened in Consciousness by manifold concealments;—but, freed from these disguises, and modified only by the form of Infinitude, it reappears in the life and actions of the God-inspired man. In his actions it is not man who acts;—but God himself, in his primitive and inward Being and Nature, acts and fulfils his work in Man.

I said, in one of the first and introductory lectures, that this doctrine, however new and unheard of it may seem to this age, is nevertheless as old as the world;—and that, in particular, it is the doctrine of Christianity, as this, even to the present day, lies before our view in its purest and most excellent record, the Gospel of John; and that this doctrine is there set forth with the very same images and expressions which we here employ. It may be well, in many re-

spects, to make good that statement, and to this purpose we shall devote the present lecture. It will be understood, even without a special declaration on our part, that we by no means intend to prove our doctrine, or even to add to it an outward support, by demonstrating this harmony between it and Christianity. It must already, by what we have previously said, have proved itself, and that with absolute evidence,—and it needs no further support. And in the same way must Christianity, as in harmony with Reason, and as the pure and perfect expression of this Reason, beyond which there is no truth,—so, I say, must Christianity prove itself, if it is to lay claim to validity and acceptance. It is not by philosophers that you need fear to be led back again into the chains of blind authority.

In my lectures of last winter,\* I have distinctly announced the grounds upon which I regard the Apostle John as the only teacher of true Christianity:—namely, that the Apostle Paul and his party, as the authors of the opposite system of Christianity, remained half Jews, and left unaltered the fundamental error of Judaism as well as of Heathenism, which we must afterwards notice. For the present the following may be enough:—It is only with John that the philosopher can deal, for he alone has respect for Reason, and appeals to that evidence which alone has weight with the philosopher—the internal. “If any man will do the will of him that sent me, he shall know of the doctrine, whether it be of God.” But this Will of God, according to John, is that we should truly believe in God, and in Jesus Christ whom he hath sent. The other promulgators of Christianity, however, rely upon the external evidence of Miracle, which to us at least, proves nothing. Further, of the four Gospels, only that of John contains what we seek and desire,—a Doctrine of Religion; while, on the contrary, the best that the others offer to us, without completion and explanation by John, amounts to nothing more than Morality;—which to us has but a very subordinate value. As

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\* “Characteristics of the Present Age,” Lecture VII.

to the assertion that John had the other Evangelists before him, and only designed to supply what they had omitted, we shall not here inquire into it;—should that be the case, then, in our opinion, the supplement is the best part of the whole, and John's predecessors had passed over that precisely which was of essential importance.

As to the principle of interpretation which I apply to this as well as to all the other authors of the Christian Scriptures, it is the following;—So to understand them as if they had really desired to say something, and, so far as their words permit, as if they had said what is right and true:—a principle that seems to be in accordance with justice and fairness. But we are wholly opposed to the hermeneutical principle of a certain party, according to which the most earnest and simple expressions of these writers are regarded as mere images and metaphors, and thus explained and re-explained away, until the result is a flat and insipid triviality such as these interpreters might themselves have discovered and brought forward. Other means of interpretation than those contained in themselves seem to me inadmissible in the case of these writers, and particularly in the case of John. Where, as in the case of the profane authors of classical antiquity, we can compare several contemporary writers with each other, and all of them with a preceding and succeeding republic of letters, there is room for the employment of external aids. But Christianity, and particularly John, stands alone and isolated, as a wonderful and inexplicable phenomenon of Time, without precedent and without succedent.

In what we shall set forth as the substance of the Johannean doctrine, we must carefully distinguish between that in it which is true in itself, true absolutely and for all time, and that which has been true only for the standpoint of John and the Jesus whom he announces, and for their time and circumstances. This latter, too, we shall faithfully set forth; for any other mode of interpretation than this is not only dishonest, but leads to perplexity and confusion.

The portion of the Gospel of John which must necessarily

attract our attention at the very outset is the dogmatic introduction which occupies a part of the first chapter;—as it were the preface. Do not regard this preface as a special and arbitrary philosopheme of the author himself,—a speculative prelude to his historical narrative, of which, holding only to the facts themselves, we may, according to the proper intention of the author, adopt whatever opinion we please;—as some appear to regard this proem. It is much rather to be considered in relation to the whole Gospel, and to be understood only in that connexion. Throughout the whole Gospel, the author represents Jesus as speaking of himself in a certain manner, which we shall afterwards advert to; and it is without doubt the conviction of John that Jesus did speak precisely in this way and in no other, and that he had heard him thus speak;—and it seems to be his earnest desire that we should believe him in this. Now the preface explains how it was possible that Jesus *could* think and speak of himself as he did: and it is therefore necessarily assumed by John that not only he himself, and according to his own mere personal opinion, so regarded Jesus and would so interpret him, but that Jesus had likewise regarded himself in the same way in which he is here depicted. The preface is to be taken as the essence, the general standpoint, of all the discourses of Jesus;—it has, therefore, in the view of the author, the same authority as these discourses themselves. In the sight of John, this preface is not his own doctrine but that of Jesus, and indeed is the spirit, the innermost root, of the whole doctrine of Jesus.

Having thus clearly set forth this not-unimportant point, let us proceed, by the following preliminary remark, to the subject itself.

The notion of a creation, as the essentially fundamental error of all false Metaphysics and Religion, and, in particular, as the radical principle of Judaism and Heathenism, arises from ignorance of the doctrine which we have previously laid down. Compelled to recognise the absolute unity and unchangeableness of the Divine Nature in itself, and being unwilling to give up the independent and real

existence of finite things, they made the latter proceed from the former by an act of absolute and arbitrary power; whereby, in the first place, the fundamental conception of Godhead was utterly destroyed, and an arbitrary power established in its room,—an error that ran through the whole of their religious system; and, in the second place, Reason was for ever perverted, and Thought changed into a dream of fancy, for of such a creation it is impossible even to conceive rightly in Thought—what can properly be called Thought—and no man ever did so conceive of it. In relation to the doctrine of Religion, in particular, the supposition of a creation is the first criterion of the falsehood,—and the denial of such a creation, should it have been set up by any previous system, is the first criterion of the truth,—of such a Doctrine of Religion. Christianity, and especially the profound teacher of it of whom we now speak, John, stood in the latter position;—the existing Jewish Religion had set up such a creation. “In the beginning God *created*”—thus do the Sacred Books of this Religion commence:—“No,”—in direct contradiction to this, and setting out with the very same words, in order more distinctly to mark the contradiction, but instead of the second and false expression giving the truth in its place,—“No,” said John—“In the beginning,”—in the same beginning that is there spoken of,—that is, originally and before all time, God did not create, for no creation was needed, but there *was* already;—“In the beginning *was* the Word, . . . and through it are all things made that are made.”

In the beginning was the Word,—in the original text, the Logos; which might also be translated Reason, or,—as nearly the same idea is expressed in the book called the Wisdom of Solomon,—Wisdom; but which, in our opinion, is most exactly rendered by the expression “the Word,” as it also stands in the oldest Latin version, doubtless in consequence of a tradition of the disciples of John. What then, according to the view of our author, is this Logos, or Word? Let us not cavil too nicely about the expression, but rather candidly note what John says of this Word:—

the predicates applied to a subject usually determine the nature of the subject itself, especially when they are applied to that subject exclusively. He says,—that the Word was in the beginning; that the Word was with God; that God himself was the Word; that the Word was in the beginning with God. Was it possible for him to express more clearly the doctrine which we have previously taught in such words as the following:—Besides God's inward and hidden Being in himself (*Seyn*), which we are able to conceive of in Thought, he has besides an Ex-istence (*Daseyn*), which we can only practically apprehend; but yet this Ex-istence necessarily arises through his inward and absolute Being itself:—and his Ex-istence, which is only *by us* distinguished from his Being, is, *in itself and in him*, not distinguished from his Being; but this Ex-istence is originally, before all time, and independently of all time, with his Being, inseparable from his Being, and itself his Being:—the Word in the beginning,—the Word with God,—the Word in the beginning with God,—God himself the Word,—and the Word itself God? Was it possible for him to set forth more distinctly and forcibly the ground of this proposition:—that in God, and from God, there is nothing that arises or becomes; but that in him there is but an “Is,”—an Eternal Present; and that whatever has Existence must be originally with him, and must be himself? “Away with that perplexing phantasm!”—might the Evangelist have added, had he wished to multiply words; “away with that phantasm of a creation from God of something that is not in himself and has not been eternally and necessarily in himself!—an emanation in which he is not himself present but forsakes his work; an expulsion and separation from him that casts us out into desolate nothingness, and makes him our arbitrary and hostile lord!”

This “Being *with* God,” or, according to our expression, this his Ex-istence, is farther characterized as the Logos or Word. How was it possible more clearly to declare that it was his spiritual expression, his self-evident and intelligible Revelation and Manifestation?—or, as we have given utter-

ance to the same idea, that the immediate Ex-istence (*Daseyn*) of God is necessarily Consciousness, partly of itself, partly of God?—for which proposition we have adduced the clearest proof.

If this be now evident in the first place, then there is no longer the slightest obscurity in the assertion contained in verse 3, that “all things are made through it; and without it is not anything made that is made, &c.,” and this proposition is wholly equivalent to that which we propounded:—that the World and all things exist only in Conception,—according to John, in the Word,—and only as objects of Conception and Consciousness, as God’s spontaneous expression of himself;—and that Conception, or the Word, is the only Creator of the World, and, by means of the principle of separation contained in its very nature, the Creator of the manifold and infinite variety of things in the World.

In fine: I would express these three verses in my own language, thus;—The Ex-istence (*Daseyn*) of God is original and underived like his Being (*Seyn*);—the latter is inseparable from the former, and is indeed in all respects the same as the former;—this Divine Ex-istence, in its substance, is necessarily Knowledge;—and in this Knowledge alone has a World, and all things present in the World, arisen.

In like manner the two succeeding verses are now clear to us. In him, in this immediate Divine Ex-istence, was Life,—the deepest root of all living, substantial Existence, which nevertheless remains for ever concealed from view; and in actual men this Life is Light, or conscious Reflexion; and this one, eternal, primitive Light shines for ever in the Darkness of the lower and obscure grades of Spiritual Life, supports and maintains these in existence, itself unnoticed, and the Darkness comprehends it not.

So far as we have now proceeded in our interpretation of the proem to the Johannean Gospel, we have met only with what is absolutely and eternally true. At this point begins that which possesses validity only for the time, for Jesus and the establishment of Christianity, and for the necessary

standpoint of Christ and his Apostles;—namely the *historical*, not in any way *metaphysical* proposition, that this absolute and immediate Existence of God, the Eternal Knowledge or Word, pure and undefiled as it is in itself, without any admixture of impurity or darkness, or any merely individual limitation, manifested itself in a personal, sensible, and Human Existence,—namely in that Jesus of Nazareth, who at a certain particular time appeared teaching and preaching in the land of Judea, and whose most remarkable expressions are here recorded,—and in him, as the Evangelist has well expressed it, became flesh. As to the difference, as well as the agreement, of these two standpoints,—that of the absolutely and eternally true, and that which is true only from the temporary point of view of Jesus and his Apostles,—it stands thus. From the first standpoint, the Eternal Word becomes flesh, assumes a personal, sensible, and human existence, without obstruction or reserve, in all times, and in every individual man who has a living insight into this Unity with God, and who actually and in truth gives up his personal life to the Divine Life within him,—precisely in the same way as it became incarnate in Jesus Christ. This truth, which, be it observed, speaks only of the *possibility* of being, without reference to the *means* of its actual attainment, is neither denied by John nor by the Jesus to whose teachings he introduces us; but on the contrary, they insist upon it everywhere in the most express terms, as we shall afterwards see. The peculiar and exclusive standpoint of Christianity, which has validity only for the disciples of that system, looks to the *means* of attaining this True Being, and teaches us thus regarding them;—Jesus of Nazareth, absolutely by and through himself, by virtue of his mere existence, nature or instinct, without deliberate art, and without guidance or direction, is the perfect sensible manifestation of the Eternal Word, as no one whatever has been before him; while those who become his disciples are as yet not so, since they still stand in need of its manifestation in him, but they must first become so through him. This is the characteristic dogma of Christianity, as a

phenomenon of Time, as a temporary form of the religious culture of man,—in which dogma, without doubt, Jesus and his Apostles believed:—set forth purely, brightly, and in the highest sense, in the Gospel of John, to whom Jesus of Nazareth is indeed the Christ, the called Saviour of Mankind, but only in virtue of this Christ being to him the Word made flesh;—in Paul and the others, mixed up with Jewish dreams of a Son of David, an abolisher of an Old Covenant, and a mediator of a New. Everywhere, but particularly in John, Jesus is the first-born, and only-begotten Son of the Father, not as an emanation or anything else of that kind,—these irrational dreams arose only at a later period,—but in the sense above explained, in eternal unity and equality of nature; and all other men can become children of God only mediately through Jesus, and by means of a transformation into his nature. Let us, in the first place, distinctly recognise this; for otherwise we shall partly interpret Christianity dishonestly, and partly not understand it at all, but only be led into perplexity and confusion. Let us, therefore, at least endeavour rightly to apprehend and judge of this point of view, which must remain open to every one, it being of course distinctly understood that we ourselves have no intention of adopting it here. With reference to this matter, then, I remark (1.) An insight into the absolute unity of the Human Existence with the Divine is certainly the profoundest knowledge that man can attain. Before Jesus, this knowledge had nowhere existed; and since his time, we may say down even to the present day, it has been again as good as rooted out and lost, at least in profane literature. Jesus, however, was evidently in possession of this insight; as we shall incontestibly find, were it only in the Gospel of John, as soon as we ourselves attain it. How then came Jesus by this insight? That any one coming after him, when the truth had already been revealed, should again discover it, is not so great a wonder; but how the first discoverer, separated from centuries before him and centuries after him by the exclusive possession of this insight, did attain to it,—this is an exceeding great wonder. And so it is

in fact true, what is maintained in the first part of the Christian Dogma, that Jesus of Nazareth is, in a wholly peculiar manner, attributable to no one but him, the only-begotten and first-born Son of God; and that all ages, which are capable of understanding him at all, must recognise him in this character. (2.) Although it be true, that in the present day, a man may re-discover this doctrine in the writings of Christ's Apostles, and for himself and by means of his own conviction recognise it as the Truth;—although it be true, as we likewise maintain, that the philosopher, so far as he knows, discovers the same truths altogether independently of Christianity, and surveys them in a consequentiality and universal clearness in which they are not delivered, to us at least, by means of Christianity;—yet it nevertheless remains certain, that we, with our whole age and with all our philosophical inquiries, are established on and have proceeded from Christianity; that this Christianity has entered into our whole culture in the most varied forms; and that, on the whole, we might have been nothing of all that we are, had not this mighty principle gone before us in Time. We can cast off no portion of the being that we have inherited from earlier ages; and no intelligent man will trouble himself with inquiries as to what would be, if that which is, had not been. And thus also the second part of the Christian Dogma,—that all those who, since Jesus, have come into union with God, have done so through him, and by means of his union with God,—is likewise unquestionably true. And thus it is confirmed in every way, that, even to the end of Time, all wise and intelligent men must bow themselves reverently before this Jesus of Nazareth; and that the more wise, intelligent and noble they themselves are, the more humbly will they recognise the exceeding nobleness of this great and glorious manifestation of the Divine Life.

So much to guard the view of Christianity which possesses but temporary validity against false and unfair judgment where this may naturally be anticipated;—but by no means to force this view upon any one who either has not directed his attention to the historical side of the matter, or

who, even if he have investigated that side of it, has been unable to discover there what we think we have found. Therefore, by what we have now said, we by no means wish to be understood as joining ourselves to the party of those Christians to whom things have a value only on account of the name they bear. The Metaphysical only, and not the Historical, can give us Blessedness; the latter can only give us understanding. If any man be truly united with God, and dwell in him, it is altogether an indifferent thing how he may have reached this state; and it would be a most useless and perverse employment, instead of living in the thing, to be continually repeating over our recollections of the way toward it. Could Jesus return into the world, we might expect him to be thoroughly satisfied if he found Christianity actually reigning in the minds of men, whether his merit in the work were recognised or overlooked; and this is, in fact, the very least that might be expected from a man who, while he lived on earth, sought not his own glory but the glory of him who sent him.

Now that, by means of distinguishing these two stand-points, we possess the key to all the expressions of the Johannean Jesus, and the certain means of referring back whatever is clothed in a merely temporary form to its original source in pure and absolute Truth, let us comprise the substance of these expressions in the answer to these two questions:—(1.) What does Jesus say of himself, regarding his relation to the Godhead?—and (2.) What does he say of his disciples and followers, regarding their relation, in the first place to himself, and then, through him, to the Godhead?

Chap. 1. verse 18—"No man hath seen God at any time; the only begotten Son, who is in the bosom of the Father, he hath declared him:"—or, as we have said: The essential Divine Nature, in itself, is hidden from us; only in the form of Knowledge does it come forth into manifestation, and that altogether as it is in itself.

Chap. V. verse 19—"The Son can do nothing of him-

self, but what he seeth the Father do; for what things soever he doeth, these also doeth the Son likewise:”—or, as we have expressed it, his separate independent life is swallowed up in the life of God.

Chap. X. verses 27, 28—“My sheep hear my voice, and I know them, and they follow me: and I give unto them eternal life; and they shall never perish, neither shall any pluck them out of my hand.”—Ver. 29. “My Father who gave them me, is greater than all; and none is able to pluck them out of my Father’s hand.” Who is it then, it may be asked, who holds and keeps them,—Jesus or the Father?—The answer is given in verse 30: “I and my Father are one:” that is to say, the same;—identical principles in both. His life is my life, and mine is his; my work is his work, and his is mine;—precisely as we have expressed ourselves in our preceding lecture.

So much for the clearest and most convincing passages. The whole Gospel speaks in the same terms on this point, uniformly and with one voice. Jesus speaks of himself in no other way than this.

But further, how does Jesus speak of his followers, and of their relation to him? He constantly assumes that, in their actual condition, they have not the true life in them, but, as he expresses it in Chap. III. with reference to Nicodemus, must receive a wholly different life, as much opposed to their present life as if an entirely new man should be born in their stead:—or,—where he expresses himself with the strictest precision,—that they have not, properly speaking, either existence or life, but are sunk in death and the grave, and that it is he who must first give them life.

On this point, consider the following decisive passages:—

Chap. VI. verse 53—“Except ye eat my flesh and drink my blood,” (this expression will be afterwards explained), “ye have no life in you:”—Only by means of thus eating my flesh and drinking my blood is there aught in you;—without this there is nothing.

Chap. V. verse 24—"He that heareth my word," &c. "hath everlasting life, and is passed from death unto life."—Verse 25—"The hour is coming, and now is, when the dead shall hear the voice of the Son of God; and they that hear shall live." The dead! Who are these dead? Those who are to lie in their graves till the last day? A coarse, crude interpretation;—in Scriptural language, an interpretation according to the flesh, and not according to the spirit. The hour was even then: they themselves were the dead who had not yet heard his voice, and even on that account were dead.

And what is this life, that Jesus promises to give his followers?

Chap. VIII. verse 51—"Verily, verily, I say unto you, If a man keep my word, he shall never see death,"—not as dull expositors take it;—"he shall indeed once die, only not for ever, but he shall again be awakened at the last day,"—but "he shall never die:" as the Jews actually understood it, and attempted to refute Jesus by an appeal to the death of Abraham, while he justified their interpretation by declaring that Abraham, who had seen his day,—who had, doubtless through Melchisedek, been initiated into his doctrine,—was actually not dead.

Or yet more distinctly,—

Chapter XI. verse 23—"Thy brother shall rise again. Martha" (whose head was filled with Jewish notions) "saith unto him, I know that he shall rise again in the resurrection at the last day." No, said Jesus—"I am the Resurrection and the Life:—he that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live; and whosoever liveth, and believeth in me, shall never die." Union with me is union with the Eternal God and his Life, and the certain assurance thereof; so that in every moment of time, he who is so united with me, is in complete possession of Eternity, and places no faith whatever in the fleeting and

illusive phenomena of a birth and a death in Time, and therefore needs no re-awakening as a deliverance from a death in which he does not believe.

And whence has Jesus this power of giving Eternal Life to his followers? From his absolute identity with God. Chap. V. verse 26—"As the Father hath life in himself, so hath he given to the Son to have life in himself."

Further,—in what way do the followers of Jesus become partakers of this identity of his Life with the Divine Life? Jesus declares this in the most manifold and varied ways, of which I shall here adduce only the most clear and forcible,—those which, precisely on account of their absolute clearness, have been the most completely unintelligible and offensive, both to his contemporaries and to their descendants even to the present day. Chap. VI. verses 53–55—"Except ye eat the flesh of the ~~the~~ Son of Man, and drink his blood, ye have no life in you. Whoso eateth my flesh, and drinketh my blood, hath eternal life. For my flesh is meat indeed, and my blood is drink indeed." What does this mean? He explains himself at v. 56—"He that eateth my flesh, and drinketh my blood, dwelleth in me, and I in him," or, reversing the expression, He that dwelleth in me and I in him, he hath eaten my flesh, &c. To eat his flesh, and drink his blood, means—to become wholly and entirely he himself;—to become altogether changed into his person without reserve or limitation;—to be a faithful repetition of him in another personality;—to be transubstantiated with him,—*i. e.* as he is the Eternal Word made flesh and blood, to become his flesh and blood, and—what follows from that, and indeed is the same thing—to become the very Eternal Word made flesh and blood itself;—to think wholly and entirely like him, and so as if he himself thought, and not we;—to live wholly and entirely like him, and so as if he himself lived in our life. As surely as you do not now attempt to drag down my own words, and reduce them to the narrow meaning that Jesus is only to be imitated, as an unattainable pattern, partially and at a distance, as far as human weakness will allow, but accept them in the sense in

which I have spoken them,—that we must be transformed into Christ himself,—so surely will it become evident to you that Jesus could not well have expressed himself otherwise, and that he actually did express himself excellently well. Jesus was very far from representing himself as that unattainable ideal into which he was first transformed by the spiritual poverty of after-ages; nor did his Apostles so regard him:—among the rest Paul, who says:—“ I live not, but Christ liveth in me.” Jesus desired that he should be repeated in the persons of his followers, in his complete and undivided character, as he was in himself; and indeed he demanded this absolutely, as an indispensable condition of discipleship:—Except ye eat my flesh, &c., ye have no life whatever in you, but ye abide in the graves wherein I found you.

Only this one thing he demanded: not more, and not less. He did not, by any means, propose to rest satisfied with the mere historical belief that he was the Eternal Word made flesh,—the Christ,—for which he gave himself out. He certainly did demand, even according to John, as a preliminary condition,—only to secure attention and consideration to his teachings—he did demand Faith, that is, the previous admission of the possibility that he might be indeed this Christ; and he even did not disdain to facilitate and strengthen this admission by means of striking and wonderful works which he performed. But the final and decisive proof, which was first to be made possible through the preliminary admission or Faith, was this:—that a man should actually do the will of him who had sent Jesus,—that is, in the sense we have explained, should eat his flesh and drink his blood, whereby he should then know of the doctrine, that it was from God, and that he spake not of himself. As little is his discourse of faith in his expiatory merits. According to John, Jesus is indeed a Lamb of God that taketh away the sins of the world; but by no means one who with his blood appeases an angry God. He takes them away:—According to his doctrine, man does not exist at all out of God and him, but is dead and buried; he does

not even enter into the Spiritual Kingdom of God :—how then can this poor, non-existent shadow introduce dissension into this Kingdom, and disturb the Divine Plan ? But he who is transformed into the likeness of Jesus, and thereby into that of God,—he no longer lives himself, but God lives in him ;—but how can God sin against himself ? Thus has he borne away and destroyed the whole delusion of sin, and the dread of a Godhead that could feel itself offended by men. Finally, if any man in this way should repeat the character of Jesus in his own person, what then, according to the doctrine of Jesus, is the result ? Thus does Jesus, in the presence of his disciples, call upon his Father :—Chap. XVII. verse 20—“ Neither pray I for these alone, but for them also which shall believe on me through their word ; that they all may be one ; as thou, Father, art in me, and I in thee, that they also may be one in us.”—One—in us. Now, according to this consummation, all distinctions are laid aside ; the whole community—the first-born of all, with his more immediate followers, and with all those who are born in later days—here merge together into one common source of all life—the Godhead. And thus, as we have maintained above, does Christianity, assuming its purpose to be attained, again fall into harmony with the Absolute Truth, and itself maintain that every man may and ought to come into unity with God,—and himself, in his own person, become the Divine Ex-istence, or the Eternal Word.

And thus it is proved that the doctrine of Christianity, even in the system of images under which it represents Life and Death, and all that flows therefrom, is in strict harmony with that doctrine which we have set forth to you in our previous lectures, and have combined into one single view at the beginning of to-day’s discourse.

In conclusion, listen once more to that with which I closed my last lecture, but now in the words of the same Apostle John.

Thus he combines, doubtless with reference to his Gospel, the practical results of the whole : Epistle I. Chap. I.—“ That which was from the beginning, which we have heard

which we have seen with our eyes, which we have looked upon, and our hands have handled, of the Word of Life." Do you observe how anxious he is to appear, not as having given forth his own thoughts in his Gospel, but as the mere witness of what he had seen? "That which we have seen and heard declare we unto you, that ye also"—in spirit and on the foundation of the last words we have quoted from Jesus—"may have fellowship with us; and truly our fellowship"—ours, the Apostles, as well as yours, the newly converted—"is with the Father, and with his Son Jesus Christ. . . . If we *say* that we have fellowship with him, and walk in darkness"—if we think that we are united with God while yet the Divine Energy does not burst forth in our lives—"we lie, and do not the truth"—we are but fanatics and visionaries.—"But if we walk in the Light, as he is in the Light, we have fellowship one with another, and the blood of Jesus Christ the Son of God"—not, in the theological sense, his blood shed for the remission of our sins, but his blood and mind entered into us,—his Life in us—"cleanseth us from all sin," and raiseth us far above the possibility of sin.

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## APPENDIX TO LECTURE VI.

THE HISTORICAL AND THE METAPHYSICAL IN  
CHRISTIANITY.

THAT the fundamental doctrine of Christianity, as a special institution for the development of Religion in the Human Race:—*i. e.* that in Jesus Christ, for the first time, and in a way predicable of no other man, the Eternal Ex-istence (*Daseyn*) of God has assumed a human personality; and that all other men can attain to union with God only through him, and by means of the repetition of his whole character in themselves:—that this is a merely historical, and not in any way a metaphysical proposition, we have already said in the text—(page 471.) It is perhaps not superfluous to point out here, still more clearly, the distinction upon which this declaration is founded; since I am not entitled, in the case of the general public to whom it is now presented, to make the same assumption as in the case of the majority of my immediate hearers,—that they are familiar with this distinction through my other teachings.

If we take these expressions in their strict signification, the Historical and the Metaphysical are directly opposed to each other; and that which is really historical is, on that very account, not metaphysical—and the reverse. The Historical, and what is purely historical in every possible phenomenon, is that which may be apprehended as simple and absolute Fact, existing for itself alone and isolated from everything else, not as receiving its explanation and deriva-

tion from a higher source :—the Metaphysical, on the contrary, and the metaphysical element in every particular phenomenon, is that which necessarily proceeds from a higher and more comprehensive law, and which may be again referred to that law, and therefore cannot be comprehended as simple fact ; and, strictly speaking, can only by means of a delusion be regarded as fact at all, since in truth it is not apprehended as fact but only in consequence of the Law of Reason that rules within us. The latter element of the phenomenon never extends to its actuality, and the actual phenomenon never altogether disappears in it ; and therefore in all actual phenomena these two elements are inseparably combined.

It is the fundamental error of all pretended science that does not recognise its own boundaries,—in other words, of the transcendental use of the understanding,—that it is not satisfied to accept the fact, simply as a fact, but must indulge in metaphysical speculation concerning it. Since, on the supposition that what such a Metaphysic labours to refer to a higher law is in truth simply actual and historic, there can be no such law, at least none accessible to us in the present life, it follows, that the Metaphysic we have described, arbitrarily assuming that such an explanation is to be found here,—which is its first error,—must then have recourse to its own invention for such an explanation, and fill up the chasm by an arbitrary hypothesis,—which is its second error.

With regard to the case now before us,—the primitive fact of Christianity is accepted as historical, and simply as fact, when we say, what is evident to every man, *that* Jesus knew what he did know before any one else knew it, and taught and lived as he did teach and live ;—without desiring to know further *how* all this was possible, which, according to well established principles, not however to be communicated here, can never be ascertained in this life. But the same fact is metaphysicized by the transcendental use of the understanding, soaring beyond the fact itself, when we attempt to comprehend it in its primitive source,

and to this end set up an hypothesis as to how the individual Jesus, as an individual, has emanated from the essential Divine Nature. As an individual, I have said;—for how Humanity as a whole has come forth from the Divine Nature may be comprehended, and must have been made intelligible by our preceding lectures; and is, according to us, the theme of the introduction to the Johannean Gospel.

Now to us, who regard the matter only historically, it is of no importance in which of these two ways the above-mentioned principle is received by any one else, but only in what way it was accepted by Jesus himself, and his Apostle John, and how they authorized others to accept it; and it is certainly the most important element in our view of the matter, that Christianity itself, as represented by Jesus, has by no means accepted that principle metaphysically.

We retrace our argument to the following propositions :—

(1.) Jesus of Nazareth undoubtedly possessed the highest perception, containing the foundation of all other Truth, of the absolute identity of Humanity with the Godhead, as regards what is essentially real in the former. Upon this merely historical proposition, every one to whom the following evidence is to prove anything whatever, must first of all come to an understanding with me; and I entreat my readers not to hurry over this point. In my opinion, no one who has not previously attained, by another way, to the knowledge of the One Reality, and who does not possess this knowledge in living activity within him, will easily discover it where I, being first penetrated by this condition, have found it. But if any one have already fulfilled this condition, and thereby created for himself the organ by which alone Christianity may be comprehended, then he will not only clearly re-discover this fundamental truth in Christianity, but he will also discern a higher and holier significance spread over the other, often apparently extraordinary, expressions of these writings.

(2.) The mode and manner of this knowledge in Jesus Christ, which is the second point of importance, may be best

characterized by contrast with the mode and manner in which the speculative philosopher arrives at the same knowledge. The latter proceeds upon the problem, which in itself is foreign to Religion, and even profane in its sight, and which is imposed upon him merely by his desire of knowledge,—to explain Existence. Wherever there is a learned public, he finds this problem already proposed by others before him, and he finds fellow-labourers in its solution both among his predecessors and his contemporaries. It can never occur to him to regard himself as in any respect singular or distinguished on account of the problem becoming clear to him. Further, the problem, as a problem, appeals to his own industry, and to the personal freedom of which he is clearly conscious; and being thus clearly conscious of his own personal activity in its solution, he cannot, on that very account, regard himself as inspired.

Suppose, finally, that he succeed in the solution, and that in the only true way,—by means of the Religious Principle; his discovery still proceeds upon a series of preparatory investigations, and in this way it is to him a natural result. Religion is but a secondary matter to him, and is not there purely and solely as Religion, but only as the solution of the problem to which he had devoted his life.

It was not so with Jesus. In the first place, he did not set out from any speculative question, which could be solved only by a Religious Knowledge attained at a later period and only in the course of the investigation of that question; for he explained absolutely nothing by his Religious Principle, and deduced nothing from it; but he presented it, alone and by itself, as the only thing worthy of knowledge, passing by everything else as undeserving of notice. His Faith, and his conviction, never allowed the question to arise as to the existence of finite things. In short, they had no existence for him;—only in union with God was there Reality. How this Non-Entity could assume the semblance of Being, from which doubt all profane speculation proceeds, he cared not to inquire.

As little had he his knowledge by outward teaching and

tradition; for with that truly sublime sincerity and openness which are evident in all his expressions,—and here I venture to assume on the part of my reader that he has created for himself an intuitive perception of this sincerity by means of his own personal relation to this virtue and by a profound study of the life of Jesus,—he would in that case have said so, and directed his disciples to the sources of his own knowledge. It does not follow, because he himself indicated the existence of a true religious knowledge before Abraham, and one of his apostles distinctly refers to Melchisedek, that Jesus had any connection with that system by direct tradition; but it might readily happen that he should re-discover, in his study of Moses, that which was already present in his own mind; since it is evident from numerous other instances that he had an infinitely more profound comprehension of the writings of the Old Testament than the Scriptural students of his day and the majority of those of our own; while he likewise proceeded, as it appears, upon the sound hermeneutical principle, that Moses and the Prophets really desired to say something and not nothing.

To say that Jesus did not receive his knowledge either by means of his own speculation, or by communication from without, is equivalent to saying that he had it through his mere being and life,—that it was to him primary and absolute, without any other element whatever with which it was connected,—purely through Inspiration, as we coming after him, and in contrast with our own knowledge, may express it, but as he himself never could express it. And what knowledge had he in this way? That all Being is founded in God alone; and consequently, what immediately follows from this, that his own Being, with this knowledge and in this knowledge, had its foundation in God and proceeded directly from him. What *immediately* follows, I say:—for to us certainly the latter is an inference from the universal to the particular, since we must first of all renounce our existing personal *Ego*, as the particular in question, and merge it in the universal: but it was by no means

the same,—and this I entreat you to remark as the chief point,—it was by no means the same with Jesus. In him there was no intellectual, questioning, or learning *Self* to be renounced, for in this knowledge his whole spiritual self was already swallowed up. His Self-consciousness was at once the pure and absolute Truth of Reason itself; self-existent and independent,—the simple fact of consciousness:—by no means, as with us, genetic, arising from another preceding state, and hence no simple fact of consciousness, but an inference. In that which I have thus endeavoured to express with the utmost precision and distinctness must have consisted the peculiar personal character of Jesus Christ, who, like every other true Individuality, can have appeared but once in Time, and can never be repeated therein. He was the Absolute Reason clothed in immediate Self-consciousness; or, what is the same thing,—Religion.

(3.) In this absolute Fact, Jesus reposed with his whole being, and was entirely lost therein; he could never think, know, or say anything else but that he knew it was so in very deed; that he knew it immediately in God, and that he also knew this in very deed—that he knew it immediately in God. As little could he point out to his disciples any other way to Blessedness than that they should become like as he was; for that his way of being and life was the source of Blessedness he knew in himself; but he knew not this Blessed Life in any other shape than in himself and as his own way of life, and therefore he could not otherwise describe it. He knew it not in the abstract and universal conception in which the speculative philosopher knows it and can describe it; for he did not proceed upon such conceptions, but only on his own Self-consciousness. He received it only historically; and he who receives it as we have explained ourselves above, receives it in like manner, and, as it seems to us, after his example, only historically. There was such a man, at such and such a time, in the land of Judea;—and so far well. But he who desires to know further, through what arbitrary arrangement of God, or inward necessity in God, such an individual was possible and

actual, steps beyond the fact, and desires to metaphysicize that which is merely historical.

For Jesus such a transcendentalism was simply impossible; for to this end it would have been requisite for him to distinguish himself, in his own personality, from God, represent himself as thus separate, wonder over himself as a remarkable phenomenon, and propose to himself the task of solving the problem of the possibility of such an individual. But it is precisely the most prominent and striking trait in the character of the Johannean Jesus, ever recurring in the same shape, that he will know nothing of such a separation of his personality from his Father, and that he earnestly rebukes others who attempt to make such a distinction; while he constantly assumes that he who sees him sees the Father, that he who hears him hears the Father, and that he and the Father are wholly one; and he unconditionally denies and rejects the notion of an independent being in himself, when such an unbecoming elevation of himself is made an objection against him. To him Jesus was not God, for to him there was no independent Jesus whatever; but God was Jesus and manifested himself as Jesus. Such self-contemplation, and admiration of one's self, were very far removed,—I will not say from a man like Jesus, with reference to whom the very acquittal from such a charge would be something like blasphemy,—but from the whole Realism of the ancient world; and the faculty of constantly looking back upon ourselves to see how it stands with us and our feelings, and thus again to feel the feeling of our feelings, and so to explain ourselves and our remarkable personality psychologically, even to tediousness, was reserved for the Moderns;—with whom, on that very account, it can never be well until they are satisfied to live simply and plainly, without desiring to live their life over again in its various possible forms; leaving it to others, who have nothing better to do, if they find it worth their while, to marvel over this life of theirs, and to render it intelligible.

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## LECTURE VII.

FIVE MODES OF MAN'S ENJOYMENT OF THE WORLD  
AND HIMSELF :—SENSUOUS ENJOYMENT,  
LEGALITY, STOICISM.

OUR theory of Being and Life is now completely laid before you. It has been shown, not by any means as a proof of this theory, but merely as a collateral illustration, that the doctrine of Christianity on these subjects is the same as our own. With reference to this latter view, I have here only to ask permission to make such further use of the evidence that has been brought forward, as sometimes to employ an expression or an image from the Christian Scriptures, in which are to be found most admirable and significant images. I shall not abuse this liberty. I am not ignorant that in this age we can enter no circle at all numerous among the cultivated classes, in which there shall not be found some one in whom the mention of the name of Jesus, or the use of Scriptural expressions, excites unpleasant feelings, and the suspicion that the speaker must be either a hypocrite or a fool, or both. It is wholly opposed to my principles to find fault with any one on this account:—who can know how much he may have been tormented with these matters by meddling zealots, and what irrational things may have been forced upon him as Scripture doctrine? But on

the other hand, I know that in every cultivated society, and consequently in that which assembles here, there are to be found other individuals, who love to fall back upon these associations, and, with them, upon the feelings of early youth. Let both these classes here reciprocally accommodate themselves to each other. I shall say all that I have to say, in the first place in ordinary language:—let those to whom Scriptural images are offensive, content themselves with the first expression, passing over the second altogether.

The living possession of the theory we have now set forth, —not the dry, dead, and merely historical knowledge of it, —is, according to our doctrine, the highest, and indeed the only possible, Blessedness. To demonstrate this is our business henceforward; and this marks out the second leading division of these lectures, which has also been separated from the first by the episodical inquiry to which the immediately preceding lecture was devoted.

Clearness is always increased by contrast. Since we are minded to comprehend thoroughly the True and Bliss-giving mode of Thought, and to depict it to the life, it will be well to characterize, more profoundly and distinctly than in our first lecture, that superficial and unblessed mode of Existence which is directly opposed to the former, and which we, in common with Christianity, name a **Non-Existence**. Death, or living Burial. We have formerly characterized this false mode of Thought, in opposition to the true, as vagrancy in the Manifold, contrasted with retirement and concentration in the One; and this is, and remains, its essential characteristic. But instead of directing our attention, as we did formerly, more to the manifold outward objects among which it is dissipated, let us now consider, without any reference whatever to the object, how this mode of Thought is *in itself* an open, shallow, superficiality,—a broken fountain whose waters run waste on all sides.

All inward spiritual energy appears, in immediate Consciousness, as a concentration, comprehension, and contraction of the otherwise distracted spirit into one point, and as a persistence in this one point, in opposition to the con-

stant natural effort to throw off this concentration, and to become once more diffused abroad. Thus, I say, does all inward energy appear; and it is only in this concentration that man is independent, and feels himself to be independent. Beyond this condition of self-contraction, he is dispersed and melted away as before; and that not according to his own will and purpose, for any such effort is the opposite of dispersion—concentration, but just as he is moulded and formed by lawless and incomprehensible chance. In this latter condition, therefore, he has no independence whatever; he exists, not as a substantial reality, but as a fugitive phenomenon of Nature. In short, the original image of spiritual independence, in Consciousness, is an ever self-forming and vitally persistent geometric point; just as the original image of dependence and of spiritual nonentity is an indefinitely outspreading surface. Independence draws the world into an apex; dependence spreads it out into a flat extended plain.

In the former condition only is there power, and the consciousness of power; and hence in it only is a powerful and energetic comprehension and penetration of the World possible. In the second condition there is no power: the Spirit of Man is not even present and at home in the comprehension of the World, but, like Baal in the ancient narrative, he has gone upon a journey, or is asleep: how can he recognise himself in the object, and distinguish himself from it? He fades away, even from himself, in the current of phenomena; and thus his world pales before him, and instead of the living Nature by which he must gauge his own life, and to which he must oppose it, he beholds but a gray spectre, a misty and uncertain shape. To such may be applied what an ancient Prophet said of the idols of the heathen:—"They have eyes, and see not; and have ears, and they hear not." They, in fact, see not with seeing eyes; for it is a wholly different thing to comprehend, in the eye and in the mind, the visible object in its definite limitations, so that from henceforward we may be able at any moment voluntarily to recall it before the spiritual eye precisely as it had

been seen at first,—under which condition alone any one can truly say he has seen it,—and to have a shadowy and formless appearance floating before us in vague uncertainty, until it disappears altogether, leaving behind it no trace of its existence. He who has not yet attained to this vivid comprehension of the objects of Outward Sense, may rest assured that he is yet a far way off from the infinitely higher Spiritual Life.

In this weary, superficial, and incoherent condition, a multitude of oppositions and contradictions lie quietly and tolerantly beside each other. In it there is nothing discriminated and separated, but all things stand upon an equality, and have grown up along with each other. They who live in it hold nothing to be true, and nothing false; they love nothing, and hate nothing. For, in the first place, to such recognition as they might hold by for ever, to love, to hate, or to any other affection, there belongs that very energetic self-concentration of which they are incapable; and, secondly, it is likewise requisite to such recognition or affection, that they should separate and discriminate the Manifold, in order to choose therefrom the particular object of their recognition and affection. But how can they accept anything whatever as established truth, since they would thereby be constrained to cast aside and reject, as false, all other possible things that are opposed to it;—to which their tender attachment, even to its opposite, will by no means consent? How can they love anything whatever with their whole soul, since they would then be under the necessity of hating its opposite, which their universal love and toleration will not permit? They love nothing, I said; and interest themselves for nothing,—not even for themselves. If they ever propose the questions to themselves:—“Have I then right on my side, or have I not?—am I right, or am I wrong? what is to become of me, and am I on the way to happiness or to misery?”—they must answer: “What matters it to me; I shall see what becomes of me, and must accommodate myself to whatever happens,—time will show the result.” Thus are they despised, cast aside, and rejected of them-

selves; and thus even their most immediate possessors, they themselves, need not trouble themselves about them. Who else shall ascribe to them a higher value than they claim for themselves? They have resigned themselves to blind and lawless chance, to make of them whatever chance may bring forth.

As the right mode of thought is in itself right and good, and needs no good works to exalt its value,—although such good works will never indeed be wanting,—so is the mode of thought, which we have now described, in itself worthless and despicable, and there is no need of any particular malignancy being superadded to it, to make it worthless and despicable; and thus no one need here console himself with the idea that he nevertheless does nothing evil, but perhaps, according to his notions, even does what he calls good. This is indeed the very sinful pride of this mode of thought, that these men think they could sin if they would; and that we must accord them great thanks if they refrain from doing so. They mistake:—they can do nothing whatever, for they do not even exist, and there are no such realities as they imagine themselves to be; but, in their stead, there lives and works mere blind and lawless chance; and this manifests itself, just as it happens, here as an evil, and there as an outwardly blameless phenomenon,—without the phenomenon, the mere impress and shadow of a blindly operative power, being, on that account, deserving, in the first case of blame, or in the second case of praise. Whether they shall prove to be noxious or beneficent phenomena, we can know only from the result, and it is of no importance. We know assuredly that, in any case, they shall be without inward Spiritual Life, in a state of vague incoherence and uncertainty; for that which rules within them, the blind power of Nature, can express itself in no other way, and this tree can bear no other fruit.

That which renders this state of mind incurable, which deprives it of all incitement towards a better, and closes it against instruction from without, is the almost total incapacity which is associated with it, to apprehend in its true

sense, even historically, anything that lies beyond its own mode of thought. They would think that they had cast off all love of humanity, and had done the most grievous injustice to an honourable man, were they to admit that, however singularly he might express himself, he could mean, or wish to mean, anything else than that which they mean and say; or were they to ascribe to any communication from other men any other purpose than to repeat before them some old and well-known lesson, so that they might be satisfied that the speaker had thoroughly learned it by rote. Let a man guard himself as he may by means of the most distinctly marked antagonisms,—let him exhaust all the resources of language to choose the strongest, most striking, and most convincing expression,—as soon as it reaches their ear, it loses its nature, and becomes changed into the old triviality; and their art of dragging down everything to their own level is triumphant over all other art. Therefore are they in the highest degree averse to all powerful and energetic expressions, and particularly to such as strive to enforce comprehension by means of images; and, according to their law, those expressions must everywhere be selected that are most vague, indefinite, and far-fetched, and on that very account most powerless and inexpressive, under pain of appearing to be unpolished and obtrusive. Thus, when Jesus spoke of eating his flesh and drinking his blood, his disciples found it a hard saying; and when he mentioned the possibility of a union with God, the Jews took up stones and cast at him. They are always in the right; and since there can nothing whatever be said at any time but that which they already express in their language in this way or that, whence then the surprising effort to express this same thing in another fashion, whereby there is only imposed upon them the superfluous labour of translating it back again into their own speech?

This delineation of spiritual Non-Existence, or, to use the image of Christianity, of the Death and Burial of a living body, has been here introduced, partly in order to set forth the Spiritual Life more clearly by contrast, and partly be-

cause it is itself a necessary element in that description of man, in his relation to Well-Being, which it is our next duty to undertake. As a guide to this description, we possess, and shall employ, those five standpoints in man's view of the World which we set forth in our fifth lecture ;—or, since the standpoint of Science is excluded from popular discourses, the other four,—as so many standpoints in man's enjoyment of the World and of himself. To them the state of spiritual Non-Existence which we have just described does not at all belong ;—it is no possible or positive something, but a pure nothing ; and so it is likewise altogether negative in relation to enjoyment and Well-Being. In it there is no such thing as Love ;—whilst all enjoyment is founded on Love. Hence, to this condition enjoyment is altogether impossible ; and therefore a description of it was requisite at the outset, as the description of absolute joylessness or unblessedness, in opposition to the several modes, now to be set forth, in which man may actually enjoy the World, or himself.

All enjoyment, I have said, is founded on Love. What then is Love ? I say ; Love is the affection (*Affekt*) of Being (*Seyn*). Argue it thus with me :—Being (*Seyn*) is self-reliant, self-sufficient, self-complete ; and needs no Being beyond itself. Now let this be felt in absolute Self-consciousness ; and what arises ? Obviously a feeling of this independence and self-sufficiency ;—hence, a Love of this self ;—or, as I said, an affection or attachment of Being, by means of itself alone ; that is, the feeling of Being as Being. Add further, that in the Finite Being, such as we have described above, who always conceives of himself as in a state of change and transition, there likewise dwells an original image of his True and Proper Being,—then does he love this original image ; and when his actual and sensible being is in harmony with this primitive image, then is his Love satisfied, and it is well with him ;—but when, on the contrary, his actual being is not in harmony with this primitive image, which nevertheless continues living, inextinguishable, and eternally beloved within him, then it is not well with him, for then he wants that which nevertheless he cannot

hinder himself from loving before all things, longing and sorrowing after it continually. Well-being is union with the object of our Love; sorrow is separation from it. Only through Love does man subject himself to the influence of well-being or of sorrow; he who does not love is secure from both of these. But let no one believe that the wan and death-like condition that we have described above, which as it is without love is also assuredly without sorrow, is on that account to be preferred to the life in Love, that is accessible to sorrow, and may be wounded by it. For, in the first place, we at least feel, recognise, and possess *ourselves*, even in the feeling of sorrow, and this of itself is unspeakably more blessed than that absolute want of any self-consciousness; and, in the second place, this sorrow is the wholesome spur that should impel us, and that sooner or later will impel us, to union with the object of our Love, and to Blessedness therein. Happy, therefore, is the man who is able to sorrow and to aspire.

To the first standpoint from which man may view the World, in which reality is attributed only to the objects of OUTWARD SENSE, sensual pleasure is of course the predominant motive in his enjoyment of himself and of the World. Even this,—as we have already said with a more scientific purpose, and in illustration of the first principle we laid down of this whole matter,—even this is founded on an affection of Being,—in this case, as an organized sensuous life; on the love for this Being, and for the conditions of this Being, immediately felt, demanded, and developed,—not, as some have supposed, perceived only by an unconscious inference of the understanding. An article of food has a pleasant taste to us, and a flower a pleasant smell, because they exalt and enliven our organic existence; and the pleasant taste, as well as the pleasant smell, is nothing else than the immediate feeling of this exaltation and enlivenment. But let us not longer pause at this mode of enjoyment, which, although it certainly is a constituent element in the system of Universal Life, and on that account is perhaps not properly to be despised, is nevertheless undeserving of de-

liberate thought or earnest attention!—although I must candidly confess that, in a comparative point of view, he who can throw himself wholly and with undivided feeling into a sensual enjoyment, is, in my opinion, of far greater worth, in the eyes of the consequential philosopher, than he who, from mere superficiality, vagrancy, and vague diffusiveness, is incapable of rightly enjoying even taste or smell, where only taste or smell can be enjoyed.

In the social state there intervenes between this merely sensual appetite and the higher forms of enjoyment, another class of affections, interposed by means of fancy, which however always relate at last to a sensual enjoyment, and proceed from such. Thus, for example, the miser indeed voluntarily subjects himself to present want for which he has no immediate desire, but only from fear of future want for which he has still less desire; and because he has so strangely trained his fancy, that he suffers more from this imagined future hunger than from the real hunger that he actually feels at the present moment. Neither let us pause any longer at these unsubstantial, shallow, and capricious affections, even although they are opposed to immediate sensual enjoyment:—all that belongs to this region is alike shallow and capricious.

The second standpoint from which the World may be viewed is that of LEGALITY, in which reality is attributed only to a SPIRITUAL LAW ordering all actual Existence. What is the affection of this standpoint, and what is its consequent relation to Well-Being? For those among you who possess philosophical knowledge, I shall here, in passing, in a few short remarks and with strict consequentiality, throw a new light on this matter which has already been so well treated of by Kant.

From this standpoint, Man, in the deepest root of his being, is himself the Law. This Law is the self-reliant, self-supporting Being of such a man, which neither needs nor can admit of any other Being whatever besides itself:—a Law absolutely for the sake of Law, and wholly disdaining any purpose beyond itself.

In the first place :—thus rooted in Law, man can still be, think, and act. The philosopher who is not wholly superficial proves this *a priori*; the man who is not wholly rude or senseless feels it constantly in himself, and proves it by his whole life and thought. The celebrated axiom which, since this principle has been reproduced in our own time by Kant and others, has been brought forward and repeated *usque ad nauseam* by a decisive majority of the theologians, philosophers, and beaux-esprits of the age,—the axiom that it is absolutely impossible for a man to will without having an external object of his volition, or to act without having an external object of his action—this axiom we need not meddle with, but have only to meet it with cold and contemptuous rejection. Whence do they know what they so categorically maintain, and how do they propose to prove their axiom? They know it only from their knowledge of themselves; and hence they ask nothing from an opponent but that he should look into his own bosom and find himself such as they are. They cannot do it, and therefore they maintain that no man can do it. But again:—*what* is it they cannot do? Will and act without an object beyond the action. And what is there that lies beyond will and action, and mental independence? Nothing whatever but sensual well-being; for this is the only opposite of these:—sensual well-being, I say, however strangely it may be described, and even although the time and place of its fruition should be placed on the other side the grave. And thus, what is it which they have discovered in this knowledge of themselves? Answer:—that they cannot even think, move, nor in any way bestir themselves, unless with a view to some outward well-being which is thereby to be attained; that they cannot regard themselves as anything but the means and instruments of some sensual enjoyment, and that, according to their firm conviction, the Spiritual in them only exists for the purpose of nursing and tending on the Animal. Who shall dispute their self-knowledge, or attempt to gainsay them in that which they must know best of all, and which, in truth, only they themselves can know?

Man, on the second standpoint from which the World may be viewed, is himself the Law, we said ;—a living, self-conscious, self-attached Law,—or an affection of Law. But the affection of Law, as Law, and in this form, is, as I call upon you to perceive, an absolute command, an unconditional obligation, a Categorical Imperative ; which, on account of this very categorical nature of its form, wholly rejects all love or even inclination towards the thing commanded. It *shall* be, that is all :—simply it *shall*. If thou *wouldst* do it, there would be no need of the *shall* ; it would come too late, and would be rejected ; while, on the contrary, as surely as thou, on thy part, obeyest the *shall*, and canst so obey, so surely dost thou not *will* ; volition is beyond thy reach, inclination and love are expressly laid aside.

Now, could man wholly resign himself with his entire Life to this affection of Law, then would he abide solely by this cold and rigid commandment ; and, with regard to his view of himself and of the World, by the absolutely uninterested judgment whether a thing be in accordance with the Law or not ;—wholly excluding all personal inclination, and every thought of it being agreeable or disagreeable ; as indeed is actually the case where men give themselves up to this affection. Such an one, through his strict acceptance of the Law, might yet declare that he did not, and would not, act in accordance with it, without anything like remorse or displeasure with himself ; and indeed with the same coolness with which he might acknowledge that some thousand years before his birth, and in a remote quarter of the world, some other person had not performed the obligation imposed upon him. But, in actual life, this affection is usually conjoined with an interest for ourselves, and our own personality ; which latter interest then assumes the nature of the first affection, and becomes modified thereby ; so that the view we take of ourselves, while it remains indeed a mere judgment, which it must be in virtue of the first affection, is yet not wholly an uninterested judgment ;—we are constrained to despise ourselves if we do not walk according to the Law, and we are free from this self-contempt

if we act in harmony with it; and we would consequently rather find ourselves in the latter position than in the former.

The interest which man feels in himself, we said, is swallowed up in this affection of Law. He desires only not to be constrained to despise himself before the tribunal of the Law. Not to despise himself, I say,—negatively; by no means to be able to respect himself,—positively. Wherever positive self-respect is spoken of, it is only, and can only be, the absence of self-contempt that is meant. For the judgment of which we here speak is founded solely on the Law, which is completely determined, and assumes jurisdiction over the whole of humanity. There is no third course:—either man is not in harmony with the Law, and then he must despise himself; or he is in harmony with it, and then he has nothing to allege against himself;—but, in his fulfilment of the Law, he can by no means transcend its requirements in aught, and do something beyond what he is bound to do, which would thus be done without commandment, and hence be a free and voluntary act;—and therefore he can never positively respect himself, nor honour himself as something excellent.

The interest which man feels in himself is swallowed up in the affection of Law; this affection destroys all inclination, all love, and all desire. Man has but one thing needful to him—not to despise himself; beyond this he wills nothing, needs nothing, and can use nothing. In that one want of his nature, however, he is dependent on himself alone; for an Absolute Law, by which man is wholly encompassed, must necessarily represent him as entirely free. By means of this conception he is now elevated above all love, desire, and want, and thus above all that is external to him and that does not depend on himself; needing nothing but himself; and thus, by the extinction of everything in him that was dependent, himself truly independent, exalted above all things, and like the blessed Gods. It is only unsatisfied wants that produce unhappiness: require then nothing but that which thou thyself canst secure,—

thou canst, however, only make sure that thou shalt have no fault to find with thyself,—and thou art for ever inaccessible to unhappiness. Thou hast no need of anything beyond thyself;—not even of a God,—for thou art thine own God, thine own salvation, and thine own Redeemer.

No one who can justly lay claim to the amount of historical knowledge which every educated man is presumed to possess, can have failed to perceive that I have now set forth the mode of thought peculiar to that celebrated system of antiquity—Stoicism. A venerable picture of this mode of thought is the representation, made by an ancient poet, of the mythical Prometheus; who, in the consciousness of his own just and good deed, laughs at the Thunderer seated above the clouds, and at all the torments heaped upon his head by the relentless God; and who, with undaunted courage, sees a world crashing around him into ruins, and, in the language of one of our own poets, thus addresses Zeus:—

“Here I sit,—forming men  
After my image;  
A race that, like me,  
Shall suffer, weep,  
Enjoy and rejoice,—  
And despise thee, Zeus!  
As I do.”\*

You have sufficiently understood that to us this mode of thought stands only upon the second grade in the possible views of the World, and is only the first and lowest form of the higher Spiritual Life. You have already, in our former lecture, received indications of a far more earnest and perfect Life, which shall be further developed in the succeeding lectures. Yet it is not our intention to surrender this mode of thought, which is indeed worthy of all honour, to the contempt of spiritual perversion, nor even to leave a single lurking-place open to such perversion. With this view, I add the following.

It is unquestionably true that this mode of thought can

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\* Goethe's “Prometheus.”

arrive at the admission of a God only through inconsequentiality; and that, wherever it is consistent, although it may at times make use of the conception of a God,—perhaps for the theoretical explanation of Nature, but assuredly never for its own practical need of such a conception,—yet it needs no God for its own heart, reverences none, and is indeed its own God. But what sort of God is that which it rejects? It is no other, and can be no other—because on this standpoint no other is possible—than the arbitrary distributor of sensual well-being whom we have already described, whose favour must be acquired by means of some expedient, even if that expedient be a behaviour in accordance with the Law. This God, so constituted, is rightly rejected; he ought to be rejected, for he is not God; and the higher view of the World never again accepts God in this shape, as we, in the proper place, shall clearly see. Stoicism does not reject the truth, but only the lie; it does not attain to the truth, but remains, with relation to it, only in a negative position;—this is its defect.

Thus also, the delusion of a certain system that calls itself Christian,—that sensual desire is sanctified by means of Christianity and its satisfaction entrusted to a God, and that it has discovered the secret whereby it may serve God even by means of its servitude to this desire;—this delusion too, I say, remains an error. The happiness which the sensuous man seeks is irrevocably separated from the Blessedness which Religion—does not indeed promise, but—immediately presents, by the gulf of subjection to a Sacred Law before which all desire grows dumb;—separated, not in degree, but in its very nature. And thus do those who, as philosophers, teach this same doctrine, and who in the most animated appeals seek to convince us that, by our demands, we would destroy the essential character of human nature, and tear its very heart from its body, besides their fitting despicableness, make themselves also ridiculous. So also those beaux-esprits, who raise a cry about the extirpation of love by means of Stoicism—meaning by this love, not the flame of Divine Love, of which we shall afterwards speak,

but only mere earthly love and desire—and who believe that, as a child who innocently extends its little hands towards an offered dainty is a touching and therefore a pleasing spectacle, so may the grown man, who behaves in like manner, demand the moral approval of the earnest censor; and that whatever is capable of affording the beholder a pleasing æsthetical spectacle is, on that account, in itself noble and good,—these, I say, are lost in the most singular confusion of ideas.

Thus much had I to say, with reference to Well-Being, regarding the second standpoint from which the World may be viewed by man; which, in this respect, is only negative,—mere Apathy: and I desired to set forth this strictly and clearly, in order, by means of this Apathy, as the middle state, to distinguish the Vulgar from the Holy, and to set up an insurmountable wall of separation between them. Wherein this Apathy is limited, and how it thereby becomes an impulse towards the development of a Higher Life in the Divine Love;—of this we shall speak in our next lecture.

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## LECTURE VIII.

EXPOSITION OF FORM AS THE UNIVERSAL CONDITION  
OF EXISTENCE ;—FREEDOM AND INDEPENDENCE  
OF THE EGO ;—CATEGORICAL IMPERATIVE ;—  
PASSAGE TO THE HIGHER MORALITY.

THE entire purpose and import of these Lectures may be thus briefly stated :—to give a description of the One, True, and therefore Blessed Life. Every good description, however, ought to be genetic, and gradually unfold the matter described before the eyes of the beholders. The true Spiritual Life is peculiarly susceptible of such a genetic description ; for it develops itself, as we said before,—figuratively, as it then seemed, but, as it now appears, with very literal earnestness,—this Life develops itself gradually, and step by step, having its several determinate stations. As these stations of the Spiritual Life, we have recognized five chief standpoints in man's possible view of the World ; and through these we have ascended throughout the scale of Life, at first in a mere cold and uninterested survey ;—but in the previous lecture we have, in place of this merely intellectual view, taken cognizance of its affections, its love, and its self-enjoyment ; and thereby we have, for the first time, completed the *form* of Life. This Life, thus defined, we have followed, in our last lecture, through the conditions of Nullity, of mere Sensual Enjoyment, and of strict Legality or harmony with an assumed Law.

How such a description of the Spiritual Life is now to ascend to its higher forms, is, for obvious reasons, more obscure and unintelligible to a majority of a degenerate age, because it now enters upon regions which are foreign to such an age,—not known to it, either by its own spiritual experience, or even by hearsay. Thus it becomes the duty of those who undertake to speak of such subjects, if they must resign the hope of being positively understood by all men, at least to guard carefully against themselves giving occasion for any misconception; and, if they cannot bring home the truth to all, yet to take care that no one, through their fault, is led to receive anything false; and at least so to equip and prepare those who possess the power of fully comprehending their instructions, that these shall be able, each in his own circle, to give an account of the truth, and to correct the misapprehensions of others. This consideration has determined me to devote a portion of this lecture to a profound and exhaustive exposition of the matter which, in our last lecture, we brought to its culminating point, and have still to treat of in this.

Those among you who are already initiated into speculative science shall, on this occasion, be introduced into the organic central-point of all speculation, in such a manner as, to my knowledge, has never and nowhere been attempted before. The others, who either are unable, or do not desire, to philosophize with us, may at least avail themselves of the opportunity thus presented to them of personally listening to a strictly philosophical demonstration, in order to acquire a general conception of the matter, and to be convinced that, when rightly treated, it is by no means so strange and artificial a thing as is commonly supposed, but proceeds in a quite simple and natural manner, and requires in the student nothing more than the power of sustained attention. Nevertheless it will be necessary that even they who belong to this latter class should apprehend what is now to be said, historically at least, because before the conclusion of the lecture we shall come to something which all will wish to understand, but which can not be understood unless the

first part has been at least historically apprehended, and assumed as a possible hypothesis.

We have seen and understood:—that Being (*Sein*) is—absolutely;—that it has never arisen nor become, nor has anything in it ever arisen or become. But further, this Being is also outwardly present, *ex*-ists,—as may be discovered and perceived, but not genetically understood; and after it has been thus discovered and perceived as *ex*-isting there present, then it may also be understood that this *Ex*-istence (*Daseyn*) has likewise not arisen nor become, but is founded in the inward necessity of Being (*Sein*) itself, and is, through it, absolutely determined. By means of its thus *ex*-isting, and in this *Ex*-istence, Being now becomes Consciousness; and that a Consciousness separated and broken up into a manifold variety of Forms:—and this may, in like manner, be seen and understood as the necessary result of *Ex*-istence.

In order that we may not have constantly to repeat the same series of words, we shall now comprehend under the term *Form*, everything that attaches to Being in consequence of *Ex*-istence;—which word, *Form*, shall henceforward signify all that we have already seen to be the necessary result of *Ex*-istence. (I may here mention, for the benefit of those who do not enter with us into the strictly philosophical view of our subject, that this is the case with all philosophical terminology;—its expressions are only abbreviations of speech, employed to recall to mind briefly something which has been previously apprehended in immediate contemplation; and to him who has not been a partaker in this immediate contemplation, but to him alone, they are empty, unmeaning, formulas.)

Thus we have these two elements:—Being, as it is essentially and in itself;—and *Form*, which is assumed by the former in consequence of its *Ex*-istence. But how have we expressed ourselves? What is it that assumes a *Form*? Answer:—Being, as it is in itself, without any change whatever of its inward Essential Nature. But what then is there in *Ex*-istence? Answer:—Nothing else than the One,

Eternal and Unchangeable Being, besides which there can be nothing. Again :—May this Eternal Being ex-ist otherwise than in this precise Form? How were that possible, since this Form is nothing else than Ex-istence itself; and consequently the assertion, that Being could also ex-ist in another Form, would be equivalent to saying, that Being could ex-ist, and yet not ex-ist? Let us call Being *A*, and Form,—I mean universal Form, apprehended in its unity,—*B*;—then Actual Ex-istence is  $A \times B$  and  $B \times A$ ,— or *A* as determined by *B*, and the reverse. *Determined*, I say, emphatically, so that your thoughts may now proceed, not from one of the extremes, but from the central-point; and you may thus understand, that both these elements have mutually entered together into Reality, and are reciprocally interpenetrated by each other, so that in Reality, and indeed without the annihilation of Reality, they can never again be separated. This is the point upon which everything depends; this is the organic central-point of all Speculation; and he who thoroughly penetrates to this, has reached the ultimate perfection of light.

To make this yet stronger;—God himself, that is, the Essential Nature of the Absolute, which is separated from his outward Ex-istence only by means of our limited comprehension, cannot throw off this absolute blending of Essence with Form; for even his Ex-istence, which only to the first merely phenomenal glance seems contingent and phenomenal, is yet to true Thought, which is the only decisive criterion, not contingent,—but, since it is and could not be otherwise, *it must be a necessary result of his inward Essential Nature*. By reason therefore of God's Essential Nature itself, this Essential Nature is inseparably bound up with Form, and has itself entered into Form; which to those who are able to comprehend it, thoroughly solves the highest difficulty of Speculation which has existed from the beginning of the world down to the present day, and confirms our previous commentary on the words of John :—"In the beginning,—absolutely independent of all possibility of opposition, of all caprice, of all contingency, and therefore of

all Time,—founded on the inward necessity of the Divine Nature itself,—was Form;—and Form was with God,—contained in, established on, and its very Ex-istence proceeding from, the inward determinate character of the Divine Nature;—and Form was itself God; God manifested himself in it even as he is in himself.”

For example:—One portion of Form was the infinitely progressive and continuous manifestation and characterization of Being; which *in itself* eternally remains the same, = *A*. I ask you, that you may hereby test your knowledge of the subject:—In this Infinite Manifestation and characterization, what is the real and active principle that is manifested and characterized? Is it Form? This, *in itself*, is nothing. No: it is the Absolute Reality = *A*, that manifests itself as it essentially is;—manifests itself, I say, according to the laws which govern an Infinity. *Nothing* does not manifest itself;—but the Essential Divine Nature manifests itself.

Out of this Infinity, take, wherever you will, the substance of any one particular moment. This substance, let it be understood, is wholly determined; it is that which it is, and nothing else. I ask:—Wherefore is it that which it is, and by what has it been thus determined? You can give no answer but this:—By two factors;—in the first place, because the Absolute, in its Essential Nature, is as it is; and, in the second place, because this same Absolute flows forth in an Infinite Manifestation. After deducting that element of the substance of the moment which proceeds from the Essential Nature of the Absolute, what remains in this moment—*i. e.* that in it which is purely and simply Manifestation—is that which especially belongs to this moment out of the infinite multiplicity of Form.

We have said that this infinite divisibility is the one portion of Form; and we made use of this portion as an example, in order thereby to make our fundamental principle more distinct. For our present purpose, however, we require the second portion of Form, to which we must also apply the fundamental principle we have laid down, and which is

now, we hope, understood;—to which end I must again lay claim to your attention.

This second portion of Form is a division into five collateral—but as dominant points reciprocally exclusive—standpoints in the view of Reality. Collateral, but as dominant points reciprocally exclusive:—it is of importance that this should here be borne in mind. We have already proved this above; and indeed it is immediately evident at the first glance. Once more then:—What is it that is divided in this new division? Obviously, the Absolute, as it is in itself;—the same Absolute which, in the same unity and completeness of Form, divides itself likewise to Infinity. Of this there can be no doubt. But, how are these points presented to us:—are they presented as *actual*, like the entire Infinity that flows through Time? No, for they reciprocally exclude each other, as dominant, in one and the same moment of Time; and hence, in relation to the fulfilment of all moments of Time by any one of them, they are all assumed as equally *possible*; and Being appears, in relation to each of them individually, not as necessarily to be so understood, nor as actually so understood, but only as possibly to be so understood. Specially:—Does then the One Being, which is indeed irrevocably broken up in an Infinite Time, itself assume this first mode, or this second mode, and so on? Certainly not:—this Being is, in and through itself, perfectly undetermined, and wholly indifferent with regard to these modes of its acceptation. In this relation, Reality proceeds only the length of Possibility, not further. It thus assumes, by means of its *Ex-istence*, the existence of a Freedom and Independence in the mode of its acceptation, or in the way in which it is reflected, wholly independent of itself in its inward Essential Nature. And now to express the same thing more strictly:—The Absolute Being, in this its *Ex-istence*, regards itself as this Absolute Freedom and Independence in the mode of its own acceptation, and as this Independence of its own inward Being;—it does not create a Freedom external to itself, but it is itself, in this portion of Form, its own Free-

dom external to itself;—and in this respect, the self in its Ex-istence is separated from the self in its Being, and is projected, as it were, out of itself, in order to return again to itself as a living Ex-istence. Now the universal form of Reflexion is *Ego*;—hence we have here a free and independent Ego;—or, what is the same thing, an Ego, and that which alone is an Ego, a free and independent Ego, belongs to Absolute Form = *B*, and is the peculiar organic central-point of the Absolute Form of Absolute Being;—since even that division into an Infinite Manifold which we placed by the side of this second portion of Form, is, according to our own deduction, founded upon the independence of the Form of Reflexion; and, according to the above remarks, is inseparable from the inward necessity of the Divine Nature, so that it cannot be cast off even by God himself.

It is convenient, in passing, to note the following principles:—(1.) Freedom does certainly and truly exist, and is itself the very root of Ex-istence: but yet it is not *immediately* real, for in it Reality proceeds only the length of Possibility. The paradox apparently contained in this latter principle will be solved of itself as we proceed in our inquiry. (2.) Freedom, in Time, and as an independent, self-determining fulfilment of Time, exists only in relation to the five standpoints of Spiritual Life which we have set forth, and only in so far as it arises out of these:—and it does not exist beyond that five-fold division,—for beyond that there is nothing but the inwardly determined Absolute Being, in the likewise unchangeably determined Form of Infinity, and Time immediately filled by Reality itself;—nor does it exist on this side of that division, and thus place the Ego in one of these points,—for, on the other hand, on this side there is nothing but strict necessity, and sequence from principle.

This in passing, on account of its importance in another connexion, and also because it does not seem to be very well understood. Not however in passing, but as belonging essentially to our present subject, we add the following, to which I must anew demand your attention:—(1.) Since

this Independence and Freedom of the Ego belongs to Being itself, and all conscious Being has its Affection (*Affekt*), there must necessarily exist, in so far as there is an immediate Consciousness of personal, individual, Freedom, an Affection for such Independence, the Love of it, and consequent Faith in it. In so far as there is such an immediate Consciousness of personal, individual, Freedom, I say: for (2.)—and this is the chief object of our whole inquiry, and the true end of all that has gone before,—and therefore I beg of you to note it well,—this Freedom and Independence is nothing more than the mere *possibility* of the Standpoint of Life; this possibility, however, is limited to the five modes already pointed out, and hence, if any one has completed the comprehension of Life according to this scheme, he has at the same time completed the round of possibility and elevated it into reality; he has exhausted his estate of Freedom,—there is, in the root of his Existence no more Freedom remaining; but with the Being of Freedom there also necessarily disappears the Affection, the Love, and the Faith in this Freedom,—doubtless to give place to a far holier Love, and a far more bliss-giving Faith. So long as the Ego has yet to labour, by its own original self-activity, in moulding itself to the perfect Form of Reality, there indeed remains in it the impulse towards such self-activity, the unsatisfied impulse, as a salutary impelling spur,—and the intimate self-consciousness of a Freedom, which, in this position of the matter, is absolutely true and without delusion;—but when this self-discipline has been completed, then that consciousness, which would now certainly become deceptive, disappears; and henceforward Reality flows forth before it in the sole remaining and indestructible Form of Infinity.

Thus,—and I now announce this result as what may be understood by all, and not by the speculative portion of my audience only,—thus the *presence* of an Affection, a Love, and a Faith in personal, individual, Freedom on the one hand, and the *absence* of such Affection on the other, are the fundamental points of two entirely opposite modes of view-

ing and enjoying the World, into which I shall now combine more strictly our previous five-fold division.

In the first place, with regard to the condition of the *Presence* of the Affection for personal, individual, Freedom:—this again has two different forms,—(you will observe that this is a subordinate division in the first section of the principal division)—the first and lower of which I thus explain to you. The Ego, as the subject of this Freedom, is, as you know, Reflexion. This, as you also know, in its first function, forms, determines, and characterizes the World. Within these forms, and in the exercise of this formative function, the particular Ego here described by us is a proper and independent Being; and this, its determinate Being, it on that very account embraces with Love; and thus acquires an impulse towards, and a need of, this determinate Being. Again:—What kind of Being is this?—Being in a determinate Form of its Life. Whence the need of this Form? From its self-love in this standpoint of its Freedom. If the need were satisfied, what would be the result? Enjoyment. Whence would this Enjoyment arise? From a certain modification of its Life by means of the World which it has itself formed,—that is, of the objective, divided, and manifold World. Herein lies the foundation of the sensual desire of man, and this is the true creator of the World of Sense. Thus there arises the desire and need of a certain and determinate Form of our Life—this is the important point, the characteristic feature, to which I entreat your attention:—the impulse towards Happiness in determinate, and by means of determinate, objects. That the objective determination of this impulse towards Happiness is not without foundation, but rests upon the Reality still remaining in this Form of Independence, is understood:—as also this, that since, in this Form of the progressive development of the World, there is an uninterrupted course of change, the Ego itself likewise unceasingly becomes changed; and, on that account, that also in which it is compelled to place its Happiness gradually changes; and in the course of this change the first objects of desire are set aside, and others

take their place. From this absolute uncertainty respecting the particular object in which the source of Happiness is to be found, we arrive, at last, at a conception, in this respect completely empty and indefinite,—which yet retains this fundamental characteristic, that Happiness does not arise from any determinate object:—the conception of a Life in which all our wants, whatever they may be, are to be satisfied upon the spot, an absence of all grief, all weariness, and all toil,—the Islands of the Blessed and the Elysian Fields of the Greeks, the Abraham's bosom of the Jews, the Heaven of the Christians of the present day. At this stage the Freedom and Independence are material.—The second mode of the *Presence* of the Affection for personal, individual, Freedom and Independence is that in which the feeling and love of this Freedom is only general, and therefore bare, empty, and formal, without any definite object being thereby either proposed or striven after. This gives the standpoint of Legality described at the end of the last lecture, and which we also called that of Stoicism. Here man regards himself as free, for he assumes that he has the power to refuse obedience to the Law; he consequently separates himself from, and places himself, as a self-existent power, in opposition to the Law, or to whatever may appear to him as Law. He cannot otherwise comprehend and regard himself than as one who has it in his power to refuse obedience to the Law, I said. Nevertheless, according to his necessary view of things, he must obey the Law and not follow his own inclination; he therefore completely loses all title to Happiness, and, if his avowed opinion be actually living within him, he loses also the need of Happiness, and of a God who is the author and giver of Happiness. But through this first supposition of his ability to refuse obedience, there arises to him, for the first time, a Law;—for his Freedom, bereft of inclination, is now empty and without aim. He must once more control it;—and constraint upon Freedom, or Law, is one and the same thing. Hence it is only through that Faith in Freedom, which still remains after he has given up all desire, that he makes a Law possible for

himself, and gives to his view of true Reality the form of a Law.

Comprehend this profoundly, and therefore fully and clearly, thus :—(1.) The Divine Nature does not enter, whole and undivided, into these reciprocally exclusive points of Freedom, but it enters them partially only :—beyond these points, however, it reveals itself, unconcealed by any veil whatever (every such veil having its foundation only in these points), such as it is in itself,—in an infinitely progressive development and Manifestation—in this Form of eternal, progressive Life which is inseparable from its pure, internal Life. This eternal forth-flowing of the Divine Life is the true, innermost and deepest root of Ex-istence,—the absolutely indissoluble union of Essence with Form which we have referred to above. This Being of Ex-istence, like all other Being, obviously carries with it the Affection of itself; it is the abiding, eternal, and unchangeable *Will* of the Absolute Reality thus continuously to develope itself, as it necessarily must develope itself. (2.) So long as any Ego whatever occupies any one of the points of Freedom, he has still a personal, individual Being, which is a partial and imperfect Ex-istence of the Divine Ex-istence, and hence properly a negation of Being; and such an Ego has also an affection for this Being, and a fixed and unchangeable will to maintain this his Ex-istence. His actual will, ever present with him, is hence by no means identical with the abiding Affection and Will of the perfect Divine Ex-istence. (3.) Should an Ego, occupying this standpoint, be nevertheless capable of willing in conformity with that Eternal Will, yet could this never come to pass by means of his mere present will, but this Ego must first make the Eternal Will his own by means of a third intervening volition, usually called a *determination of the Will*. Exactly in this case stands the votary of Law; and he becomes so just because he stands in this case. Since he professes,—and this is the peculiar root of his whole mode of thought, and that whereby we must comprehend him,—since he professes that he is also able to refuse obedience,—which (since we

have nothing to do here with mere physical power, the dependence of which upon will we must assume), is obviously equivalent to saying that he also has it in his power *to will* such disobedience,—to which assertion, as the immediate expression of his self-consciousness, we must doubtless accord faith,—this profession is equivalent to saying that it is not his predominant and ever-present will to obey;—for who can act contrary to his own will, and who can think in opposition to his own ever-present and continually active will? Not that he is disinclined to obedience;—for then another, and indeed sensuous desire would necessarily bear sway in him, which is contrary to the supposition, since he would then not be even a moral being, but would require to be maintained in order and discipline by means of outward compulsion;—but only that he is not positively inclined to it, and occupies a position of mere indifference. In consequence of this indifference of his own actually present will, does that other Will become to him a foreign behest, which he at first regards as a Law to his own naturally inactive will; and to the fulfilment of which he must first produce in himself the will that is naturally wanting, by means of a positive determination. And thus, the indifference towards the Eternal Will, which still remains after actual renunciation of the Sensuous Will, is the source of a Categorical Imperative within us; as the faith which we still retain in our own, at least formal, Independence, is the source of that indifference.

Just as this faith disappears by means of the highest crowning act of Freedom, does the previously existing Ego likewise disappear in the pure Divine Ex-istence; and we can no longer say, strictly speaking, that the Affection, the Love, and the Will of this Divine Ex-istence is *ours*, since there are no longer two Ex-istences and two Wills; but now one Ex-istence, and one and the same Will, is all in all. So long as man cherishes the desire of being himself something, God comes not to him, for no man can become God. But so soon as he renounces himself sincerely, wholly, and radically, then God alone remains, and is all in all. Man

can create no God for himself; but he can renounce himself as the true negation,—and then he is wholly absorbed in God.

This self-renunciation is the entrance into the Higher Life which is wholly opposed to the lower life,—the latter taking its distinctive character from the existence of a self; and it is, according to our former mode of computation, the attainment of the Third standpoint in the view of the World;—that of the pure and HIGHER MORALITY.

The peculiar and essential nature of this Morality, and of the Blessedness which dwells in the central-point of this world, we shall describe in our next lecture. At present we shall only point out the relation of this standpoint to the lower and sensual world. I hope that I have already laid my foundation so deep, that I shall not fail of success in my subsidiary purpose of taking away all possible subterfuge or evasion from the common practice of confounding together Blessedness and Happiness. This mode of thought, which, when it is superseded by a more earnest sentiment, would much rather not have said what it is yet continually saying, loves much a charitable twilight, and a certain indefiniteness of conception; and it is therefore the more desirable to drag it forth into clear light, and to separate ourselves from it with the strictest precision. Its supporters would indeed willingly accommodate the matter,—we know it well,—they do not wish to cast aside the spirit altogether,—we are not so unjust as to accuse them of that,—but neither will they give up aught of the flesh. We however neither will nor can accommodate the matter; for these two things are utterly irreconcilable, and he who would possess the one must renounce the other.

The view of self, as a person existing for its own sake and in a World of Sense, does indeed still remain for him who has attained the third standpoint; for this is a necessary and inevitable part of Form; but the Love and Affection for it are here no longer felt. What is now to him this person, and all sensuous activity? Obviously, only means for the purpose of doing that which he himself

wishes and loves above all else,—namely, the Will of God manifesting itself in him ;—just as this personality is to the Stoic only the means of obeying the Law : and both are herein alike, and of equal value in our estimation. To the sensuous man, on the contrary, his personal sensual Existence is his ultimate and especial object, and everything else which he does or believes beyond it, is to him but the means for the fulfilment of its purposes.

It is wholly impossible, and an absolute contradiction, that any one should love in two different directions, or hold two opposite purposes. The Love of God, which we have described, entirely extirpates personal Self-love. For only by the renunciation of the latter do we attain the former. Again, where personal Self-love is, there the Love of God is not ; for the latter suffers no other Love beside it.

This, as we have formerly observed, is the fundamental character of sensuous Self-love,—that it requires a Life fashioned in a particular way, and seeks its Happiness in some particular object ; while, on the contrary, the Love of God regards every form of Life, and all objects, but as means ; and knows that everything which is given is the proper and necessary means ; and therefore never desires any object determined in this or that particular way, but accepts all as they present themselves.

What then would the sensuous man who requires an objective enjoyment do, were he indeed a man, and consistent ? I should think that, relying upon himself, he would exert all his strength to gather around him the objects of his enjoyment ; enjoy what he had, and do without that which was beyond his reach. But what happens to him, if he be also a superstitious child ? He says to himself that the objects of his enjoyment are in the gift of a God who will indeed grant them to him, but who for this service demands something from him in exchange ;—he alleges that there has been a covenant made with him on the subject ;—he exhibits a collection of writings as the voucher of this pretended covenant.

When he fully enters into this conception, how is it then

with him? Enjoyment still remains his especial object, and his duty to his imagined God only the means for the attainment of this object. This must be confessed,—there is no escaping it. It will not do to say, as is frequently said: —“I desire that the Will of God be done for its own sake; —I wish Happiness—only *by the way*.” Setting aside for a moment thy “*by the way*,” thou yet admittest that thou wishest Happiness because it is Happiness; and because thou believest that, having it, it will be well with thee; and because thou wouldst willingly have it well with thee. But then thou certainly dost not desire that the Will of God be done for its own sake alone; for then thou couldst not desire Happiness, since the first desire supersedes and destroys the second; and it is absolutely impossible that that which is destroyed can exist beside, and be associated with, its destroyer. Dost thou also wish, as thou sayest, that the Will of God be done?—then thou canst wish this only because thou believest that thou canst not otherwise obtain that which thou especially desirest,—namely Happiness;—and because this wish is imposed upon thee by the desire by which thou art more especially animated;—thou wishest therefore the Will of God only “*by the way*,” and because thou art constrained to do so; but from the bottom of thy heart, and with thy own good will, thou wishest only for Happiness.

It is nothing to the purpose that this Happiness is removed far from immediate sight, and even placed in another world beyond the grave, where it is thought that it may be possible to confound the two ideas with less trouble. Whatever you may say with regard to this your Heaven,—or rather whatever you may not say, in order that your true meaning may not come to light,—yet the single circumstance that you make it dependent upon Time, and place it in another world, proves already incontrovertibly that it is a Heaven of sensuous enjoyment. Here Heaven is not, you say;—but yonder it shall be. I pray you,—What then is that which can be different yonder from what it is here? Obviously, only the objective constitution of the world, as

the environment of our existence. It must therefore, according to your opinion, be the objective constitution of the present world which makes it unfit for a Heaven, and the objective constitution of the future world which makes it fit for that purpose;—and thus you cannot any longer conceal that your Blessedness depends upon outward circumstances and therefore is a sensuous enjoyment. Did you seek your Blessedness there where alone it is to be found, solely in God and in the truth of his Manifestation, but by no means in the mere casual Form in which he is manifested,—then would you not need to refer yourselves to another Life, for God is even now to-day, as he shall be in all Eternity. I assure you,—and remember my words when it shall come to pass,—just as, in the second Life to which you shall then have attained, you will again make your Happiness dependent on outward circumstances, you shall fare just as ill there as you do here; and you will then console yourselves with a third Life, and in the third with a fourth, and so on for ever;—for God neither can nor will confer Blessedness by means of outward circumstances, since he desires, on the contrary, to give us Himself, independent of all of Form.

In a word:—this mode of thought, thrown into the form of a prayer, would thus express itself:—“Lord! let but my will be done, and that throughout an Eternity which on that account shall be blessed; and in return thou shalt have Thy Will in this short and wearisome present Time.”—And this is manifest immorality, senseless superstition, irreligion, and actual blasphemy of the holy and bliss-giving Will of God.

On the contrary, the expression of the constant mind of the truly Moral and Religious Man is this prayer:—“Lord! let but Thy Will be done, then is mine also done; for I have no other will than this,—that Thy Will be done.” This Divine Will is necessarily done now and for ever;—in the first place, in the Inward Life of this man thus devoted to it,—of which in our next lecture;—and then—what immediately belongs to our present subject—in everything that meets him in his Outward Life. All these events are

nothing else than the necessary and unalterable Outward Manifestation of the Divine Work fulfilling itself in him; and he cannot wish that anything in these events should be otherwise than what it is, without wishing that the Inward Life, which can only thus manifest itself, should be otherwise,—and without thereby separating his will from the Will of God, and setting it in opposition thereto. He cannot any longer reserve to himself a choice in these things, for he must accept everything just as it happens; for everything that comes to pass is the Will of God with him, and therefore the best that can possibly come to pass.\* To those who love God, all things *must* work together for good, absolutely and immediately.

To those also, in whom the Will of God is not inwardly accomplished,—because there is indeed no Inward Life in them, but who are altogether mere outward things,—to them also the Will of God is done outwardly, as alone it can reach them;—appearing at first sight ungracious and chastening, but in reality in the highest degree merciful and loving;—while with them it grows worse and worse, and they weary themselves out, and even render themselves despicable and ridiculous, in the vain chase after a good which ever floats before their vision and ever eludes their grasp,—until they are thereby at last driven to seek for Happiness there where alone it is to be found. To those who do *not* love God, all things must work together immediately for pain and torment, until, by means of this torment, they are at last led to Salvation.

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\* For an account of a remarkable incident connected with this passage, see "Memoir" p. 128.

## LECTURE IX.

EXPOSITION OF THE HIGHER MORALITY—PASSAGE  
TO THE STANDPOINT OF TRUE RELIGION—  
CHARACTERIZATION OF THE MORAL-  
RELIGIOUS WILL.

THE following were the results of our last lecture, and indicate the point at which we now stand:—So long as man still desires to be something on his own account, the True Being and Life cannot develope itself within him, and hence he likewise remains inaccessible to Blessedness; for all personal, individual Being is but Non-Being, and limitation of the True Being; and, on that very account, is either obvious Unblessedness,—as in the case of the first standpoint, that of mere Sensuousness, which looks to outward objects only for its enjoyment, whilst no outward object can possibly satisfy man;—or else, if not actual Unblessedness, yet just as little Blessedness, but only mere Apathy, passive indifference, and absolute incapacity for all enjoyment of Life,—as in the case of the second standpoint, that of mere formal Legality. On the contrary, as soon as man, by an act of the Highest Freedom, surrenders and lays aside his personal, individual Freedom and Independence, he becomes a partaker of the Only True Being, the Divine, and of all the Blessedness that is contained therein. We showed, in the first place,—in order to separate ourselves distinctly from the opposite sensuous mode of thought, and to lay this aside once and for

ever,—how such an one, who has attained the True Life, looks upon the outward and sensuous Life; and we found that he regards his whole personal Ex-istence, and all outward occurrences that affect it, but as means for the fulfilment of the Divine Work in him; and indeed all of them as they occur as necessarily the best and most legitimate means; and hence he desires to possess no voice or choice whatever with regard to the objective disposition of these occurrences, but accepts them all as they present themselves. On the other hand, we reserved for our present lecture, the description of the inward and peculiar Life of such a man:—which description we now begin.

I have already shown, on a former occasion, that the Third standpoint of the Spiritual Life,—which undoubtedly is that at which we have now arrived, that, namely, of the HIGHER MORALITY,—is distinguished from the second, that of mere formal Legality, by the creation of a wholly new and truly Super-sensual World, and by the development of this world within the world of sense as its sphere; while, on the contrary, the Law of Stoicism is only the Law of an order in the world of sense. It is this assertion that I have, in the next place, to establish on a deeper foundation, and thus more clearly explain and more strictly define it.

On this standpoint, the whole sensible world, the existence of which is assumed only because of our love and affection for a determinate Ex-istence in outward objects, becomes only a means; but unquestionably not a means for nothing,—upon which supposition it would not be a means, since besides itself there would then be nothing, and it would consequently remain for ever an end, as the sole and absolute Ex-istence,—but it becomes undoubtedly a means for an Actual, True, and Real Being. What is this Being? We know it from what has been said above. It is the inward Essential Being of God himself, as it is absolutely, in itself and through itself, immediately, purely, and without intervening medium, without being modified, veiled, or obscured by any Form contained in the personality of the Ego. and which is, on that account, obstructive and limiting;—but

broken only by the indestructible Form of Infinity. Since this Being is determined only, on the one hand, by the Essential Divine Nature which is founded absolutely on itself alone, and, on the other, by the Form of Infinity, which, in Actual Ex-istence, can never be dissolved or brought to a conclusion,—as we have very distinctly set forth in our last lecture,—it is clear that we cannot by any means comprehend *mediately*, through any other conception, and thus *a priori*, how this Being will disclose itself; but that it can only be *immediately* perceived and experienced, and only apprehended in the act of its living forth-flowing from Being into Ex-istence; so that the specific knowledge of this new and Super-sensual World cannot be communicated, by means of description and characterization, to those who do not themselves live therein. He who is inspired of God reveals to us how it is;—and it is as he reveals it, just for this reason—because *He* so reveals it; but without such inward revelation no man can speak of it.

In general, however, and by means of an outward and merely negative mark, this Divine World may be characterized; and that in the following way:—All Being carries with it the Love and Affection of itself, and so also the immediate Divine Being which is manifested in the Form of Infinity. Now this Being is, such as it is, not through anything else, or for the sake of anything else, but through itself, and for its own sake alone; and when it appears and is beloved, then it must necessarily be beloved and enjoyed through itself alone, purely and solely on its own account;—but by no means on account of something else, and thus only as a means for this other thing, which would then become the ultimate end of its being. And thus we have found the desiderated outward criterion of the Divine World, whereby it is completely separated from the World of Sense. Whatever is a source of enjoyment *in itself*, and indeed of the highest degree of enjoyment, infinitely transcending all other degrees, is a Manifestation of the immediate and essential Divine Nature in Reality. We may even describe it as the most perfect phenomenon of each particular mo-

ment, and under the given conditions of Time ;—provided we do not understand thereby such a perfection as is given by means of a mere logical conception, which contains nothing more than the order and completeness of the *Manifold*,—but, on the contrary, a perfection given through an immediate affection towards a determinate Being.

Thus much as to the possible characterization of the New World created by the Higher Morality within the World of Sense. Should you desire of me yet greater clearness on this point, you will doubtless not expect that I should attempt a clearer characterization, for I think that in this way nothing can be added to what we have already said,—but you will require from me examples. Willingly indeed shall I satisfy this desire, finding myself in these regions so concealed from the vulgar eye; reminding you, nevertheless, that I can here adduce only individual examples, which cannot of themselves exhaust that which can be exhausted only in characterization, and which we have already so exhausted;—examples which themselves can only be fully comprehended by means of such characterization.

I say:—The inward and absolute Nature of God manifests itself in *BEAUTY*; it manifests itself in the perfect *DOMINION* of *MAN* over *NATURE*; it manifests itself in the perfect *STATE* and *POLITY* of *NATIONS*; it manifests itself in *SCIENCE*;—in short, it manifests itself in those conceptions which, in the strict and peculiar sense, I term *IDEAS*, and to which I have directed attention in many ways, both in the lectures which I delivered here last winter,\* and in others which have some time ago appeared in print.† In order to explain my fundamental conception by means of the lowest form of the Idea, concerning which we may venture to hope that we shall be able at once to attain the requisite clearness—namely *Beauty*:—There is much talk of the splendours of the surrounding world, of the beauties of nature, &c.; as if,—were it intended that we should accept

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\* "Characteristics of the Present Age."

† "On the Nature of the Scholar and its Manifestations."

these words in their literal acceptation,—as if Beauty could ever appertain to the Earthly and Perishable, or could be transferred to these. But the source of Beauty is in God alone, and it reveals itself only in the minds of those who are inspired by Him. Imagine, for example, a Holy Virgin, who, being ascended into Heaven, encircled by the heavenly hosts who fall down before her presence in rapt contemplation, surrounded by all the splendours of a Heaven of which she herself is the highest ornament and glory, can yet alone of those present see nothing of all that takes place around her, being wholly overwhelmed and lost in this one feeling : —“Behold the handmaiden of the Lord : be it unto me according to his will ;”—clothe this feeling, thus surrounded, in a human body, and then unquestionably you have Beauty in a determinate Form. Now what is it that makes this Form beautiful ? Is it the separate parts and members of which it is composed ? Is it not much rather the single feeling which speaks in all these members ? The Form is superadded, only because in it, and by means of it, the Thought becomes visible ; and it is transferred by means of lines and colours to the canvass, because thus only can it be communicated to others. Perhaps this Thought might also have been expressed in hard and senseless stone, or in any other material. Would then the stone thereby become beautiful ? The stone ever remains stone, and is wholly unsusceptible of such a predicate ; but the soul of the Artist was beautiful when he conceived his work, and the soul of every intelligent beholder in whom the conception is repeated will likewise become beautiful ;—the stone ever remains only that which fixes the limits of the outward perception during this inward spiritual development.

This ideal Being and the creative Affection of it, as a mere natural phenomenon, manifests itself generally as GENIUS—for Art, for Government, for Science, &c. It is understood, of course, and to every one who has any experience whatever in matters of this kind it is by means of this very experience sufficiently known, that—since the natural affection for such creations of Genius is the very foundation

of the Life of Genius in which all its other life is swallowed up,—I say, it is understood that true Genius does not require to stimulate and urge itself on to industry in its Art or in its Science by any Categorical Imperative, but that all its powers, of their own accord, direct themselves towards this its all-engrossing object ;—further, that, so surely as any one possesses True Genius, his work always prospers well, and the products of his labour are always pleasing to him, and thus he is ever surrounded, inwardly and outwardly, by the Beautiful and Agreeable ;—that, finally, he does not employ this Activity for the attainment of any object whatever beyond itself, nor will accept aught in exchange for it ; but, on the contrary, no earthly consideration would induce him to leave undone what he alone may do, or to do it otherwise than as seems right and pleasing to himself ;—that he consequently finds his true and satisfying Enjoyment of Life only in such work, purely and solely as work, and for the work's sake ; and whatever of the external world he may accept besides does not of itself engross his thoughts, but he accepts it only in order that, renewed and strengthened by it, he may return to his own true element. And thus mere natural Genius soars far above both the low desires of the Sensualist and the callous indifferentism of the Stoic, and carries its possessor through an uninterrupted succession of blissful momenta, for which he needs nothing beyond himself, and which, without painful effort or labour on his part, arise spontaneously within his Life. The Enjoyment of a single hour, passed happily in the pursuit of Art or of Science, far outweighs a whole lifetime of Sensuous Enjoyment ; and before the picture of this Blessedness, the mere Sensuous Man, could it but be brought home to him, would sink in envy and dismay.

In the illustration we have thus adduced, we have assumed a natural Genius as the peculiar source and root of the Spiritual Enjoyment of Life, as well as of the scorn of mere Sensuous Enjoyment ; and I have desired, by means of this single example of the Higher Morality and its Blessedness, to lead you to a more universal conception of it. But

this Genius,—notwithstanding that its object is in itself truly super-sensual, and the pure expression of the God-head, as we showed in particular by the example of the Beautiful,—does yet desire, and must desire, that its Spiritual Object should receive a certain form and clothing in the World of Sense; and thus Genius does also desire, in a certain sense, such a determinate Form of its World and its environment, as in our previous lecture we unconditionally censured and condemned in the case of Sensuousness;—and if the self-enjoyment of Genius were dependent on the accidental realization or non-realization of this outward result as the aim of its efforts, then would the peace and tranquillity of Genius itself be at an end; and the Higher Morality would be exposed to all the miseries of the lower Sensuousness. But, so far as Genius is concerned, so surely as it is Genius, it will assuredly succeed in the expression and representation of its Idea in the appropriate medium, and its desired Form and environment can therefore never be wanting; while nevertheless it is the Activity with which it produces this Form which is the true seat of its *immediate* enjoyment, to which the Form itself only contributes indirectly because in it only does the Activity become apparent;—from which it is obvious that True Genius never lingers long over anything it has already attained, nor dwells in voluptuous enjoyment of it, and of itself in it, but proceeds onward without delay to new developments. In general, however, apart from particular Genius, and with reference to all possible Life in which the Divine Being manifests itself purely, I lay down the following principle:—So long as joy in the deed is mixed up with desires regarding the outward product of the deed, even the possessor of the Higher Morality is not yet perfect in purity and clearness; and thus, in the Divine Economy, the outward failure of his deed is the means of forcing him in upon himself, and of raising him to the yet higher standpoint of True Religion,—that is, to the comprehension of what it really is that he loves and strives after. Understand this as a whole, and in its connexion, thus:—

(I.) The Free Ego, deduced and described with sufficient distinctness in our previous lecture, and which, as Reflexion, ever remains one and the same, does yet, as Object—that is, as the reflecting substance that exists only in Appearance—become divided, at the first glance into an infinity, but also, for a reason that lies too deep to be treated of in these lectures, into a progressive system of Individual Personalities. (This separation is a portion of that division of the objective world into the Form of Infinity which we have already sufficiently described upon several occasions; and thus belongs to the absolutely fundamental Form of Ex-istence, which cannot be cast off even by the Godhead itself:—As Being originally separated itself in this division, so it remains separated in all Eternity; and hence no Individual given in this division—that is, no Individual who has come into Actual Ex-istence,—can ever perish; this is to be noticed only in passing, and in opposition to those among our contemporaries, who by means of a half-philosophy and whole-bewilderment esteem themselves in the highest degree enlightened when they deny the continued Ex-istence in higher spheres of the Individuals actually existing here.) In them,—these Individual Personalities thus arising from the fundamental Form of Ex-istence,—the entire Divine Being is separated into an infinite progressive development in Time, and is, as it were, divided among them, according to the Absolute Law of such a division which is founded in the Essential Divine Nature itself; whilst, further, every one of these Individuals, as a section of the One Ego determined by its own essential Form, necessarily bears this latter Form in its entirety,—that is, as we said in our last lecture, it is free and independent in relation to the five standpoints. Each Individual has therefore in his own free choice, which cannot be taken away from him even by the Divinity himself, the possibility of viewing and of enjoying from any of these five standpoints that portion in the Absolute Being which belongs to him as an Actual Individual. Thus has each Individual, in the first place, his determinate portion in the Sensuous Life, and in its Love: which Life will

appear to him as the ultimate and absolute end and purpose of his Being, so long as this freedom, which is discovered only by its actual use, is wholly engrossed therein. But if he should rise, perhaps through the sphere of Legality, to that of the Higher Morality, then will that Sensuous Life become to him but a means; and his portion in the Higher, Super-sensual, and immediately Divine Life, will reveal itself to his Love. Every one without exception necessarily receives, by his mere entrance into Actual Existence, his portion in this Super-sensual Being; for otherwise, he would be no result of that division of the Absolute Being, according to its own Essential Law, without which there is no Actual Existence, and he would not otherwise even have become actual; but to every one without exception this Super-sensual Being may nevertheless remain concealed, should he be unable to renounce his Sensuous Being and its objective independence. Every one without exception, I say, receives that portion in the Super-sensual Being which is exclusively his own, and which belongs in the same manner to no other Individual whatever but himself; which portion now develops itself in him in all Eternity,—manifesting itself as a continuous course of action,—in such a form as it can absolutely assume in no other Individual;—and this, in short, may be called the individual character of his Higher Vocation. Not that the Essential Divine Nature is divided in itself;—in all men, without exception, the one and unchangeable Divine Nature, as it is in itself, is assumed;—and if they can but attain True Freedom, may also appear in actual manifestation;—but this Nature manifests itself in each Individual in a different Form, peculiar to himself. Let Being, as we have already supposed, be  $= A$ , and Form  $= B$ ; then  $A$ , which has absolutely entered into  $B$ , divides itself by this very act of entrance, not according to its Essential Nature but according to its Absolute Form in Reflexion, into  $(b + b + b \dots) =$  a System of Individuals: and each individual  $b$  contains in itself—(1.) the whole and indivisible  $A$ , (2.) the whole and indivisible  $B$ , (3.) its own particular  $b$ ;—and

the same with all the other results of  $A$  throughout ( $b + b + b \dots$ .)

(2.) No one can discover, by means of mere thought alone, this his peculiar portion in the Super-sensual Being; nor can he deduce it by way of inference from any other truth; nor can he be made acquainted with it through any other individual, since this portion cannot be known to any other individual;—but he can attain a knowledge of it only by immediate personal consciousness; and his Being must necessarily and spontaneously assume this Form so soon as he has surrendered and wholly annihilated all personal will and personal purposes within him. Hence it is clear, in the first place, that with respect to this, which only each man can clearly comprehend for himself in his own immediate consciousness, it is impossible to speak in general terms, and that I must here necessarily stop short. And what end, indeed, could here be served by speech, even were speech possible? He to whom his especial Higher Vocation has revealed itself knows it as it is revealed to him; and he may conclude by analogy how it is with others to whom their Higher Vocation has also become clear and intelligible. But as for him to whom it has not revealed itself, to him no information on this subject can be communicated;—it serves no purpose to speak of colours to the blind.

Has this peculiar Vocation revealed itself to him?—then does it penetrate him with unspeakable Love, and with the purest Enjoyment;—penetrates him wholly, and takes possession of all his Life. And thus it is the very first act of the Higher Morality, which must infallibly ensue so soon as the mere personal will has been resigned, that man becomes wholly penetrated with his own especial Vocation, and desires to be nothing whatever but that which he, and only he, can be; which he, and only he, in virtue of his Higher Nature, that is, of the Divine Nature in him, ought to be;—in short, that he desires nothing whatever but that which, at bottom, he actually wills. How could such a man ever do anything with unwillingness, since he never does anything else but that in which he has the highest delight?

What I said above of natural Genius, is even still more applicable to the Virtue which is born of perfect Freedom ; for this Virtue is the highest expression of Genius ; it is the immediate power of Genius,—*i. e.* that Form which the Essential Divine Nature has assumed in our Individuality. On the contrary, the desire and effort to be something else than that to which we are called, however great and noble that other thing may seem, is the highest Immorality ; and all the constraints that man imposes upon himself for that purpose, and all the unhappiness that he consequently suffers, are themselves rebellions against the Divine Rule, and resistances of our will to the Divine. What is it then that has thus set up within us a purpose not imposed upon us by our Higher Nature, but personal will, personal choice, personal self-complacent wisdom ?—and thus we are very far indeed from the renunciation of our own personal, individual will. This effort is necessarily the source of the greatest unhappiness. In this position we must constantly enforce, constrain, urge, and deny ourselves ; for we can never do that willingly which, at bottom, we cannot will ; and we can never attain a successful issue, for we cannot accomplish that which our Nature itself forbids. This is the affectation of outward sanctity against which we are warned by Christianity. It may remove mountains, and even give its body to be burned, and yet that will profit it nothing if such be not the dictate of true Love,—that is, if it be not its own peculiar Spiritual Being that necessarily brings with it its own Affection. Will to be—we mean in supersensual things, for in mere sense there is no Blessedness—will to be what thou oughtst to be, what thou canst be, and what therefore thou wilt be :—this is the fundamental Law, as well of the Higher Morality as of the Blessed Life.

(3.) This Higher Vocation of Man, which, as we said, penetrates him with complete and undivided Love, exhibits itself indeed, in the first place, in his own conduct ; but in the second place, and by means of that conduct, it likewise manifests itself in a determinate result in the World of Sense. So long as man does not yet know the true root

and essential central-point of his Ex-istence, the two elements we have named,—his own Inward Being and its Outward Result,—remain undistinguished. Something proves unsuccessful with him; and the outward result at which he aims does not ensue,—which indeed is not his fault, for he wills only that which he can, but that of outward circumstances which are not susceptible of his influence,—and then his Love, which has still a mixed object, is dissatisfied with this failure, and thereby his Blessedness is disturbed and destroyed. This forces him more deeply in upon himself, in order that he may make it perfectly clear to himself what it really is that he strives after; and what, on the contrary, it is that in deed and truth he does not strive after, but which is indifferent to him. In this self-examination he will discover what we have plainly enunciated above, although he may not express it in the same words,—namely that it is the development of the Divine Being and Life in him, this particular Individual, which he strives after especially and in the first place;—and hereby his whole Being and Love will become perfectly clear to him, and he will be raised from the Third standpoint of the Higher Morality, in which we have hitherto retained him, to the Fourth—that of RELIGION. This Divine Life now continually develops itself within him, without hindrance or obstruction, as it can and must develope itself only in him and his individuality;—this alone it is that he properly wills;—his will is therefore always accomplished;—and it is absolutely impossible that anything contrary to it should ever come to pass. This his proper Inward Life does indeed still desire constantly to flow forth in surrounding circumstances and to fashion these after itself, and only in this effort after outward expression does it show itself to be true Inward Life, and not mere dead devotion. But the result of this effort after outward expression does not depend on his own isolated Individual Life alone, but upon the general Freedom of other Individuals besides himself: this Freedom God himself cannot wish to destroy, therefore neither can the man who is devoted to God, and who has

attained a clear knowledge of God,—neither can he wish that it should be destroyed. While, therefore, he certainly desires this outward result, and labours unceasingly and with all his power to effect it,—because he cannot abstain from doing so, and because this is his own proper Inward Life,—he yet does not will it absolutely and unconditionally; and it therefore would not, even for a single moment, disturb his Peace and Blessedness should it nevertheless remain unaccomplished,—his Love and his Blessedness return into his own proper Life, where they always, and without exception, find their true satisfaction. Thus much in general. For the rest, the matters now touched upon demand a further exposition, which we reserve for our next lecture in order that we may here reach a result which will spread a general light over the whole;—namely,

(4.) Everything which this Moral-Religious Man wills and incessantly urges forward, has, *in and for itself*, no value whatever to him;—as indeed it has none in itself, and is not in itself the most perfect, but only that which is most perfect in this moment of Time, to be superseded in a Future Time by something still more perfect;—but it has value for him only because it is the immediate Manifestation of God,—the Form which God assumes in him, this definite Individual. Now God also dwells originally, likewise in a peculiar Form, in all other surrounding Individuals, notwithstanding that he remains concealed from most of them in consequence of their personal, individual Will, and their want of the highest Freedom, and thus is not actually manifested either in themselves, or in their conduct towards others. In this position the Moral-Religious Man—although with reference to himself he has entered upon his portion of True Being—is, with reference to other Individuals, separated and cut off from the constituent parts of Being which are related to him; and there abides in him a sorrowful striving and longing to unite and associate himself with these kindred elements:—not indeed that this longing disturbs his Blessedness, for this is the permanent lot of his Finite Being, and a part of his allegiance to God, to em-

brace which with Love is itself a portion of his Blessedness.

For what then would this concealed Inward Being, were it manifested in the conduct of other individuals,—for what would it possess a value in the estimation of our supposed Religious Man? Obviously not for itself,—since even his own nature has no value whatever to him in itself,—but because it is the Manifestation of God in these Individuals. Further, for what will he desire that this Manifestation should possess a value in the estimation of these Individuals themselves? Obviously only that it may be recognized by them as the Manifestation of God in themselves. Finally, for what will he desire that his own conduct and effort should possess a value in the estimation of these Individuals? Obviously only that they may recognize in it the Manifestation of God in him.

And thus we have now a general outward characterization of the Moral-Religious Will, in so far as it comes forth from the Inward Life, which ever remains hidden in itself, into Outward Manifestation. In the first place, the object of this Will is ever only the Spiritual World of reasonable beings; for the World of Sense has long ago with him been reduced to a mere sphere of spiritual activity. In this Spiritual World, his positive Will is this—that in the conduct of each Individual there may be manifested purely that Form which the Essential Divine Nature has assumed in him this particular Individual;—that, on the other hand, each Individual may recognize God, as he is outwardly manifested to him in the conduct of all other men;—that all others may, in like manner recognize God as he is outwardly manifested to them in the conduct of this particular Individual;—and that thus God alone may ever be manifested in all Outward Appearance;—that He alone may live and rule, and nothing besides Him;—and that, everywhere and at all times, He alone may be present to the eye of mortals.

Thus, as it is expressed by Christianity in the form of a prayer:—"Thy kingdom come:—even that condition of the world in which Thou alone art, and livest, and rulest, so that—Thy Will may be done on earth,—in the Actual, by

means of that Freedom which Thou Thyself wilt not take away,—as it ever is done, and indeed never can be otherwise done, in Heaven,—in the Idea, in the world as it is in itself, and without relation to Freedom.”

For example :—Yonder they complain that misery is so abundant in the world, and go about with a zeal, praiseworthy in itself, to make it somewhat less. Alas ! the misery that lies most open to view is not the true misery ;—since things are as they are, misery is the best of all that is in the world ; and since the world does not improve notwithstanding all this misery, one might almost believe that there is not yet enough of misery in it :—that the image of God, Humanity, should be sullied, degraded, and trodden in the dust,—this is the true misery in the world, which fills the Religious Man with holy indignation. Perchance thou dost alleviate the sorrows of humanity, so far as thy hand can reach, by the sacrifice of thine own dearest enjoyments. But this may happen only on account of Nature having given thee a system of nerves so sensitive, and so harmoniously attuned with the rest of humanity, that every sorrow which thou beholdest repeats itself more keenly in thine own organization ;—and then it is to this delicate organization that our thanks are due ;—in the Spiritual World thy deed passes unnoticed. Hadst thou done the like deed in holy indignation that the Son of Eternity, in whom also there dwells something god-like, should be tormented by such trifles as these, and should be left there so forsaken by his fellows ;—with the desire that he might have at least one glad hour in which he might raise his eyes joyfully and thankfully to Heaven ;—with the purpose that in thy hand he might see the saving hand of God, and might know of a surety that the arm of God is not yet shortened, but that He has yet everywhere instruments and servants to do His will, and that thus Faith and Hope and Love might arise in his soul ;—if thus what thou desiredst to help had been his Inward Nature, and not his Outward, which is ever without true value ;—then had thy deed been the outward expression of a Moral-Religious Spirit.

## LECTURE X.

SURVEY OF THE WHOLE SUBJECT FROM THE STAND-  
POINT OF TRUE RELIGION ;—DELINEATION  
OF THE BLESSED LIFE.

Now that it is our purpose to bring these lectures to a close, let us once more combine into one view the doctrine which we have built up before you.

Life in itself is One ; it remains unchangeably the same ; and, since it is the perfect fulfilment of the Love of Life that dwells in it, it is perfect Blessedness. This True Life exists, at bottom, wherever any form or degree of Life is to be found ; but it may be concealed by an admixture of the elements of Death and Nothingness ; and then, by means of pain and torment and mortification of this imperfect Life, it forces itself onward towards its development. We have followed, with our own eyes, this development of the True Life out of the imperfect Apparent Life by which it may at first be concealed ;—to-day it is our purpose to accompany this Life into the central-point of its dominion and to invest it with all its glory. In our last lecture we characterized the highest Form of Actual Life—that is—since Reality consists wholly in a Form of Reflexion, whilst the absolutely indestructible Form of Reflexion is Infinity—that Life which flows forth in an Infinite Time, and employs the personal Ex-istence of Man as its instrument, and hence manifests itself as Action—we have, I say, characterized this Life by

the name of the HIGHER MORALITY. We were constrained to admit that, on account of the separation of the one Essential Divine Nature into many Individuals—a separation unalterably imposed by the law of Reflexion—the activity of each particular Individual cannot avoid striving after an outward result, not wholly dependent on the Individual himself, in the surrounding world of Freedom;—that nevertheless the Blessedness of such an Individual will not be disturbed by the failure of this result, provided only that he raise himself to a true comprehension of that which he strives after *unconditionally*, as distinguished from that which he only seeks *conditionally*;—which comprehension we termed the standpoint of TRUE RELIGION. With respect to this latter point especially, I referred you to our present lecture, in which I promised a more thorough exposition of this subject.

I shall prepare the way for this exposition by a survey of our whole subject from its profoundest standpoint.

Being ex-ists; and the Ex-istence of Being is necessarily Consciousness, or Reflexion according to fixed laws, which are contained in, and are to be developed from, Reflexion itself:—this is the fundamental principle, now sufficiently explained on all sides, of our whole doctrine. It is Being alone that ex-ists,—that “*is*,” in Ex-istence, and by whose being in it alone Ex-istence is;—that eternally abides in it as it is in itself, and without whose indwelling within it Ex-istence would vanish into Nothingness:—no one doubts this, and no one who understands it can doubt it. But in Ex-istence, as Ex-istence,—*i. e.* in Reflexion, Being immediately changes its absolutely incomprehensible Form, which can only be described as pure Life and Activity, into an Essence or Nature—a specific and definite mode of Being; so that we have never spoken of Being, and no one can ever speak of Being, otherwise than by speaking of its Essence or Nature. Although, therefore, our Being is ever *in itself* the Being of Being; and thus remains, and can never become other than this; yet that which *we ourselves*, and *for ourselves*, are, have, and possess,—*i. e.* in the Form of ourselves,

of the Ego, of Reflexion in Consciousness,—this is never Being *in itself*, but only Being in *our Form*, as Essence or Nature. How then is this Being, which certainly does not enter into Form in all its native purity,—how is it yet connected with Form?—does it not thereby irrevocably project forth from itself, and set up beside itself, a second, wholly new Being,—which new and second Being is altogether impossible? Answer:—Ask not for the “*How* ;” —be satisfied with the fact. They are connected ; there is such a bond, which,—higher than all Reflexion, proceeding from no Reflexion, and not recognizing the jurisdiction of Reflexion,—yet appears beside, and indissolubly associated with, Reflexion. In this companionship with Reflexion, this bond is Feeling ;—and, since it is a bond, it is Love ;—and, since it is the bond that unites Pure Being and Reflexion, it is the Love of God. In this Love, Being and Ex-istence, God and Man, are ONE ; wholly transfused and lost in each other ;—it is the point of intersection of the *A* and *B* we have spoken of above ;—the act of Being, in supporting and maintaining itself in Ex-istence, is its Love for itself, which we do not conceive of as Feeling only because we do not conceive of it at all. The Manifestation of this act of Being, in supporting and maintaining itself in Ex-istence, in companionship with Reflexion,—that is, the Feeling of this act of Self-existence,—is our Love towards it ; or, in strict truth, its own Love towards itself in the Form of Feeling ; since we have no power to love it, but only itself has power to love itself in us.

This—not its, nor ours—but this reciprocal Love, which first separates us into two, and then binds us together into one, is the original creator of our oft-mentioned abstract conception of a Pure Being, or a God. What is it which thus carries us beyond all determinate and comprehensible Ex-istence, and beyond the whole world of absolute Reflexion? It is our Love which no Ex-istence can satisfy. Conception does here that only which it alone can do ;—it defines and fashions this Love, by abstracting from its object, which only by its means becomes an object, everything that does not satisfy

this Love; leaving in it nothing but the pure negation of all Conceivability associated with infinite and eternal Loveableness. What then is it that assures us of God but pure, self-sufficing Love, which is superior to all the doubt that is born of Reflexion and is only possible therein?—and what makes this Love thus self-sufficient, but that it is the immediate self-supporting and self-maintaining Life of the Absolute itself? Not Reflexion, which by virtue of its very nature divides itself into parts, and thus is ever at variance with itself;—no, Love is the source of all Certainty, all Truth, all Reality.

The conception of God, which has thus become a purely abstract conception, gives shape and definition to this Love, we said. In its own immediate Life, on the contrary—and I entreat you to note this well—this Love is not thus defined and fashioned; but it is, and it has and holds its object, not by any means in conception, which never overtakes it, but immediately in Love; and that indeed as it is in itself, because it is in truth nothing else than the self-supporting Life of Absolute Being. Now it is this substance and material of Love, which, in the first place, makes the Reflexion of Life assume the form of a permanent objective Essence or Nature; and then again divides, even to Infinity, the Nature which has thus arisen, clothing it with new and ever-varied Forms;—and thus creates its World. I ask:—What is it then that gives a true and proper fundamental Substance to this World, the Nature and Form of which are evidently products of Reflexion? It is obviously the Absolute Love;—the Absolute, I say,—or, as we may now express it,—the Love of God towards his Ex-istence, or, the Love of that Ex-istence towards the Living God. And what remains for Reflexion? To give an objective standing to this Substance, and to fashion it into an infinite succession of objective Forms. But even with reference to this last point,—What is it then that prevents Reflexion from ever pausing in this work, and impels it incessantly forward from each Form towards another, and from this again to another, in endless succession? It is the inextinguishable Love for that which necessarily escapes Reflexion, which lies con-

cealed behind all Reflexion, and is therefore necessarily to be sought for behind all Reflexion, and under all its infinitely varied Forms,—the pure and real Absolute;—this it is which impels Reflexion onward through Eternity, and stretches it out into a living Eternity. Love is therefore higher than all Reason; it is itself the fountain of Reason and the root of Reality; the sole creator of Life and Time;—and thus I have finally declared to you the highest, real point of view of a Doctrine of Being, Life, and Blessedness,—that is, of True Speculation, towards which we have hitherto been gradually advancing.

(Finally, Love, as it is the source of all Truth and certainty generally, so is it the source of completed Truth in the actual man and his life. Completed Truth is SCIENCE; and the element of Science is Reflexion. Just as Science becomes clear to itself as the Love of the Absolute, and comprehends this Absolute, as it necessarily must, as lying wholly beyond all Reflexion, and inaccessible to it in any possible Form,—does it attain to pure objective Truth; and so does it even thereby become capable of apprehending and distinguishing Reflexion, which formerly it had always confounded with Reality; of completely recognising and comprehending all the products of Reflexion in Reality;—and, thus, of laying the foundation of a Doctrine of Knowledge. In short, the Reflexion which has become Divine Love, and is therefore wholly absorbed in God himself,—is the standpoint of Science:—this I desired to avail myself of a fitting opportunity to mention in passing.)

And now to present this to you in a form which may be easily retained, and also to connect it with a previous illustration:—We have already twice translated the words of John—“In the beginning was the Word, &c.”—into the language of our immediate theme:—in the first instance, thus:—“In the beginning, and absolutely associated with Being, was Ex-istence;” and then, in the second instance, after we had more distinctly recognised the manifold inward modifications of Ex-istence, and had combined these together under the name Form, thus:—“In the beginning,

and absolutely associated with God, or Being, was Form." Now, however, since we have seen that Consciousness with all its manifold Forms, which before we had held to be the True Ex-istence, is but Ex-istence at second hand, and indeed the mere Appearance or Manifestation of Ex-istence, and have recognised the True and Absolute Ex-istence, in its own proper Form, as Love;—now, we render these same words, thus:—"In the beginning, before all Time, and the absolute Creator of all Time, is Love; and Love is in God, for it is his own act whereby he maintains himself in Ex-istence; and Love is itself God,—God is in it, and for ever abides in it, as he is in himself. By it and from it, as the fundamental Substance of all Ex-istence, are, by means of living Reflexion, all things made, and without it is not anything made that is made; and it for ever becomes flesh, in us and around us, and dwells among us; and, if we will, we may behold for ever before our eyes, its glory, as the glory of the Eternal and necessary Effluence of the Godhead."

True Life is Love; and, as Love, holds and possesses within itself its own object—the object of this Love—bound up, interpenetrated, transfused, and wholly absorbed in it:—eternally One and the same Love. It is not Love that sets up this object before it in outward representation, and separates it into parts;—it is Reflexion that does this. Thus, in so far as man is Love,—and this he is always in the root of his Life, and can be nothing but this, although it may be that he is but the Love of himself,—but especially in so far as he is the Love of God, he remains eternally and for ever One, True, and Unchangeable as God himself, and is indeed in reality God himself; and it is not merely a bold metaphor, but a literal truth, that John utters when he says:—"He who dwelleth in Love, dwelleth in God, and God in him." It is only his Reflexion which first estranges him from this which is his own, proper Being, and not any foreign Being;—and which strives, throughout a whole manifold Infinity, to lay hold of that which he himself is and remains, now, everywhere, and for ever. Hence it is

not his Inward Essential Nature,—that which is his own, which belongs to himself and to no other,—that is subject to continual change, but it is only the Appearance or Manifestation of this Nature, which in itself is withdrawn from outward Appearance, that suffers this continual change. Formerly we said:—The eye of man conceals God from him, and separates the pure light into coloured rays. Now we say:—The eye of man conceals God from him, only because he himself is concealed by it, and because his vision never reaches his own True Being. What he sees is ever himself, as we also said formerly;—but he does not see himself as he truly *is*;—his Being is one, but his vision is infinite.

Love necessarily enters into Reflexion, and manifests itself there immediately as a Life which employs as its instrument a personal, sensuous Ex-istence,—and thus as Individual Action;—and that indeed in a sphere peculiar to itself and lying beyond all Sensuousness—in a wholly New World. Wherever the Divine Love is, there is necessarily this Manifestation; for thus only does this Love reveal itself, and that without any new intervening principle; and, on the contrary, where this Manifestation is not, there also the Divine Love is not. It is altogether in vain to say to him who does not dwell in Love—“Act morally,”—for only in Love is the Moral World revealed, and without Love there is no such world; and just as superfluous is it to say this to him who does dwell in Love,—for his Love lives already in itself, and his activity, his moral Action, is merely the silent Manifestation of this his Life. The Action is nothing in and for itself, and it has no independent principle in itself; but it flows forth, calmly and silently, from Love, as light seems to flow forth from the sun, and as the World does actually flow forth from the inward Love of God to himself. If any man does not act, neither does he love; and he who supposes that he loves, and yet does not act, in him imagination alone is excited by some picture of Love conveyed to him from without, to which picture there is within him no corresponding, inward, self-supporting reality.

“ He who says, I love God,”—thus speaks the same John, after representing brotherly love, in a certain very just sense, as in itself the Higher Morality—“ he who says, I love God, and hateth his brother, is a liar ;”—or, as we would say, in language more suitable to our age, although not a whit more tenderly,—he is a sham, and has not the Love of God abiding in him ;—abiding, I say, really indwelling within him,—it is not the root of his True Life, but he can at most only picture it in imagination.

Love is eternally complete, and contained within itself ; and, as Love, it has ever within itself complete Reality ; it is Reflexion alone that separates and divides into parts. Hence,—and thus we return to the point which we reached in our previous lecture,—hence the division of the One Divine Life into different Individuals does not by any means take place in Love but solely in Reflexion. The Individual, who is revealed to himself only in Action, and all other Individuals who appear around him, are but the *Manifestation* of this One Love, not by any means the thing itself. In his own Action, Love must be manifest, for otherwise it would not exist ; but the moral Action of others is not to him the immediately apparent Manifestation of Love ; the absence of this does not immediately prove the absence of Love ;—therefore, as we said already in our previous lecture, he does not desire the Morality and Religion of others unconditionally, but only under the condition of their Freedom ; and the absence of this universal Morality does not disturb the peace of Love, which is wholly independent of everything beyond itself.

The Morality and Religion of the whole Spiritual World are closely connected with the Action of each particular Individual, as effect with cause. The Moral-Religious Man desires to spread Morality and Religion universally. The distinction between his Religion and the Religion of others is but a distinction in Reflexion. The affection produced in him by success or failure must therefore take place according to the Law of Reflexion. But, as we have already seen on another occasion, the peculiar affection of Reflexion is

approbation or disapprobation; not cold and indifferent, but the more passionate the more loving the nature of the man. Reflexion always bears with it an affection towards the Morality of others; and this Reflexion is highest of all in the Religious Man;—it is the true root of the World around him, which he embraces with affection, and which is, to him, purely and solely a Spiritual World.

From what we have now said, we obtain the principles by which we may characterize more profoundly than we could do in our former lecture, the disposition of the Religious Man towards others;—or what would be commonly called his Philanthropy.

In the first place, there is nothing further removed from this Religious Philanthropy than a certain tender-hearted catholicity of sentiment which we hear much bepraised now-a-days. This mode of thought, far from being the Love of God, is much rather that absolute shallowness and inward vagrancy of a mind that is capable neither of Love nor of Hate, which we have sufficiently described in one of our earlier lectures. The Religious man does not concern himself about the physical happiness of the Human Race,—it may be his especial calling to care for the higher wants of men;—he desires no happiness for them save in the ways of the Divine Order. He cannot desire to make them happy by means of outward circumstances, as little as God can desire this; for the Will and Counsel of God, even with regard to his fellow-men, are always his. As it is the Will of God that no one shall find peace and repose but in Him, and that all men shall be continually driven onward by means of sorrows and vexations to renounce themselves and to seek a refuge in God;—so is this also the will and wish of the man who is devoted to God. When they have again found their Being in God, he will love this Being; their Being out of God he hates with a perfect hatred, and his very love towards their True Being consists in hate towards their imperfect Being. “Ye think that I am come to bring peace on earth,” says Jesus,—peace, that is, this same catholic tender-hearted acceptance of things as they are;—“no, since

ye are such as ye are, I come not to bring peace but a sword." The Religious Man is likewise far removed from the well-known and much-commended effort of this same superficiality to put such a construction upon surrounding events as may enable it to maintain itself in this comfortable frame of mind:—to explain them away, and to interpret them into the Good and the Beautiful. He wishes to see them as they are in truth; and he does so see them, for Love sharpens his sight; he judges strictly but justly, and penetrates even to the very root of every prevalent mode of thought.

Having in his view what men might be, his ruling affection is a holy indignation at their actual existence, so unworthy and void of honour. Seeing that in the profoundest depths of their nature they still bear within them the Divine, although it does not find its way to outward Manifestation;—considering that what they are accused of by others is the source of the greatest wretchedness to themselves, and that what men call their wickedness is but the outbreak of their own deeper misery;—reflecting that they need but to stretch forth their hand to the Good that constantly surrounds them in order to become at once worthy and blessed;—seeing all this, he is filled with the deepest melancholy,—the most heart-felt sorrow. His hate is excited only by the fanaticism of perversity, which is not satisfied with being worthless in its own person, but, so far as its influence extends, endeavours to make all others as unworthy as itself, and which is profoundly irritated and moved to hatred at the sight of anything better than itself. For while the former is but the wretched work of Sin, the latter is the work of the Devil;—for the Devil also hates Goodness, not simply because it is good, which would be wholly unintelligible, but from envy, and because he himself cannot attain to it. Just as, according to our recent description, the man *inspired of God* desires that God alone, as He is in Himself, should be revealed in His glory, at all times, on all sides, and in all events, to him and to all his brethren;—so, on the contrary, he who is *inspired of*

*himself* desires, that, to him and to his fellow-men, there should be revealed at all times, on all sides, and in all events, only the image of his own worthlessness. By thus transcending his own Individuality, he passes the human and natural boundaries of Egoism, and makes himself the universal Ideal and God ;—all which the Devil also does in like manner.

Finally, the Love of his fellow-men reveals itself in the Religious Man, unalterably determined and for ever remaining the same, in this :—that he never, under any condition, ceases to labour for their ennoblement, and consequently never, under any condition, gives up his Hope in them. His Action is indeed the necessary Manifestation of his Love ; but, on the other hand, this Action necessarily proceeds towards an outward world, presupposes an outward world as its sphere, and assumes that he entertains the Thought of something actually existing in this outward world. Without the extinction of this Love in him, neither his Action, nor this Thought necessarily assumed in his Action, can ever cease. As often as it fails of the anticipated result, so often is he forced back upon himself to create, from the fountain of Love that eternally flows within him, a new impulse, and new means of accomplishing his purpose ; and is thereby impelled to a fresh effort, and should even this fail, again to another ;—at each renewed attempt, assuming that what has not hitherto been successful, may yet be accomplished this time, or the next time, or at some future time ;—or, even if it should not be accomplished by him individually, yet that, through his aid, and by means of his previous labours, it may be accomplished by some one following in his steps. Thus does Love become to him an ever-flowing fountain of Faith and Hope :—not in God, for God is ever-present, living within him, and therefore he has no need of Faith to enable him to see God ; and God ever gives Himself to him whole and perfect as He is in Himself, and therefore there is no room for Hope :—but Faith in Man, and Hope in Man. It is this firm and immovable

Faith, this untiring Hope, through which he can raise himself, whenever he will, far above all the indignation or the sorrow with which he may be filled by the contemplation of present Reality, and can invite into his heart the surest peace, the most indestructible repose. Let him look beyond the Present to the Future!—in that glance he has a whole Eternity before him, and may, without cost to himself add to the vista cycle upon cycle as far as thought can reach.

At last—and where then is the End?—at last all must arrive at the sure haven of Eternal Peace and Blessedness;—at last the Kingdom and the Power and the Glory of God must surely come!

And thus have we gathered into one point the essential elements of a picture of the Blessed Life, in so far as such a picture is possible. Blessedness itself consists in Love, and in the eternal satisfaction of Love;—it is inaccessible to Reflexion; it can only be negatively expressed by the understanding, and hence by our description, which is the language of the understanding. We can only show that the Blessed are free from pain, trouble, and privation;—wherein their Blessedness positively consists, cannot be described, but must be immediately felt.

Unblessedness comes of Doubt which continually drags us to and fro, and of Uncertainty which spreads around us an impenetrable night in which our feet can find no sure path. The Religious Man is for ever secured from the possibility of Doubt and Uncertainty. In every possible moment he knows distinctly what he wills, and ought to will; for the innermost root of his Life—his Will—for ever flows forth from the Divinity, immediately and without the possibility of error; its indication is infallible, and for that indication he has an infallible perception. In every possible moment he knows assuredly that in all Eternity he shall know what he shall will, and ought to will; that in all Eternity the fountain of Divine Love which has burst forth in him shall

never be dried up, but shall uphold him securely, and bear him onward for ever. It is the root of his Existence; it has now arisen upon him clear and bright, and his eye is fixed upon it with unspeakable Love:—how could that fountain ever be dried up, how could that leader and guardian ever turn aside? Whatever may come to pass around him, nothing appears to him strange or unaccountable; he knows assuredly, whether he understand it or not, that it is in God's World, and that there nothing can be that does not directly tend to Good.

In him there is no fear for the Future, for the absolute fountain of all Blessedness eternally bears him on towards it;—no sorrow for the Past, for in so far as he was not in God he was nothing, and this is now at an end, and since he has dwelt in God he has been born into Life; while in so far as he was in God, that which he has done is assuredly right and good. He has never aught to deny himself, nor aught to long for; for he is at all times in eternal possession of the fulness of all that he is capable of enjoying. For him all labour and effort have vanished; his whole Outward Existence flows forth, softly and gently, from his Inward Being, and issues out into Reality without difficulty or hindrance. To use the language of one of our great Poets:—

“ Ever pure and mirror-bright and even,  
 Light as zephyr-breath of Heaven,  
 Life amidst the Immortals glides away.  
 Moons are waning, generations wasting,—  
 Their celestial youth blooms everlasting,  
 Changeless 'midst a ruined world's decay.” \*

Thus much have I desired to say to you, in these lectures, concerning the True Life and its Blessedness. It is true that we might say much more on this subject; and that, in particular, it would be very interesting, now that we have learned to know the Moral-Religious Man in the central-

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\* Schiller's "Das Ideal und das Leben," *Merivale's Translation*.

point of his Being, to accompany him thence out into common life, and even into the most ordinary concerns and circumstances of his Existence, and there to contemplate him in all his admirable serenity and loveliness. But without a fundamental knowledge of that first central-point such a description might become, to the hearer, either empty declamation, or else a mere air-castle, producing indeed for the moment an æsthetic pleasure, but containing within itself no true ground of persistence;—and this is the reason why we rather choose to abstain from this prolongation of our subject. As to principles, we have already said enough—perhaps more than enough.

In order that we may add a fitting conclusion to our whole work, I invite you here once again.

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## LECTURE XI.

## CONCLUSION.

THE subject of our present inquiry has been completely exhausted in our last lecture, so far as it can be here exhausted; and it only remains for me to point out its general practical application,—respecting, of course, those limits which are imposed upon me by good manners, and by that free and liberal relation which these Lectures have established between you and me, and which this day brings to a close.

It was my desire to establish between us the fullest possible understanding; as it were, to penetrate you with myself and in turn to be penetrated by you. I believe that I have actually expressed the ideas which were here to be clothed in words, with a clearness that at least had not previously been attained, and also that I have succeeded in setting forth these ideas in their natural connexion. But even after the clearest exposition of such ideas, and after a very accurate comprehension of them, there may yet remain a great gulf fixed between the giver and the receiver; and much may be wanting to a complete understanding after exhausting all possible means of communication. In this Age of ours, we have to calculate upon this defect as the rule;—the opposite is the exception.

There are two chief causes that give rise to this want of a thorough reception of proffered instruction in this Age.

In the first place, the hearer does not give himself up, as he ought to do, with his whole mind, to the instruction presented to him; but he may perhaps approach it only with the understanding, or with the fancy. In the first case, he regards it merely with curiosity, or with the desire of knowing what shape and form it may assume;—but is otherwise indifferent about its substance, whether it may prove to be this, that, or the other thing. In the second case, he merely amuses himself with the succession of pictures, phenomena, pleasing words, and modes of speech that may be passed in review before his fancy, but is otherwise indifferent to the substance. He represents it to himself as something out of and separate from himself; and thus places it at a distance from himself, instead of trying it honestly by his own Love, as he ought to do, and seeing how it may answer to that. He then attributes this same disposition to the speaker, believing that he too has no other motive than that of speculating how he may pass the time in an agreeable way, letting his ingenuity and dialectic art be admired, producing fine phrases, and such like. But were he to put the question, even although it were only to his own heart, whether the speaker is himself earnestly and vitally penetrated by what he says, and even to suppose that he wished so to penetrate others if he were able to do so,—he would fear thereby to transgress the limits of individual right, insult the speaker, perhaps even make him out to be a fanatic. Should this supposition not be made, where nevertheless it both could and should be made, then indeed no harm is done to the speaker, since he can easily disregard this foreign judgment which falls so far short of his true meaning; but harm is assuredly done to the hearer himself, for to him the imparted instruction is no more than what he takes it to be, and for him it contains no application to Life if he himself does not give it this application. This cold and indifferent contemplation by the Understanding alone is the characteristic of the scientific mode of thought, and all actual development of Science commences with this indifference towards the Substance and interest only in the correctness of the

Form:—remaining in this indifference until it has attained its completion: but, as soon as it is thus completed, flowing back into Life, to which all things are at last related. Our aim in the present lectures was not in the first instance Scientific,—notwithstanding that, in passing, I have frequently taken notice of the scientific wants of my hearers, so far as they were known to me,—but it was Practical. Now therefore, at their close, we must at once declare that we have nothing to say against the supposition being made that what we have said in these lectures has been said by us with entire and perfect earnestness:—that the principles we have asserted have, in our own case, arisen from Life and flowed back upon Life:—that we have certainly desired that these principles should also influence the Love and Life of our hearers:—and that only in the event of such an influence having been actually exerted should we consider our object perfectly accomplished, and believe that our communication has been as complete as it ought to have been.

A second obstacle to thorough communication in our Age is the prevalent maxim, that we ought to embrace no party, and decide neither for nor against:—a mode of thought which is called Scepticism, and assumes also many other distinguished names. We have already spoken of this mode of thought in the course of these lectures. It is founded upon an absolute want of Love, even in its most common form—that of Self-love;—and this is the lowest grade of that vagrancy of mind which we have already described, in which man cannot trouble himself even concerning his own destiny;—or it is the wholly brutish opinion that Truth is of no value, and that no advantage can be had from the knowledge of it. In order to escape from this treacherous Scepticism,—which is by no means acuteness, but, on the contrary, the lowest degree of stupidity,—we must at least make up our minds as to whether there is any Truth at all, whether it is attainable by man, and whether, when attained, it possesses any value for him. Now at the conclusion of these discourses I must confess, that should any man not yet have attained to certainty on these points,

—should he even find it necessary to ask time for consideration before resolving on a decisive yes or no with reference to the results we have announced,—and perhaps, admitting the expertness of the statement, yet profess that he has not arrived at any judgment on the matter itself,—I must, I say, confess that the communication and mutual influence between such an one and myself has proved to be of the shallowest sort; and that he has received only an addition to his existing store of possible opinions, whilst I intended something much better for him. To me it is—not so certain as the sun in heaven or as this feeling of my own body,—but infinitely more certain, that there is Truth, that it is attainable by man, and clearly conceivable by him. I am also firmly convinced that I, for my part, have seized upon this Truth from a certain point of view peculiar to myself and with a certain degree of clearness; for otherwise I would assuredly have kept silence, and abstained from teaching it either by speech or writing. Finally, I am also firmly convinced that what I have declared, here as elsewhere, is that same Eternal, Unchangeable Truth, which makes everything that is opposed to it Untruth; for otherwise assuredly I would not have thus taught it, but rather have taught whatever else I held to be Truth. For a long time it has been attempted, in and out of rhyme, among the great reading and writing public, to bring upon me the suspicion that I hold this last-mentioned singular opinion; and I have frequently pled guilty to the charge in print. But printed letters do not blush,—thus do my accusers seem to think,—and they continue to entertain good hope of me that I shall, one day or other, become ashamed of this charge, which, for that purpose, they still continue to repeat;—and I have therefore desired once for all, by word of mouth, in the presence of a numerous and honourable assembly, and looking them in the face, to confess the truth of this accusation against me. In all my attempts at communication with my fellow-men, and consequently in these discourses also, it has ever been, in the first place, my earnest purpose and aim, by every means in my power, to make that which I myself have perceived,

clear and intelligible to others, and, in so far as it lay with me, to force them to such comprehension; being well assured that a conviction of the truth and justice of what I had taught would then follow of itself;—and thus it has certainly been my aim, at all times, and consequently at this time, to “disseminate my convictions,” to “make proselytes,” or by whatever other phrase they who hate this design, which I thus candidly avow, may choose to describe it. That modesty which is so frequently, and in so many ways, recommended to me, which says:—“See, here is my opinion, and how I for my part regard the matter, although I am likewise of opinion that this opinion of mine is no better than all the other opinions that have arisen since the beginning of the world, or those that will arise even till its end”——such modesty, I say, I cannot assume, for reasons which I have already adduced, and likewise for this reason:—that I consider such modesty to be the greatest immodesty; and even hold it to be a frightful arrogance, and worthy of all abhorrence, to suppose that any one should desire to know how we personally regard the matter; or to open our mouth to teach, so long as we are not conscious of *Knowledge* but only of *Opinion*. When it has happened that my hearers have not understood me, and for that reason have not been convinced, I have then had no alternative but submission; for there are no outward logical means of compelling understanding, since understanding and conviction arise only from the inmost depths of Life and its Love;—but to submit beforehand to this want of understanding, and to reckon upon it, even during instruction, as upon a necessary result, —this I cannot do, and have never done, either at any previous time or in these lectures.

These obstacles to a more intimate and fruitful communication upon subjects of earnest thought are constantly maintained and renewed, even in those who possess both the desire and the power of rising superior to them, by means of the daily influences that surround us in this Age. When my meaning shall appear more distinctly, you will perceive that I have hitherto neither directly mentioned

these things, nor indirectly hinted at them ;—now, however, after mature reflexion and consideration, I have determined to explore the nature of these influences, to try them by their own principles ; and, by means of this deeper investigation, to arm you against them for the future, so far as I, or any other foreign power, can do so.

I shall not be withheld from doing this by the almost universal hatred which, as I am well aware, is entertained against what is called polemics ; for this hatred itself proceeds from that very influence which I undertake to combat, and is indeed one of its chief elements. Where this hatred has not yet become something still more worthless and contemptible,—of which more hereafter,—it is at least a diseased aversion to all that strict distinction and discrimination which is necessarily produced by controversy ; and the unconquerable love of that confusion and vagrancy of spirit, in which the most opposite things are confounded, and which we have already sufficiently described.

As little shall I be withheld from this investigation by the admonition which one hears so frequently :—that we should rise superior to such things and despise them. It is surely not to be expected that, in our Age, any man of character who is possessed of clear Knowledge should fail to despise the supposition that he could, in his own person, be hurt or degraded by a judgment proceeding from such influences ; and such admonishers perhaps do not consider what fulness of contempt they themselves deserve, and often indeed receive, through their first reminding us of the contempt which is due from us to such things.

I shall not be withheld from this investigation by the common supposition that we wrangle and dispute only in order to gratify personal feelings, and to retaliate upon those who have injured us in some way ;—by which supposition weak men, who are ignorant of any certain Truth and of its value, think they have obtained a creditable ground for hating and despising, with seeming justice, those polemics which otherwise would drive them from their propriety. That any one should believe that we could set ourselves in

opposition to anything upon mere personal grounds, proves nothing more than that such an one, for his part, would himself do so merely upon such grounds; and that, should he at any time enter into controversy, mere personal ill-will would certainly be his motive for doing so; and here then we willingly accept the counsel given to us above to despise such things: for that such an one should, without farther proof, set us down as his fellow, is an insult which can only be repaid with contempt, and will be so requited by every honest man.

Neither shall I be withheld from this investigation by its being said that there are but few who speak or think thus; for this assertion is simply a falsehood, with which the culpable timidity of better men imposes upon itself. At a moderate calculation, ninety-nine out of every hundred among the cultivated classes in Germany think thus; and in the highest circles, which give the tone to all the others, this Scepticism is most virulent; and therefore the party we have indicated cannot at present decrease but must increase. And even if there are but few speakers belonging to it, and but few who publish its sentiments through the press, this arises only from the speakers being always, and in every case, the fewer in number; while the portion who do not print anything read, and refresh themselves in the secret silence of their minds with the published expression of their own sentiments. That this is indeed the case with the last-mentioned section of this party, and that we do no injustice to the public by this accusation, however carefully they may watch over their expressions so long as they preserve their composure, becomes indisputably manifest so soon as they get into a passion;—which always ensues when any one attacks one of their speakers and mouthpieces. Then they all arise, man by man, and unite against the common enemy, as if each individual thought himself attacked in his own dearest possessions.

Thus although we may set aside and disregard the individual persons composing this party who are known to us, yet we ought not to dismiss the thing itself with mere con-

tempt; since it is the cause of the decisive majority of the age;—nay, carries with it almost universal consent, and will long continue to do so. The careful avoidance of any contact with such things, under the pretext of being superior to them, is not unlike cowardice; and it seems as if one was afraid of soiling one's fingers in those dim corners;—while, on the contrary, the potent sun-light must be able to disperse the darkness of these dens, without necessarily absorbing any part of it. It cannot indeed open the eyes of the blind inhabitants of the dens, but it may enable the seeing to perceive what goes on there.

In our former lectures\* we have shown, adverting to it also from time to time in these, that the mode of thought prevalent in this Age precisely reverses the ideas of Honour and Shame,—regarding what is in truth dishonourable as its real glory, and the truly honourable as its shame. Thus, as must be immediately evident to every one who has listened to us with calm attention, the above-mentioned Scepticism, which the Age is accustomed to honour under the name of acuteness, is obvious stupidity, shallowness, and weakness of understanding. Most especially and preëminently, however, this total perversity of the Age is exhibited in its judgment of Religion. I must have altogether wasted my words if I have not made this much at least evident to you,—that all Irreligion goes no further than the surface of things and mere empty show;—that it therefore presupposes a want of strength and energy of mind, and consequently betrays weakness both of intellect and character;—that Religion, on the contrary, raising itself above mere appearance, and penetrating to the very nature of things, necessarily exhibits the most felicitous use of the spiritual powers, the greatest depth and acuteness of thought, and the highest strength of character, which is indeed inseparable from these;—that, therefore, according to the principles by which we pass judgment upon Honour, the Irreli-

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\* “Characteristics of the Present Age.”

gious Man must be held in light esteem and despised;—the Religious Man, on the contrary, highly honoured. The mode of thought prevalent in this Age completely reverses all this. With the majority of the men of our day, nothing causes more immediate and certain disgrace than when any one allows himself to be penetrated by a religious thought or sentiment; consequently nothing can more surely bring honour to a man than to keep himself free from such thoughts or sentiments. What appears to furnish some excuse to the Age for holding such an opinion, is this:—that it can conceive of Religion only as Superstition, and that it thinks it has a right to despise this Superstition as something to which it is vastly superior; and, since this Superstition and Religion are identical, therefore to despise all Religion. Herein, its total want of understanding, and the immeasurable ignorance arising therefrom, plays it two mischievous tricks at once. For, in the first place, it is not true that the Age is superior to Superstition;—the Age, as one may plainly see at every turn, is yet essentially filled with Superstition, for it trembles with terror whenever the root of its Superstition is even touched by any powerful hand. Besides, and this is the chief thing, Superstition is itself the absolute antipodes of Religion; it is even Irreligion merely in another form;—it is the melancholy form of Irreligion, while that which the Age would willingly assume if it could, merely as a liberation from that melancholy, is the gay form of Irreligion. Now, we can easily understand how a man may enjoy a more comfortable frame of mind in the latter state than in the former,—and one cannot grudge men this little improvement in their condition;—but how Irreligion, which, notwithstanding this change in the nature of its outward form, still remains essentially the same, can by such change become reasonable and worthy of honour, no man of understanding will ever comprehend.

Thus the majority of the Age unconditionally scorn and despise Religion. How then do they find it practicable to give outward expression to this scorn? Do they assail Religion with argument? How could that be, since they

know nothing whatever about Religion? Or perhaps with derision? How could that be, since even derision necessarily presupposes some conception of that which is derided, which they have not? No!—they only repeat by rote that, here or there, such or such things have been said, which may perhaps refer to Religion; and then without adding anything of their own, they laugh, and of course every polite person laughs with them for company;—not, by any means as if the first or any of his followers were actually moved to laughter by a really comical representation in his own mind,—which indeed is wholly impossible without a similar conception,—but only in accordance with the general agreement; and so, by and by, the whole company laugh together without any single individual among them being conscious of any ground for laughter, although each one supposes that his neighbour perchance may have some such ground.

To continue our illustration by reference to present circumstances, and indeed to our immediate occupation:—for the narrative of how I was first induced to deliver courses of popular-philosophical lectures to a mixed audience in this city would carry us too far. This, however, once got over, every one who has any acquaintance whatever with the subject will immediately understand, that if the purely scientific purpose be laid aside, there is nothing left in Philosophy, generally interesting or generally intelligible to a mixed audience, but Religion. That the awakening of religious sentiment would be the true and proper purpose of these addresses, I distinctly announced at the conclusion of my lectures of last winter,\* which are now in print, and in print for this same purpose;—and I added by way of explanation, that those lectures were but a preparation for this purpose, and that in them we had traversed only the principal sphere of the Religion of the Understanding, while we had left altogether untouched the whole sphere of the Religion of Reason. It was to be expected of me that, if I

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\* "Characteristics of the Present Age."

should ever resume these discourses, I should resume them where I had left off. Further, it was requisite that I should describe the subject of such popular lectures in a popular way; and I found that the title "The Way towards the Blessed Life" would completely and truly characterize these lectures. I still believe that I have not erred in this; and you yourselves can determine, now that you have heard the matter to an end, whether you have heard me point out the Way towards the Blessed Life, and whether you have heard anything else than this. And thus it came to pass that an announcement to that effect was made in the public journals, which to this moment seems to me quite fitting and natural.

It could not, however, be unexpected on my part, and indeed it seemed to me quite as natural as my announcement itself, that to a majority such as we have described, my announcement and my whole undertaking should seem pre-eminently comic, and that they should discover in it a rich source of laughter. I should have found it quite natural that publishers of newspapers and editors of pamphlets would place regular reporters in my lecture-hall in order to guide into their own channels the fountain of the ridiculous which was here expected to flow forth in such abundance, and thus employ it for the amusement of their readers. "The Way towards the Blessed Life!—We do not know indeed what the man may mean by Life, or by Blessed Life, but it is a strange collocation of words which have never before reached our ears in this connexion: it is easy to see that nothing will come of this but things which no well-bred man would choose to mention in good society; and, in any case, could not the man have foreseen that we should laugh at him?—and since, if he were a reasonable man, he would have desired to avoid this at all hazards, his unpolished stupidity is manifest. We shall have a laugh beforehand, in accordance with the general agreement; and then during this operation some idea may perchance occur to one of us by which to justify our laughter."

Nor is it altogether impossible that such an idea might

be discovered. For example, might it not be said :—" How blessed ought we to esteem the man himself who seeks to show others the Way towards the Blessed Life ! " At first glance the sally seems witty ; but let us take patience to cast a second glance upon it. Suppose the case that he who is spoken of rests calm and tranquil in clear possession of his own principles ;—have you not done him an unmerited insult by thus speaking of him ?—" Yes, but then to speak so of himself,—is not that shameless self-praise ? " To have spoken *directly* of himself,—that surely he could not do ; for a grave man must have other topics besides himself on which to speak, if he will speak. But suppose that in the assertion that there is a certain mode of thought by which peace and tranquillity are spread over Life, and in the promise to communicate this mode of thought to others, there is necessarily contained the assumption that one does himself possess it ; and, since nothing but peace can thereby arise, that he has likewise, by means of it, attained this peace and tranquillity ; and also that it is impossible to declare the first of these in a rational way without at the same time tacitly recognising the other ; then we must let the result be as it will. And would it then be such gross presumption, and give room for such inextinguishable laughter, if such an one, compelled by the connexion of his subject, had remarked that he did not regard himself either as a block-head, or as a bad and miserable man ?

And this, indeed, is precisely the peculiar impudence and peculiar absurdity of the majority of whom we now speak ; and in what we have just said we have brought to light the innermost principle of their Life. According to the principles which, although they may perhaps be unperceived by this majority, yet lie at the bottom of all their judgments, all intercourse among men ought to be founded on the tacit assumption that we are all in the same way miserable sinners ; he who regards others as anything better than this is a fool, and he who represents himself to be anything better is a presumptuous coxcomb :—both should be laughed at. Miserable sinners in Art and Science :—none of us indeed

can either know or do anything ; we shall, nevertheless, enter into a tacit agreement modestly to acknowledge each other, and talk among ourselves about each other's merits ; —but he who misinterprets this bargain and conducts himself in real earnest, as if he actually knew and could do something, acts in opposition to the agreement and is a presumptuous fool. Miserable sinners in Life :—the ultimate purpose of all our emotions and endeavours is to improve our outward circumstances,—who does not know that ?—the conventional mode of life indeed requires that this should not exactly be said to others in so many words, for then others would be compelled to admit it in words, and to avoid this certain conventional pretexts have been set up ; but each one must be supposed tacitly to assume it, and he who sets himself in opposition to this tacit assumption is not only a presumptuous fool but a hypocrite into the bargain.

From the principle to which we have adverted arises the well-known complaint which is made against the few in the nation who are animated by better principles—a complaint which we hear everywhere, and everywhere may read ; the complaint :—“ What ! the man will speak to us of the Beautiful and the Noble ! How little does he know us ! Let him give us, in insipid jests, the true picture of our own trivial and frivolous life ;—that pleases us, and then he is our man, and has a knowledge of his Age. We indeed see well enough that that which we do not desire is excellent, and that that which pleases us is bad and miserable ; but yet we desire only the latter, for—such indeed we are.” From this principle also proceed all the accusations of arrogance and presumption which the authors make against each other in print, and the men of the world against each other in words ; and the whole amount of the recognised coinage of wit which passes current among the public. I pledge myself, if the problem should be proposed, to trace back the whole store of ridicule in the world, setting aside at most a mere fraction for other causes, either to this principle :—“ He knows not yet that men are miserable sin-

ners," or to this other:—"He thinks himself something better than all of us besides,"—or to both of these principles put together. Usually the two principles are found united. Thus, to the mind of the majority, the ridiculousness of attempting to point out the "Way towards the Blessed Life" did not consist merely in my believing that I could point out such a way, but also in my assuming that I should find hearers, and especially hearers who should return to a second lecture with the intention of having this way pointed out to them; and, in case I should find such, in their believing that they should find here anything which they could carry away with them.

In this supposition of the common sinfulness of all men the majority live on;—this supposition they require every one to make; and he who on the contrary rejects it, him they laugh at if they are in a good humour, or get angry with if they are irritated;—which latter is usually the case when they encounter such searching investigations into their true nature as the present has been. Through this very supposition they thus become bad, profane, irreligious, and all the more so the longer they abide in it. On the contrary, the good and honest man, although he acknowledges his defects and unweariedly labours to amend them, yet does not esteem himself radically bad and essentially a sinner; for he who recognizes himself as such in his own nature is thereby reconciled to it, and consequently is so and remains so. Besides what is deficient in him, the good man also recognizes what he is possessed of, and must recognize it, for he has to make use of it. That he does not give the honour to himself is understood; for he who still has a self,—in him assuredly there is nothing good. Just as little does he assume men to be bad, and to be miserable sinners, in his actual intercourse with them, whatever he may think theoretically of the society around him; but he assumes them on the contrary to be good. With the sinfulness that is in them he has nothing to do, and to that he does not address himself; but he addresses himself to the good that is assuredly in them, although it may be concealed. With

respect to whatever *ought not* to be in them, he does not even assume its existence, but acts towards them as if it were not there; while, on the contrary, he calculates with confidence on everything that, according to existing circumstances, *ought* to be in them, as upon something that must be, something that is to be assumed, and from which they can on no account be released. For example:—should he teach, it is not by mere listless vagrancy that he will be understood, but only by earnest attention; for such listless vagrancy ought not to be, and besides it is of far more importance that a man should learn to be attentive than that he should learn particular doctrines. He will not spare nor conciliate the aversion to ascertained Truth, but he will defy it;—for this aversion ought not to exist, and he who cannot endure Truth ought not to receive it at his hands:—firmness of character is of far higher value than any positive truth, and without the former no one is capable of appropriating anything resembling the latter. But will he not then seek to delight and influence others? Certainly:—but only by means of what is just and right, and only in the way of the Divine Order;—in any other way than this he will assuredly neither influence nor delight them. It is a very complacent supposition indulged in by that majority, that there is many an excellent man, in art, in doctrine, or in life, who is most anxious to please them; only that he does not know how to set about it rightly because he is not sufficiently versed in the depths of their character, and that therefore they must tell him how they would wish to have it done. What if he understood them far more deeply than they themselves shall ever be able to do, but did not desire to make this knowledge apparent in his intercourse with them, only because he cared not to live after their fashion, and would not accommodate himself to them until they themselves had first become pure in his sight?

And thus, with the delineation of what we usually see around us in this Age, I have also pointed out the means by which we may rise superior to it and separate ourselves from it. Let a man only not be ashamed of being wise.

even if he alone be wise in a world of fools! As to their ridicule:—let him but have courage not to join in the laugh, but to keep his earnestness for a moment and look the thing in the face;—he shall not thereby lose his laugh, for in such cases true wit lies in the background, and belongs to us; and just in as far as the good man transcends the bad, in so far does his wit also transcend that of the bad. As to their love and their approbation:—let him but have courage resolutely to cast it from him, for otherwise he can never obtain it without becoming bad himself;—and it is this alone that so cripples and weakens even the better men of our day, and so hinders their mutual recognition of each other and their union among themselves, that they will not give up the attempt to unite two things that never can be united,—their own uprightness and the applause of the crowd,—and cannot determine to know the bad only as bad. If a man has once raised himself above this hope and this want, then he has nothing more to fear:—Life proceeds in its accustomed course; and though the world may hate it cannot harm him;—nay, after it has abandoned the hope of making us like itself, its ill-will decreases, and it becomes more disposed to accept and use us as we are:—or, in the worst case, a good man, if he be but resolute and consistent, is stronger than a hundred bad men.

And now I believe that I have said everything to you that I intended to say,—and here I close these lectures;—not unconditionally desiring your approval, but, should it be accorded to me, then so desiring it that it may do honour both to you and to me.





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